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TWENTY

OF THE

PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE,

Being the whole Number printed in Quarto

During his LIFE-TIME, or before the RESTORATION,

Collated where there were different COPIES,

AND

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BY

GEORGE STEEVENS, Eſq;

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VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the *Strand*; T. PAYNE, at the *Mews-gate*, *Caſtle-ſtreet*; and W. RICHARDSON, in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

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THE

PLAYS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The Taming of the Shrew — —	1631
The Hiſtory of King Lear — —	1608
The troubleſome Raigne of King Iohn, in Two Parts — — — —	1611
The Tragedie of Richard the Second —	1615
The Hiſtorie of Henry the Fourth —	1613
The Second Part of Henry the Fourth —	1600

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A

WITTIE and PLEASANT

COMEDIE

CALLED

The Taming of the SHREW.

As it was acted

By his MAIESTIES Seruants at the *Blacke Friers* and the *Globe.*

Written by WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtones* Church-yard vnder the Diall. 1631.

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☞ There was an Edition of this Comedy printed by *V. S.* for *Nich. Ling*, 1607. There is ſcarce a Line of this the ſame with the preſent Play, yet the Plot and Scenery ſcarce differ at all from it.

Vide *Warburton*'s Tables.

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The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna prima.

Enter Begger and Hoſtes, Chriſtophero Sly.

Begger.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A paire of ſtockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, wee came in with *Richard Conqueror:* therefore *Paucas pallabris,* let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: goe by *Ieronimie,* goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedie, I muſt goe fetch the headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift borough, Ile anſwere him by law, Ile not budge an inch boy: let him come and kindly. *Falles aſleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Meriman,* the poor curre is imboſt.
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good,
At the hedge corner, in the coldeſt fault,
I would not looſe the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntſ. Why *Belman* is as good as he my lord,
He cried vpon it at the meereſt loſſe,

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And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me, I take him for the dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To-morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunſ. I will my lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2 *Hun.* He breath's my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.

Lord. Oh mounſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grimme death how foule and loathſome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: rings put vpon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?

1 *Hunſ.* Beleeue me lord, I thinke hee cannot chooſe.

2 *Hunſ.* It would ſeeme ſtrange vnto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures,
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweete:
Procure me muſicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be ready ſtraight
(And with a low ſubmiſſiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a ſiluer baſon
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers,

Another

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Another beare the ewer: the third a diaper,
And ſay wilt pleaſe your lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coſtly ſuite,
And aſke him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie lord:
This do, and doe it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſtie.

1 *Huntſ.* My lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he ſhall thinke by our true dilligence
He is no leſſe than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound Trumpets,

Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome noble gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling ſome iourney) to repoſe him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your honor, players
That offer ſeruice to your lordſhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2 *Player.* So pleaſe your lordſhippe to accept our dutie.

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Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a farmers eldeſt ſonne,
Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I haue forgot your name: but ſure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd,
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into ſome merrie paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my lord we can containe ourſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.
Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.
Exit one with the Players.
Sirra go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himſelfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble ladies
Vnto their lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft lowe tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: what is't your honor doth command,

Wherein

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Wherein your ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer ioyed
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better than a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a woman's guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a napkin (being cloſe-conuei'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a Seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard huſband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your lordſhip drinke a cup of ſacke?

2 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your honor taſte of theſe conſerues?

3 *Ser.* What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me honor nor lordſhip: I ne're drank ſacke in my life: and if you giue me any conſerues, giue mee conſerues of beefe: nere aſk me what rai-

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ment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more ſtockings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay ſomtime more feet then ſhoes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes looke through the ouer leather.

Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your honor.
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Slie*, old *Slies* ſonne of *Burton-heath* by byrth a pedler, by education a cardmaker, by tranſmutation a beare-heard, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker. Aſk *Marrian Hacket* the fat alewife of *Wincot*, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiiii. d. on the ſcore for ſheere ale; ſcore mee vp for the lyingſt knaue in *Chriſtendome*. What I am not beſtraught: here's

3 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your ladie mourne.

2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns your houſe
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacie.
Oh noble lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue muſicke? Harke *Apollo* playes, *Muſicke.*
And twentie caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for *Semiramis*.
Say thou wilt walke: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with gold and pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare

Aboue

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Aboue the morning larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags: I fleeter then the roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a ladie farre more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a lord and haue I ſuch a ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauors, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a lord indeede,
And not a tinker, nor *Chriſtopher Slie*.
Well, bring our ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your mightineſſe to waſh your hands:
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſtor'd,

Oh

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Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time.

1 *Man.* Oh yes my lord, but verie idle words
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye weare beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the hoſteſſe of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the leete,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-iugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Beg. I, the womans maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why ſir you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Ladie with attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Heere noble lord, what is thy will with her

Beg. Are you my wife and will not call mee huſband?
My men ſhould call mee lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg.

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Beg. *Alce* madam, or *Ione* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo lords call ladies.

Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept about ſome fifteene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreate of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not ſo, vntil the ſun be ſet.
For your phyſitions haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre you former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Beg. I, It ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I will
therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your honors players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedie,
For ſo your doctors hold it verie meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a commontie, a
Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.

Beg. What houſhold ſtuffe.

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:

Cou

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Com madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, wee ſhall nere be yonger.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Lucentio, *and his man* Triano.

Luc. *Tranio,* ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua,* nurſerie of arts,
I, am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie,*
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy,*
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A merchant of great trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij,*
Viccentio's ſonne, brought vp in *Florence,*
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio,* for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of philoſophie
Will I applie, that treates of happineſſe,
By vertue ſpecially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſacietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Me pardinato,* gentle maiſter mine:
I am in all affected as yourſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweete philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue and this morall diſcipline,

Let's

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Let's be no ſtoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke logicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practiſe rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The mathematickes and the metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you:
No profit growes where is no pleaſure tane:
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou aduiſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put vs in readineſſe,
And take a lodging fit to entertaine
Such friendes (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome vs to towne.

Enter Baptiſta *with and his two daughters*, Katerina Bianca, Gremio *a pantelowne*, Hortentio *ſiſter to* Bianca. Lucen Tranio, *ſtand by*.

Bap. Gentlemen importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolu'd you know:
That is, not to beſtow my yongeſt daughter,
Before I haue a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?

Kate. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?

No

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No mates for you,
Vnleſſe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith ſir, you ſhall neuer need to geare,
I wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and vſe you like a foole.
Hor. From all ſuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſht maſter, heeres ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtarke mad, or wonderfull froward,
Lucen. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behauiour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio.*
Tra. Well ſaid Mr. mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoone make good
What I haue ſaid *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee good *Bianca,*
For I will loue thee nere the leſſe my girle.
Kate. A pretty peate, it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My bookes and inſtruments ſhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practiſe by my ſelfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio,* thou maiſt heare *Minerua* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta,* will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſolu'd:
Go in *Bianca.*

And

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And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſicke, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolemaſters will I keepe within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortenſio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*

Kate. Why and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are ſo good heere's none will holde you: there loue is not ſo great *Hortenſio*, but we may blowe our nailes together, and faſt it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both ſides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my ſweete *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fitt man to teach her that wherein ſhee delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I ſignior *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue acceſſe to our faire miſtris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca*'s loue, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie ſir to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband: a diuell.

Hor. I ſay a huſband.

Gre. I ſay a diuell: think'ſt thou *Hortenſio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is ſo verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor.

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Hor. Tuſh *Gremio:* though it paſſe your patience and mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; to be whipt at the high croſſe euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choice in rotten apples: but come, ſince this bar in law makes vs friends, it ſhall be ſo farr forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſtas* eldeſt daughter to a huſband, wee ſet his yongeſt free for a huſband, and then have too't afreſh; ſweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes faſteſt, gets the ring: How ſay you ſignior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the houſe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. *Manet* Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I pray ſir tel me, is it poſſible
That loue ſhould of a ſodaine take ſuch hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idely I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idleneſſe,
And now in plaineſſe do confeſſe to thee
That art to mee as ſecret and as deere
As *Anna* to the queene of *Carthage* was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchueiue not this yong modeſt gyrle:
Counſail me *Tranio*, for I know thou can'ſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:

If

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If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but ſo,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies lad: go forward, this contents,
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſels ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I ſaw ſweete beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the *Cretan* ſtrond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe vp ſuch a ſtorme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and ſweete was all I ſaw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtirre him from his trance:
I pray you awake ſir: if you loue the maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her. Thus it ſtands:
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your loue muſt liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he cloſely meu'd her vp,
Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuiters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio,* what a cruell fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolemaſters to inſtruct her.

Tra. I marrie am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio.*

Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firſt.

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Tra. You will be ſchoole-maſter,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio*'s ſonne,
Keepe houſe, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Viſit his countriemen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Baſta*, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin ſeene in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it followes thus:
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keepe houſe, and port, and ſeruants as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſoe: *Tranio* at once
Vncaſe thee: take my conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him firſt to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſeruiceable to my ſonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a ſlaue, t'achieue that maide,
Whoſe ſodaine ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter

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Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maſter ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtolne your clothes, or you ſtolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to ieſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to ſaue my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came aſhore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was deſcried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſaue my life:
You vnderſtand me?

Bion. I ſir ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptiſtas* yongeſt daughter. But ſirra not for my ſake, but your maſters. I aduiſe you vſe your manners diſcreetly in all kinde of companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elſe, you maſter *Lucentio.*

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thyſelfe execute,
To make one among thoſe wooers: if thou aſke mee why,
ſufficeth: my reaſons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. The Preſenters aboue ſpeakes.

1 *Man.* My lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

Beg. Yes by Saint *Anne* do I, a good matter ſurely: comes there any more of it?

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Lady. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, madame ladie: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, *and his man* Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloued and approued friend
Hortenſio: and I trow this is his houſe:
Heere ſirra *Grumio,* knocke I ſay.

Gru. Knocke ſir? whome ſhould I knocke? Is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?

Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me heere ſoundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knocke you heere ſir.

Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gru. My mr is growne quarrelſome:
I ſhould knocke you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

Petr. Will it not be?
Faith ſirrah, and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and ſing it.
He rings him by the eares.

Gru. Helpe miſtris helpe, my maſter is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: ſirrah villaine.

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio,* and my good friend *Petruchio?* How do you all at *Verona?*

Petr. Signior *Hortenſio* come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I ſay.

Hor.

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Hor. Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto multo honorata ſignior mio Petruchio.

Riſe *Grumio* riſe, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in *Latine.* If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leaue his ſeruice, looke you ſir: he bid me knocke him, and rap him ſoundly ſir, well, was it fit for a ſeruant to vſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at firſt then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Petr. A ſenceleſſe villaine: good *Hortenſio,*
I bad the raſcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: ſpake you not theſe words plaine? Sirra, knocke mee heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra begon, or talke not I aduiſe you.

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſtie pleaſant ſeruant *Grumio:*
And tell me now (ſweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padna* heere, from old *Verona?*

Petr. Such winde as ſcatters yong men through the world,
To ſeeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where ſmall experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio,* thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I haue thruſt myſelfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as beſt I may:
Crownes in my purſe I haue, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-fauor'd wife?

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Thou'dſt thanke me but a little for my counſell:
And yet Ile promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wiſh thee to her.

Petr. Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as wee,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be ſhe as foule as was *Florentius* loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curſt and ſhrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worſe:
She moues me not, or not remoues at leaſt
Affections edge in me. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriaticke* ſeas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you ſir, he tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him gold enough, and marrie him to a puppet or an aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though ſhe haue as many diſeaſes as two and fiftie horſes. Why nothing comes amiſſe, ſo monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus farr in,
I will continue that I broach'd in ieſt,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault and that is faults enough,
Is, that ſhe is intollerable curſt,
And ſhrow'd and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate farre worſer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petr. Hortenſio peace: thou know'ſt not golds effect,
Tell moe her fathers name, and 'tis enough:

For

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For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompanie mee thither.
Gru. I pray you ſir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore knaues, or ſo: why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope trickes, Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a litle, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure hir with it, that ſhe ſhall haue no more eies to ſee withall then a cat: you know him not ſir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* wil be woo'd
Therfore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhall haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the curſt, haue got a huſband.

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Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter.
Well ſeene in muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, looke about you: who goes there?

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my loue. *Petruchio* ſtand by a while.

Gru. A propper ſtripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of loue, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other lectures to her:
You vnderſtande me. Ouer and beſide
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter then perfume itſelfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I read to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you: vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru.

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Gru. Oh this woodcocke, what an aſſe it is.
Petru. Peace ſirra.
Hor. Grumio mum: God ſaue you ſignior *Gremio.*
Gre. And you are wel met, ſignior *Hortenſio.*
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola,*
I promiſt to enquire carefully
Aboute a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca,*
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: for learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant yee.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine muſitian to inſtruct our miſtris,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in dutie,
To faire *Bianca,* ſo beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhall proue.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall proue.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine,*
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? what countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona,* old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to ſee.

Gre.

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Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhall haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heauens artillerie thunder in the ſkies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As wil a cheſſe-nut in a farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem. Hortenſio hearke:
This gentleman is happily arriu'd;
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gre. And ſo we will, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio *braue, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior *Baptiſta Minola?*

Bion.

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Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ift he you meane?

Tra. Euen he *Biondello.*

Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.

Tra. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello,* let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio.*

Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And I be ſir, is it any offence?

Gre. No: if without more words you will get you hence,

Tra. Why ſir, I pray you are not the ſtreets as free for me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.

Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno.
That ſhe's the choice loue of ſignior *Gremio.*

Hor. That ſhe is the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio.*

Tra. Softly my maſters: if you be gentlemen
Do me this right; heare me patience,
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Lædaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeede alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talke vs all.

Luc. Giue him head, I know hee'l proue a iade.

Petr. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as aſke you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?

Tra.

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Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beautious modeſtie.
Petr. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderſtand you this of me (infooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntil the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder, ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Wil not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay wel, and well you do conceiue,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carouſes to our miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katherina *and* Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelfe,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,

That

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That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbind my hands, Ile pull them off myſelfe,
Yea all my rayment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will commaund me, will I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſutors heere I charge tell
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt; It's not *Hortenſio?*
Bian. If thou affect him ſiſter heere I ſweare
Ile plead for you myſelfe, but you ſhall haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more.
You will haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I well perceiue
You have but ieſted with me all this while:
I pre thee ſiſter *Kate* vnite my hands.
Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now dame, whence growes this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide, poore gyrle ſhe weepes:
Go ply the needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame thou hilding of a diuelliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did ſhee croſſe thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her ſilence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not ſuffer me: nay now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt haue a huſband,
I muſt

I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, lead apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go ſit and weepe,
Till I can finde occaſion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, *in the habit of a meane man,* Petruchio *with* Tranio, *with his boy bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God ſaue you gentlemen.

Petr. And you good ſir: pray haue you not a daughter cal'd *Katerina,* and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter ſir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are to blunt, go to it orderly.

Petr. You wrong me ſignior *Gremio,* giue me leaue?
I am a gentleman of *Verona* ſir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affabilitie and bashfull modeſtie:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behauiour,
Am bold to ſhew myſelfe a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eie the witneſſe
Of that report, which I ſo oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine
Cunning in muſicke, and the mathematickes,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio,* borne in *Mantua.*

Bap.

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Bap. Y'are welcome ſir, and he for your good ſake:
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne the more my greiſe.
Petr. I ſee you do not meane to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my companie.
Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeake but as I finde,
Whence are you ſir? what may I call your name.
Petr. *Petruchio* is my name *Antonio's* ſonne,
A man well knowne throughout all *Italy*.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.
Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners ſpeake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous forward.
Petr. Oh, pardon me ſignior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a gulft
Very gratefull, I am ſure of it, to expreſſe
The like kindneſſe myſelfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any
Freely giue vnto this yong ſcholler, that hath
Beene long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In *Greeke*, *Latine*, and other languages,
As the other in muſicke and mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray you accept his ſeruice.
Bap. A thouſand thankes ſignior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle ſir,
Methinke you walke like a ſtranger,
May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your comming?
Tra. Pardon me ſir, the boldneſſe is mine owne,
That being a ſtranger in this cittie heere,
Do make myſelfe a ſutor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme reſolue, vnknowne to mee,

In

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In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This libertie is all that I requeſt,
That vpon knowledge of my parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And towards the education of your daughters:
I heere beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greeke* and *Latine* bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Piſa* ſir, ſonne to *Vincentio.*
Bap. A mightie man of *Piſa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome ſir:
Take you the lute, and you the ſet of bookes,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
Theſe are their tutors, bid them vſe them well,
We will go walke a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to thinke yourſelues.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſſe aſketh haſte,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolie heire to all his lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather than decreaſt,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie ſhall I haue with her to wife.
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my lands,
And in poſſeſſion twentie thouſand crownes.

Pet.

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Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile aſſure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that ſhe ſuruiue me
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoeuer,
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawne between vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the ſpeciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do conſume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though litle fire growes great with litle winde,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happie be thy ſpeed;
But be thou arm'd for ſome vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as mountaines are for windes,
That ſhakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortenſio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now my friend why doſt thou looke ſo pale?

Hor. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What will my daughter proue a good muſitian?

Hor. I thinke ſhe'l proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her but neuer lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not breake her to the lute?

Hor. Why no for ſhe hath broke the lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moiſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,

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And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillorie, looking through the lute,
While ſhe did call me raſcall, fidler,
And twangling *Iacke*, with twentie ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſtie wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue ſome chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. *Manet* Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do, Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes,
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightinghale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleare
As morning roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I ſhall aſke the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſome thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet.

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Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſomtimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in *Chriſtendome*,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*,
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
Myſelfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither,
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moueable.

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kate. A ioyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me,

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you

Kate. No ſuch iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd turtle ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kate. I for a turtle as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a waſpe does weare his ſting?
In his taile.

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Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue.
Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes, and ſo farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Kate. That Ile trie. *She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.
Kate. So may you looſe your armes.
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A herald *Kate?* oh put me in thy bookes.
Kate. What is your creſt, a coxcombe?
Pet. A combleſſe cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
Kate. No cocke of mine you crow too like a crauen.
Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.
Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it mee.
Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kate. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.
Pet. Now by St. *George* I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate.* In ſooth you ſcape not ſo.
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very lyar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweete as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke aſconce,

Nor

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Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke, thou doſt not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
Oh be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportfull.

Kate. Where did you ſtudie all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Kate. A wittie mother, witleſſe elſe her ſonne.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry ſo I meane ſweete *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowrie greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*:

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Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I muſt, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now ſignior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſſe.

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You haue ſhewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one halfe lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian and a ſwearing *Iacke*,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 'tis thus, yourſelfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiſſe of her:
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policie,
For ſhee's not froward, but modeſt as the doue
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience, ſhe will proue a ſecond *Griſſell*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed ſo well together,
That vpon Sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile ſee thee hang'd on *Sonday* firſt.

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, ſhe ſayes ſhee'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay then god night our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for myſelfe,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in companie.
I tell you 'tis incredible to belieue
How much ſhe loues me: oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kiſſe on kiſſe
Shee vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twinke ſhe won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to ſee

How

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How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainſt the wedding day:
Prouide the feaſt father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but giue me your hands,
God ſend you ioy *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, Sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things and fine arrayr,
And kiſſe me *Kate*, we will be married a Sonday.

Exit Petruchio *and* Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp ſo ſodainly?

Bap. Faith gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gaine I ſeeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch,
But now *Baptiſta*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſutor firſt.

Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe.

Gre. Yongling thou canſt not loue ſo deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper ſtand backe, 'tis age that nouriſheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,

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Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tirian* tapeſtrie:
In iuory coffers I haue ſtuft my crownes:
In cipres cheſts my arras counterpoints,
Coſtly apparell, tents, and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turky* cuſhions boſt with pearle,
Vallens of *Venice* gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Six-ſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe,
And if I die to-morrow this is hers
If whil'ſt I liue ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That only came well in: ſir, liſt to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely ſonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houſes three or foure as good
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old ſignior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides two thouſand duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which ſhall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you ſignior *Gremio?*
Gre. Two thouſand duckets by the yeere of land,
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall haue, beſides an argoſie
That now is lying in *Marcellus* roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an argoſie

Tra.

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Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leſſe
Then three great argoſies, beſides two galliaſſes
And twelue tite gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offreſt next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offered all, I haue no more,
And ſhe can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, ſhe ſhall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promiſe, *Gremio* is out-uied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: hee is olde, I yong.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On Sonday next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the Sonday following ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not to ſignior *Gremio:*
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde *Italian* foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: father's commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus

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Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward ſir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patroneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in muſicke we haue ſpent an houre
Your lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read philoſophy
And while I pauſe, ſerue in your harmony.
Hor Sirra, I will beare theſe braues of thine.
Bian. Why gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife heere ſit we downe,
Take you the inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?
Luc. Heere madam: *Hic ibat ſimois, hic eſt ſigeria telus, hic ſteterat priami regia celſaſenis.*
Bian. Conſter them.

Luc.

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Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, ſonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeria tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old pantalowne.

Hor. Madam my inſtrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the treble iarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee ſee if I can conſter it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtaterat priami* take heede he heare vs not, *regia* preſume not, *celſa ſenis* diſpaire not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iarres,

Luc. How fierie and forward our pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may belieue yet I miſtruſt.

Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*.
Was *Aiax* cal'd ſo from his grandfather.

Hort. I muſt beleeue my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Litio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hort. You may go walke, and giue me leaue a while,
My leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine muſition groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art,

To

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To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*
Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy lord
C faut, that loues with all affection:
D ſol re, one cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweete maſters both, I muſt be gon.
Luc. Faith miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eies on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, *and others, attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio,* this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in law:

What

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What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the bride-groome when the prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Kate. No ſhame but mine: I muſt forſooth be forſt
To giue my hand oppos'd againſt my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudeſby full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte, and meanes to wed at leiſure
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter ieſts in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, innite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now muſt the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife
If it would pleaſe him come and marrie her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune ſtayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I knew him paſſing wiſe,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeſt.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer ſeen though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Go girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For ſuch an iniurie would vexe a verie ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, newes, and ſuch newes as you neuer heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heare of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap.

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Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no ſir?

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an olde ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an old ruſty ſword tane out of the towne armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd with an olde mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of windegalls, ſped with ſpauins, raied with the yellowes, paſt cure of the fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the ſtaggers, begnawne with the bots, waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-checkt bitte, and a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrained to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew liſt; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentlemans lacky.

Tra. 'Tis ſome old humor pricks him to this faſhion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap.

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Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoeere he comes.

Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Lamy*, I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio *and* Gramio.

Pet. Come where be theſe gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome ſir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparel'd as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate?* where is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some commet, or vnuſuall prodigie:

Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your wedding day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder that you come ſo vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike yourſelfe?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,

As

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As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withall.
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, beleiue me, thus Ile viſit her.
Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marrie her.
Petr. Good ſooth euen thus: therefore ha done with words,
To me ſhe's married not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what ſhe will weare in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my bride?
And ſeale the title with a louely kiſſe. *Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perſwade him be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the euent of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But ſir, loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It ſkills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I haue promiſed,
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marrie ſweete *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly:
'Twere good methinkes to ſteale our marriage,

Which

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Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
Ile keepe mine owne deſpite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſſe,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint muſitian, amorous *Litio*,
All for my maſters ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from ſchoole.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom comming home?
Gre. A bridegroome ſay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle ſhall finde.
Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a deuil, a deuill, the deuills damme.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lambe, a doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you ſir *Lucentio*; when the prieſt
Should aſke if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the booke.
And as he ſtoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him ſuch a cuffe,
That down fell prieſt and booke, and booke and prieſt,
Now take them vp quoth he if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench when he roſe againe?
Gre. Trembled and ſhooke for why he ſtamp'd and ſwore, as if the vicar ment to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, he calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had been aboord carowſing to his mates after a ſtorme, quaft off the muſcadell, and threw the ſops all in the ſextons face: hauing

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no other reaſon but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſke him ſops as he was drinking. This done, he tooke the bride about the neck and kiſt her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmacke, that at the parting all the church did eccho: and I ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, ſuch a mad marriage neuer was before: harke, harke I heare the minſtrels, play.

Muſicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Petr. Gentlemen and friends I thanke you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with mee to day,
And haue prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheere,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call mee hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?

Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreate me rather goe then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away myſelfe
To this moſt patient, ſweete, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to mee,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreate you ſtill after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gru. Let me intreate you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreate you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall intreate me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, intreate me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me ſtay.

Pet.

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Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.
Gru. I ſir they be ready, the oates haue eaten the horſes.
Kat. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to-morrow, not till I pleaſe myſelfe,
The dore is open ſir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For mee, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe myſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie.
Kate. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marrie ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be maide a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang yourſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhee ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy miſtreſſe if thou be a man:

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Feare not ſweete wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againſt a million. *Exeunt* Pet. Kat.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian, That being mad herſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is *Kated.*

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-groom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunckets at the feaſt:
Lucentio you ſhall ſupply the bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.

Tra. Shall ſweete *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio:* come gentlemen let's goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired iades, on all mad maſters, and all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raied? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a litle pot, and ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme myſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a tallet man then I will take cold: holla, hoa *Curtis.*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is thats calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke, A fire good *Curtis.*

Cur.

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Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my olde maſter, and my new miſtris, and myſelfe fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away you three inch foole; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my maſter and miſtris are allmoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why *Iacke* boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the cooke, is ſupper readie, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtion, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the *Iackes* faire within, the *Gils* faire without, the carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt known my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtris falne out.

Cur. How?

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Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my maſter riding behinde my miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beate me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with many thinges of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniell, Ioſeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire

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haire of my maſters horſe-taile till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio.*

Phil. How now *Grumio.*

Ioſ. What *Grumio.*

Nick. Fellow *Grumio.*

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heere my maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? what no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniell, Gregory, Phillip.*

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet.

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Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and vnpolliſht groomes:
What? no attendants? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?
Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.
Pet. You pezant, ſwaine, you horſon malt-horſe drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcall knaues with thee?
Gru. *Nathaniels* coat ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Raſe* and *Gregorie*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere they are come to meete you.
Pet. Go raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex. ſer.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſeruants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: ſome water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus?* Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:

One

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One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I haue ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You horſon villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horſon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* ſit downe, I know you haue a ſtomack,
Will you giue thankes, ſweete *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, mutton?
1 *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat
What dogges are theſe? where is the raſcall cooke?
How durſt you villaines bring it from the dreſſer
And ſerue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleſſe iolt-heads and vnmanner'd ſlaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you ſtraight.
Kate. I pray you huſband be not ſo diſquiet,
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſſeſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did faſt,
Since of ourſelues, ourſelues are chollericke,
Then feede it with ſuch ouer-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow 't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter ſeruants ſeverally.

Nat. *Peter* didſt euer ſee the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio, Where is he?

Enter Curtis *a ſeruant.*

Cur. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continencie to her, and railes, and ſweares, and rates, that ſhe (poore ſoule) knowes not which way to ſtand, to looke, to ſpeake, and ſits as one new riſen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſſefully:
My faulcon now is ſharpe, and paſſing emptie,
And till ſhe ſtoope, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe neuer lookes vpon her lure,
Another way I haue to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none ſhall eate.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome vndeſerued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulſter,
This way the couerlet, another way the ſheets:
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamour keepe her ſtill awake:

This

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This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humors
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charitie to ſhew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible friend *Liſio*, that miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now miſtris profit you in what you read?
Bian. What maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?
Hor. I read, that I profeſſe the art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue ſir maſter of your art.
Luc. While you ſweete deere proue miſtreſſe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tell me I pray,
You that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the world ſo well as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightfull loue, vnconſtant womankind,
I tell thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion,
Know ſir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your intire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,

I will

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I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: ſignior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow,
Neuer to woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthy all the former fauors
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though ſhe would intreate,
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworne
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdainfull haggard,
And ſo farewell ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shall win my loue, and ſo I take my leaue,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a louers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle loue,
And haue forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.
Bian. *Tranio* you ieſt, but haue you both forſworne me?
Tra. Miſtris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie widdow now,
That ſhall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bian. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the taming ſchoole.
Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?

Tra.

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Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh maſter, maſter I haue watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laſt I ſpied
An antient angell comming downe the hill,
Will ſerue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello?*

Bion. Maſter, a marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance ſurely like a father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio?*

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
Ile make him glad to ſeeme *Vincentio*,
And giue aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſaue you ſir.

Tra. And you ſir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir at the fartheſt for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as *Rome*,
And ſo to *Tripolie*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* ſir, marrie God forbid,
And come to *Padua* careleſſe of your life.

Ped. My life ſir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra.

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Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*, know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the duke
For priuate quarrell 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis maruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas ſir, it is worſe for me then ſo,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From *Florence* and muſt heere deliuer them.

Tra. Well ſir, to doe you courteſie,
This will I doe, and this will I aduiſe you.
Firſt tell me, haue you euer beene at *Piſa?*

Ped. I ſir, in *Piſa* haue I often bin,
Piſa renowned for graue citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father ſir, and ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one.

Tra. To ſaue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor will I doe you for his ſake,
And thinke it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio.*
His name and credit ſhall you vndertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you ſhould,
You vnderſtand me ſir: ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you haue done your buſineſſe in the citie:
If this be court'ſie ſir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh ſir I doe, and will repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.

Tra.

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Tra. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderſtand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To paſſe aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptiſtas* daughter heere:
In all theſe circumſtances Ile inſtruct you,
Goe with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Katherina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no forſooth I dare not for my life.
Kat. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appeares.
What, did he marrie me to famiſh me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a preſent almes,
If not, elſewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreate,
Nor neuer needed that I ſhould intreate,
Am ſtaru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of ſleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which ſpights me more then all theſe wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who ſhould ſay if I ſhould ſleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly ſickneſſe, or elſe preſent death.
I prethee goe, and get me ſome repaſt,
I care not what, ſo it be wholſome foode.
Gru. What ſay you to a neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis paſſing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gru.

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Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of beefe and muſtard?
Kate. A diſh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the muſtard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the beefe, and let the muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you ſhall haue the muſtard
Or elſe you get no beefe of *Grumio.*
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the muſtard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlaue,
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miſerie:
Go get thee gone I ſay.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Hortenſio *with meate.*

Petr. How fares my *Kate*, what ſweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy ſpirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere loue, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate myſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſſe merits thankes.
What, not a word? nay then thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.
Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſeruice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come miſtris *Kate*, Ile beare you companie.

Petr.

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Pet. Eate it vp all *Hortenſio*, if thou loueſt mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie loue,
Will we return vnto thy fathers houſe,
And reuell it as brauely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffes and cuffes, and fardingales, and thinges:
With ſcarfes and fannes, and double change of brau'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knau'ry.
What haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtayes thy leaſure,
To deck thy bodie with his ruffling treaſure,

Enter Tailor.

Come tailor, let vs ſee theſe ornaments

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you ſir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your worſhip did beſpeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A veluet diſh: fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen weare ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall haue one too
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may haue leaue to ſpeak
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me ſay my minde
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your eares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

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Or elſe my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it ſhall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſaieſt true, it is a paltrie cap,
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, a ſilken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come tailor let vs ſee't.
Oh mercie god, what maſking ſtuffe is heere?
Whats this? a ſleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple tart?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a deuils name a tailor cal'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
Kate. I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She ſaies your worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne houſe with a ſkeine of thred:

Away

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Away thou ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liu'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worſhip is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iuſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the ſtuffe.

Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marrie ſir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not requeſt to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee: thou haſt brau'd many men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I ſay vnto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; ergo thou lieſt.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the faſhion to teſtifie.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tail. Inprimis a looſe bodied gowne.

Gru. Maſter, if euer I ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the ſkirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I ſaid a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tail. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſſe the cape.

Tail. With a trunke ſleeue.

Gru. I confeſſe two ſleeues.

Tail. The ſleeues curiouſly cut.

Pet. I there's the villainie.

Gru. Error i'th bill ſir, error i'th bill? I commanded the ſleeues ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd vp againe, and that Ile

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proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where, thou ſhouldſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meate-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he ſhall haue no oddes.

Pet. Well ſir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right ſir, 'tis for my miſtris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy maſters vſe.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: take vp my miſtreſſe gowne for thy maſters vſe.

Pet. Why ſir what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh ſir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for: Take vp my miſtris gowne to his maſters vſe. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paide. Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow, Take no vnkindneſſe of his haſtie words: Away I ſay, commend me to thy maſter. *Exit. Tail.*

Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers, Euen in theſe honeſt meane habiliments: Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poore: For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich. And as the ſunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds, So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit. What is the iay more precious then the larke? Becauſe his feathers are more beautifull. Or is the adder better then the eele, Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye. Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If

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If thou accountedſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport vs at thy fathers houſe,
Go call my men, and let vs ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's ſee, I thinke 'tis now ſome ſeuen a clocke,
And well may we come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare aſſure you ſir, 'tis almoſt two,
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeuen ere I go to horſe:
Looke what I ſpeake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why ſo this gallant will command the ſunne.

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.

Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares agoe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where wee were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*,
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he weere ſchool'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduiſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

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Tra But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*.
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio: *Pedant booted and bare headed.*
Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft ſon: ſir by your leaue, hauing come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waightie cauſe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhee to him: to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To haue him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe then I vpon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you finde readie and willing
With one conſent to haue her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well
Right true it is your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and ſhe loueth him
Or both diſſemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,

The

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The match is made and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall haue my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie ſeruants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And happilie we may be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele paſſe the buſineſſe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſeruant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcriuener preſentlie,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I pray the Gods ſhe may with all my heart. *Exit.*
Tra. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta* ſhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheere,
Come ſir we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello.*

Biond. You ſaw my maſter winke and laugh vpon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his ſignes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiuing father of a deceitfull ſonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then.

Bion. The old prieſt at Saint *Lukes* church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her *cum preuilegio ad impremendum ſolem,* to th' church take the prieſt, clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:

If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello.*

Biond. I cannot tarrie: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as ſhe went to the garden for parſeely to ſtuffe a rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adew ſir, my maſter hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the prieſt be readie to come againſt you come with your appendix.

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. *Exit.*

Enter

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Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortenſio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more towards our fathers:
Good lord how bright and goodly ſhines the moone.
Kate. The moone, the ſunne: it is not moone-light now.
Pet. I ſay it is the moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kate. I know it is the ſunne that ſhine ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's myſelfe,
It ſhall be moone, or ſtarre, or what I liſt,
Or ere I iourney to your fathers houſe:
Goe on, and fetch our horſes backe againe
Euer more croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt.
Hort. Say as he ſaies, or we ſhall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, ſince we haue come ſo farr,
And be it moone, or ſunne, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle:
Henceforth I vowe it ſhall be ſo for me.
Petr. I ſay it is the moone.
Kate. I know it is the moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed ſunne.
Kate. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun.
But ſunne it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine.*
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy wayes, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward thus the bowle ſhould run,
And not vnluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft: company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle miſtris, where away:
Tell me ſweete *Kate,* and tell me truely too,

Haſt

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Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman :
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes :
What ſtarrs do ſpangle heauen with ſuch beautie,
As thoſe two eyes become that heauenly face ?
Faire louely maide, once more good day to thee :
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

Kate. Yong budding virgin, faire, and freſh, and ſweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade ?
Happy the parents of ſo faire a childe ;
Happier the man whom fauourable ſtars
Alots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou ſaiſt he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my miſtaking eyes,
That haue bin ſo bedazled with the ſunne,
That euery thing I look on ſeemeth greene :
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent father :
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfire, and with all make known
Which way thou trauelleſt if along with vs,
Wee ſhall be ioyfull of thy company.

Vin. Faire ſir, and you my merry miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaſde me :
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to uiſite
A ſonne of mine, which long I haue not ſeene.

Petr. What is his name ?

Vinc. Lucentio gentle ſir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy ſonne :
And now by law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing father,

The

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The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor not be grieued, ſhe is of good eſteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeeme
The ſpouſe of any noble gentlewoman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant trauailors to breake a ieſt
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I do aſſure thee father ſo it is.

Petr. Come goe along and ſee the truth hereof,
For our firſt merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:
Haue to my widdow, and if ſhe froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *is out before.*

Biond. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede thee at home therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

Biond. Nay faith, Ile ſee the church a your backe,
And then come backe to my miſtris as ſoone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio *with attendants.*

Pet. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My fathers beares more toward the market-place,
Thither muſt I and heere I leaue you ſir.

Vin.

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Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to yourſelfe, he ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Piſa*, and is heere at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his father is come from *Padua*, and here looketh out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen ſome bodie in this citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue ſeene them in the church together, God ſend them good ſhipping: but who is heere mine old maſter *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe ſir.

Vin.

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Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy miſtris father, *Vincentio*;

Bion. What my worſhipfull old maſter? yes marrie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Iſt ſo indeede. *He beates* Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vin. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Gods: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doublet, a veluet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good huſband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what cernes it you, if I weare pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a ſaile-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you think is his name?

Vin.

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Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Awnie, away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio,* and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

Vinc. Lucentio, oh he hath murdred his maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the dukes name: oh my ſonne, my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſonne *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an officer: carrie this mad knaue to the iaile: father *Baptiſta,* I charge you ſee that he be-forth comming.

Vin. Carrie me to the iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio:* I ſay he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta,* leſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert beſt ſay that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forſweare him, or elſe wee are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio *and Pedant as faſt as may be.*

Luc. Pardon ſweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio?*

Luc.

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Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Heere's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did, myſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete father for my ſake.

Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without aſking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*, wee will content you, go to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

Kate. Huſband let's follow, to ſee the end of this adoe.

Petr. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*, and wee will.

Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?

Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kate. No ſir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſſe.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: come ſirra let's away.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now pray loue ſtay.

Pet.

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Pet. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, *the Pedant,* Lucentio *and* Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, *and widdow: the ſeruingmen with* Tranio *bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfe ſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio,* ſiſter *Katerina,*
And thou *Hortenſio,* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: pray you ſit downe,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affoords this kindneſſe ſonne *Petruchio.*

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortenſio* feares his *Widow.*

Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be affeard.

Petr. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſſe my ſence: I meane *Hortenſio* is afear'd of you.

Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.

Petr. Roundly replied.

Kate. Miſtris how meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.

Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My widdow ſayes, thus ſhe conceiues her tale.

Petr.

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Petr. Verie well mended: kiſſe him for that good widdow.
Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your huſband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſbands ſorrow, by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right. I meane you.
Kate. And I am meane indeed, reſpecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an officer: ha to thee lad.
Drinkes to Hortenſio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me ſir, they but together well.
Bian. Head, and but an haſtie witted bodie,
Would ſay your head and but were head and horne.
Vin. I miſtris bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile ſleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you ſhall not ſince you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better ieſt or too.
Bian. Am I your bird, I meane to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw my bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit* Bianca.
Petr. She hath preuented me, here ſignior *Tranio,*
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therfore a health to all that ſhot and miſt.
Tri. Oh ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his gray-hound,
Which runs himſelfe, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.

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Tra, 'Tis well ſir that you hunted for yourſelfe :
'Tis thought your deere does hold you at a baye.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confeſſe, confeſſe, hath he not hit you here ?
Petr. A has a litle gald me I confeſſe :
And as the ieſt did glaunce away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good ſadneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Petr. Well I ſay no : and therefore ſir, aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend vnto his wife,
And he whoſe wife is moſt obedient,
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content what's the wager ?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twenty crownes.
Ile venture ſo much of my hawke or hound,
But twentie times ſo much vpon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin ?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your miſtris come to me.
Bion. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne Ile be you halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues : Ile beare it all myſelfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes ?

Bion.

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Bion. Sir, my miſtris ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and ſhee cannot come.

Petr. How? ſhe's buſie and ſhee cannot come: is that an anſwere?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God ſir your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to mee forthwith. *Exit* Bion.

Pet. Oh hoa intreate her, nay then ſhe muſt needes come.

Hor. I am affraid ſir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now where's my wife?

Bion. She ſayes you haue ſome goodly ieſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.

Petr. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your miſtris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*

Hor. I know her anſwere.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*

Kat. What is your will ſir, that you ſend for me?

Petr. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſios* wife?

Kate. They ſit conferring by the parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth vnto their huſbands:
Away I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.

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Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right ſupremacie:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou haſt won, and I will adde
Vnto their loſſes twentie thouſand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhew more ſigne of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, *and Widdow.*

See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wiues
As priſoners to her womanlie perſwaſion:
Katerine, that cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnder foote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſillie paſſe.
Bian. Fie what a fooliſh dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath coſt me fiue hundred crownes ſince ſupper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell theſe head-ſtrong women,
What dutie they doe owe their lords and huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.
Pet. Come on I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkind brow,

And

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And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eies,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as froſts doe bite the meades,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewindes ſhake faire budds,
And in no ſence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is ſo, none ſo drie or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoueraigne: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his bodie
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold,
Whilſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, fare lookes, and true obedience;
Too litle payment for ſo great a debt.
Such dutie as the ſubject owes the prince,
Euen ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeuiſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will:
What is ſhe but a foule contending rebell,
And graceleſſe traitour to her louing lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle, and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our harts.
Should well agree with our externall parts?

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Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your huſbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why ther's a wench: come on, and kiſſe me *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy wayes old lad for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, wee'l to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager though you hit the white.
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

Hor. Now go thy wayes thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder by your leaue, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

FINIS.

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M. WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE,

His True Chronicle HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE and DEATH of

King Lear, and his Three Daughters.

WITH THE

Vnfortunate Life of EDGAR,

Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen and aſſumed Humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*.

As it was plaid

Before the KING'S MAIESTY at *White-Hall*, vppon S. *Stephens* Night, in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies.

By his MAIESTIES Seruants, playing vſually at the *Globe* on the *Banck-Side*.

Printed for NATHANIEL BUTTER, 1608.

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☞ There is beſides this Edition another of the ſame Year, which (with that publiſhed by *Jane Bell* in 1655) is but a Copy from the Firſt, and retains even the Printer's Errors.

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M. WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE,

His HISTORY, of

KING LEAR.

Enter Kent, Gloceſter, *and Baſtard.*

Kent.

I Thought the king had more affected the duke of *Albeney* then *Cornewall.*

Gloſt. It did alwaies ſeeme ſo to vs, but now in the diuiſion of the kingdomes, it appeares not which of the dukes he values moſt, for equalities are ſo weighed, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your ſonne, my lord?

Gloſt. His breeding ſir hath beene at my charge. I haue ſo often bluſht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloſt. Sir, this young fellowes mother could, whereupon ſhe grew round wombed, and had indeed ſir a ſonne for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed, do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Gloſt. But I haue ſir a ſonne by order of law, ſome yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, thogh this knaue came ſomething ſawcely into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman, *Edmund?*

Baſt. No my lord.

Gloſt.

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Gloſt. My lord of *Kent*, remember him heereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the king is comming.

Sound a ſennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, then Lear, *then the dukes of* Albany *and* Cornwall, *next* Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, *with followers.*

Lear. Attend my lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter.*

Gloſt. I ſhall my liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great riuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor.

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Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady forreſts, and wide ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady, to thine and *Albanies* iſſue,
Be this perpetuall. What ſaies our ſecond daughter?
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwall*, ſpeake.

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe-ſame mettall that my ſiſter is
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deed of loue, onely ſhee came ſhort.
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence poſſeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate in your deere highneſſe loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, and yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure
My loue's more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonoril*; but now our ioy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent
Then your ſiſters.

Cor. Nothing my lord.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake againe.

Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my mouth, I loue your maieſty according to my bond, not more nor leſſe.

Lear. Go too, go too, mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt it may marre your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay they loue you all,
Haply

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Haply when I ſhall wed, that lord whoſe hand
Muſt take my plight, ſhall carry halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer
Marry like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. I good my lord.
Lear. So young and ſo vntender?
Cor. So young my lord, and true.
Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radience of the ſunne,
The miſtreſſe of *Heccat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the orbes,
From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pitied and releeued,
As thou my ſome-time daughter.
Kent. Good my liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not betweene the dragon and his (wrath
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kinde nurſery, hence and auoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace as heere I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I do inueſt you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects

With

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That troope with maieſty, our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the additions to a king,
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloued ſonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my king,
Loued as my father, as my maſter followed,
As my great patron thought on in my praiers.

Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannerly, when *Lear* is mad,
What wilt thou do old man, think'ſt thou that duty
Shall haue dread to ſpeake, when power to flattery bowes,
To plainneſſe honours bound, when maieſty ſtoops to folly,
Reuerſe thy doome, and in thy beſt conſideration
Check this hideous raſhneſſe, anſwer my life,
My iudgement, thy yongeſt daughter does not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reuerbs no hollowneſſe.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage againſt thy enemies, nor feare to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motiue.

Lear. Out of my ſight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*——

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, king thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.

Lear.

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Lear. Vaſſall, recreant.

Kent. Do, kill thy phyſition,
And the fee beſtow vpon the foule diſeaſe,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilſt I can vent clamour
From my throat, Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.

Lear. Heare me, on thy allegiance heare me;
Since thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtraied pride,
To come betweene our ſentence and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potency make good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death, away.
By *Iupiter* this ſhall not be reuokt.

Kent. Why fare thee well king, ſince thou wilt appeare,
Friendſhip liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their protection take the maid,
That rightly thinkes, and hath moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe in a country new.

Enter France *and* Burgundy *with* Gloceſter.

Glo. Heer's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord or *Burgundy*, we firſt addreſſe towards you,
Who with a king hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the leaſt will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?

Burg.

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Burg. Roiall maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your highneſſe offered, nor will you tender leſſe?

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*, when ſhe was deare to vs,
We did hold her ſo, but now her price is fallen;
Sir, there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtance, or all of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe may fitly like your grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.

Burg. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Sir, will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe. and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.

Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp,
On ſuch conditions.

Lear. Then leaue her ſir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great king,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing
So monſtrous, to diſmantle ſo many foulds of fauour,
Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it, or you for voucht affections
Faine into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Could neuer plaint in me.

Cord.

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Cord. I yet beſeech your maieſty,
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I well intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder, or fouleneſſe,
No vncleane action or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Go to, goe to, better thou hadſt not been borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardineſſe in nature,
That often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke that it intends to do,
My lord of *Burgundy*, what ſay you to the lady?
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with reſpects that ſtands
Aloofe from the entire point, will you haue her?
She is her ſelfe and dower.

Burg. Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion
Which yourſelfe propos'd, and here I take
Cerdelia by the hand, dutcheſſe of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne.

Burg. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cord. Peace be with *Burgundy*, ſince that reſpects
Of fortune are his loue, I ſhall not be his wife.

Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt loued deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues heere I ſeize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect,
My loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect,

Thy

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Thy dowreleſſe daughter king, throwne to thy chance,
Is queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France:*
Not all the dukes in watriſh *Burgundy,*
Shall buy this vnpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farwell *Cordelia,* though vnkinde
Thou loſeſt heere, a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haſt her *France,* let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon: come noble *Burgundy.* *Exit* Lear *and* Burgundy.

Fran. Bid farwell to your ſiſters.

Cord. The iewels of our father,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a ſiſter am moſt loth to call your faults
As they are named, vſe well our father,
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alaſſe, ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place;
So farwell to you both.

Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties.

Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your lord,
Who hath receiu'd you at fortunes almes,
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time ſhall vnfold what pleated cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia.* *Exit* France *and* Cord.

Gon. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.

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Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you, next month with vs.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath not beene little; he alwaies loued our ſiſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſe.

Reg. Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.

Gono. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke to receiue frō his age, not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waiwardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtars are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.

Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking between *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend vs.

Regan. We ſhall further thinke on't.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſtard *ſolus.*

Baſt. Thou nature art my goddeſſe, to thy law my ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I ſtand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit the curioſity of nations to depriue me, for that I am ſome 12. or 14. moone-ſhines lag of a brother: why baſtard? wherefore baſe, when my dementions are as well compact, my minde as generous, and my ſhape as true as honeſt madams iſſue, why brand they vs with baſe, baſe baſtardy? who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take more compoſition and fierce quality, then doth within a ſtale dull lied bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene

ſleepe

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ſleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land, our fathers loue is to the baſtard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate: well my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the baſe ſhall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I proſper, now gods ſtand vp for baſtards.

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. *Kent* baniſht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the king gone to night, ſubſcrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done vpon the gad; *Edmund*, how now, what newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.

Gloſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my lord.

Gloſt. No, what needs then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing had not ſuch need to hide itſelfe, lets ſee, come if it be nothing I ſhal not need ſpectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you ſir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I finde it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Glo. Lets ſee, lets ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my vertue. *A letter.*

Gloſt. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them, I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath

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power, but as it is ſuffered, come to mee, that of this I may ſpeake more; if our father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conſpiracy, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew: my ſonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my lord, there's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the carracter to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſweare it were his, but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Gloſt. Is it his?

Baſt. It is his hand my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heeretofore ſounded you in this buſineſſe?

Baſt. Neuer my lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſonnes at perfit age, and fathers declining, his father ſhould be as ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reuenew.

Gloſt. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorrid villaine, vnnaturall deteſted bruitiſh villaine, worſe then bruitiſh, go ſir ſeeke him; I, apprehend him, abhominable villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can deriue from him better teſtimony of this intent, you ſhal runne a certaine courſe, where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, and ſhake in peeces the heart of his obedience, I dare

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I dare pawne downe my life for him, hee hath wrote this to feele my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loues him: heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, winde me into him, I pray you frame your buſines after your owne wiſedome, I wold vnſtate myſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſunne and moone, portend no good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature findes itſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects, loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in cities mutinies, in countries diſcords, pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange, ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſunne, the moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theeues, and trecherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'ſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable

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mirable euaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars: my father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my nativity was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes I am rough and lecherous; fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the firmament twinckled on my baſtardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

and out he comes like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like them of *Bedlam*; O theſe eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient armies, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt king and nobles, needleſſe diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin in a ſectary aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no diſpleaſure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke yourſelfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my entreaty, forbeare his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heate of his diſpleaſure, which

at

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at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe of your perſon it would ſcarſe allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Baſt. That's my feare brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, goe arm'd, I am no honeſt man if there be any good meaning towards you, I haue told you what I haue ſeen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit Edgar.*

Baſt. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none, on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſie, I ſee the buſineſſe,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill *and a Gentleman.*

Gin. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flaſhes into one groſſe crime or other,
That ſets vs all at odds. Ile not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbraids vs
On euery trifle when he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke.
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Gent. Hee's comming madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe, you and your fellow-ſeruants, Ide haue it come in queſtion, if he diſlike it, let him to our ſiſter, whoſe minde and mine I know in

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that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and muſt be vſed with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake, Ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hold my very courſe; goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that ful iſſue for which I raiz'd my likeneſſe; now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd, thy maſter whom thou loueſt, ſhall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man ſir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what wouldſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to bee no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him truely that wil put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear.

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Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you ſirra, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſaies the fellow there? call the clat-pole backe, where's my foole? ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now, where's that mungrell?

Kent. He ſaies my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Seruant.

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Seruant. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, hee would not.

Lear. He would not?

Seruant. My lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement, your highneſſe is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the duke himſelfe alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, ſaiſt thou ſo?

Seruant. I beſeech you pardon me my lord, if I be miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your highneſſe is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curioſity, then as a very pretence and purport of vnkindnes; I will look further into it, but wher's this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two daies.

Seruant. Since my young ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, gòe you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Stew. My ladies father.

Lear. My ladies father, my lords knaue, you whoreſon dog, you ſlaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtrucke my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent.

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Kent. Come ſir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canſt not ſmile as the winde ſits, thou't catch colde ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two of his daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my ſelfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed ſirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that muſt to kennell, he muſt bee whipt out, when lady oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it vnckle; haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt, leaue thy drink and thy whore, and

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and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed lawyer, you gaue me nothing for it; can you make no vſe of nothing vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doſt thou know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That lord that counſaild thee to giue away thy land,
Come place him heere by me, do thou for him ſtand,
The ſweete and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me foole boy?

Foole. Al thy other titles thou haſt giuen away, that thou waſt borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my lord.

Foole. No faith, lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part on't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all foole to my ſelfe, thei'l be ſnatching; giue me an egge nunckle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy crowne in the middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy aſſe on thy back ore the dirt, thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeak like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.

Fooles

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Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits do weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs ſirra?

Foole. I haue vſed it nuncle, euer ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gaueſt them the rod, and putſt downe thine owne breeches, then they for ſudden ioy did weep, and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a king ſhould play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethee nunckle keepe a ſchoole-maſter that can teach thy foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. If you lie, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and ſometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kinde of thinge then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee nunckle, thou haſt pared thy wit a both ſides, and left nothing in the middle; heere comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that frontlet on,
Me-thinkes you are too much alate i'th frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no neede to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing; yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing,
Mum, mum, he that keeps neither cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking

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breaking foorth in ranke and (not to be endured riots) ſir, I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you protect this courſe, and put on by your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholeſome weal, might in their working do you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity muſt call diſcreete proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge-ſparrow fed the cookow ſo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, ſo out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter.

Gonorill. Come ſir, I would you would make vſe of that good wiſedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away theſe diſpoſitions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an aſſe know when the cart drawes the horſe, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? why this is not *Lear*; doth *Lear* walke thus? ſpeake thus? where are his eies, either his notion, weakneſſe, or his diſcernings are lethergy, ſleeping or waking; ha! ſure tis not ſo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* ſhadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of ſoueraignty, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſwaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.

Le. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come ſir, this admiration is much of the ſauour of other your new prankes; I do beſeech you vnderſtand my purpoſes aright, as you are old and reuerend, you ſhould be wiſe, heere doe you keep one hundred knights and ſquires, men ſo diſordered, ſo deboyſt and bold, that this our court infected

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infected with their manners, ſhewes like a riotous inne, epicuriſme and luſt make more like a tauerne or brothell, then a great pallace, the ſhame it ſelfo doth ſpeake for inſtant remedy, heee thou deſired by her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs, a little to diſquantity your traine, and the remainder that ſhall ſtill depend, to be ſuch men as may beſort your age, and know themſelues and you.

Lear. Darkneſſe and diuels! ſaddle my horſes, call my traine together, degenerate baſtard, ile not trouble thee; yet haue I left a daughter.

Gou. You ſtrike my people, and your diſordered rabble, make ſeruants of their betters.

Enter Duke.

Lear. We that too late repent's vs; O ſir, are you come? Is it your will that we prepare any horſes, ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous when thou ſheweſt thee in a childe, then the ſea-monſter, deteſted kite, thou leſſen my traine and men of choiſe and rareſt parts, that all particulars of duty know, and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhippes of their name, O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue, and added to the gall; ô *Lear*, *Lear!* beate at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deare iudgment out, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. My lord, I am guiltleſſe as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be ſo my lord, harke nature, heare deere goddeſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend to make this creture fruitefull, into her wombe conuey ſterility, dry vp in her the organs of encreaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honor her; if ſhe muſt teem, create her childe of ſpleen, that it may liue and be a thourt diſfeatur'd

tur'd torment to her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe childe, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntender woundings of a fathers curſe, peruſe euery ſence about the olde fond eies, be-weepe this cauſe againe, ile plucke you out, and you caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kinde and comfortable, when ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flay thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt finde that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doeſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee. *Exit.*

Gon. Do you marke that my lord?

Duke. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Gome ſir, no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter, ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho.

Oſwald.

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Ofwald. Heere madam.

Gon. What, haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Ofw. Yes madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto adde ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gone, and after your returne——now my lord, this mildie gentleneſſe and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more alapt want of wiſedome, then praiſe for harmfull mildneſſe.

Duke. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell,
Striuing to better ought, we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Duke. Well, well, the euent. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Foole.*

Lear. Go you before to *Glocester* with theſe letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit ſhall nere go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe is as like this, as a crabbe is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tell.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell my boy?

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Foole. Shee'l taſte as like this, as a crab doth to a crab; thou canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtands in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Foole. Canſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell.

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neyther; but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put his head in, not to giue it away vnto his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo kinde a father; bee my horſes ready?

Foole. Thy aſſes are gone about them; the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes, thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; monſter, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole nunckle, Ide haue thee beaten for being olde before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene olde, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweete heauen! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not bee mad; are the horſes ready?

Seruant. Ready my lord.

Lear. Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, except things be cut ſhorter.

Exit.

Enter

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Enter Baſtard, and Curan *meetes him.*

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you ſir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the duke of *Cornwall* and his dutcheſſe will be here with him to night.

Baſt. How comes that?

Curan. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiſperd ones, for there are yet but eare-buſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well ſir. *Exit.*

Baſt. The duke be here to night? the better beſt, this veanes it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe, my father hath ſet guard to take my brother, and I haue one thing of a queſie queſtion, which

Enter Edgar,

muſt aſke breefeneſſe and fortune help; brother a word, diſcend brother I ſay, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not ſpoken againſt the duke of *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, i'th haſte, and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing ſaide vpon his party againſt the duke of *Albaney*, aduiſe your——

Edg. I am ſure on't not a word.

Baſtard. I heare my father comming, pardon me in craueing, I muſt draw my ſword vpon you, ſeeme to defende your ſelfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father, light heere, heere, flie brother flie, torches, torches, ſo farwell; ſome bloud drawne on me would beget opinion of my more fierce endeuor, I haue ſeene drunkards do more then this in ſport; father, father, ſtop, ſtop, no helpe?

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Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Baſt. Heere ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe ſword out, warbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the moone to ſtand his auſpicious miſtris.

Gloſt. But where is he?

Baſt. Looke ſir, I bleed.

Gloſt. Where is the villaine, *Edmund?*

Baſt. Fled this way ſir, when by no meanes he could——

Gloſt. Purſue him, go after, by no meanes, what?

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murder of your lordſhip, but that I tolde him the reuengiue Gods, againſt paracides did all their thunders bend, ſpoke with how many fould and ſtrong a bond the child was bound to the father; ſir, in a fine, ſeeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood to his vnnaturall purpoſe, with fell motion with his prepared ſword, he charges home my vnprouided body, launcht mine arme; but when he ſaw my beſt alarumd ſpirits bold in the quarrels right, rouzd to the encounter, or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made, but ſodainly he fled.

Gloſt. Let him flie farre, not in this land ſhall he remaine vncaught and found; diſpatch, the noble duke my maſter my worthy arch and patron comes to night, by his authority I will proclaime it, that he which findes him ſhall deſerue our thankes, bringing the murderous caytiffe to the ſtake, he that conceales him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to diſcouer him; he replied, Thou vnpoſſeſſing baſtard, doſt thou thinke, if I would ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words faith'd? no: what I ſhould deny, as this I would, I, thogh thou didſt produce my very character, ide turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned

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damned pretence, and thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death were pregnant and potentiall ſpurres to make thee ſeeke it.

Gloſt. Strong and faſtened villaine, would he deny his letter? I neuer got him: harke, the dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes; all ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape, the duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture I wil ſend far and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land, (loyall and naturall boy) ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, ſince I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort which can purſue the offender; how doſt my lord?

Gloſt. Madam, my old heart is crakt, is crakt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar?*

Gloſt. I lady, lady, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue theſe——and waſte of this his reuenues;
I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan; Edmund,* I heard that you haue ſhewne your father a child-like office.

Baſt. Twas my duty ſir.

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Gloſt. He did betray his practiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued?

Gloſt. I my good lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours, natures of ſuch deep truſt, we ſhall much need, you we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truely, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſite you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning dark eide night,
Occaſions noble *Gloceſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduice,
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of defences, which I beſt thought it fit,
To anſwer from our hand, the ſeuerall meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow your needfull counſell
To our buſineſſe, which craues the inſtant vſe. *Exit.*

Glo. I ſerue you madam, your graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent *and Steward.*

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent.

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Kent. If I had thee in *Lipſbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the leaſt ſillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'ſt varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me, is it two daies agoe ſince I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the king? draw you rogue, for though it be night the moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone-ſhine a' you, draw you whoreſon cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you raſcall, you bring letters againſt the king, and take vanity the puppets part, againſt the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes, draw you raſcall, come your waies.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue, ſtrike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

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Enter Edmund *with his rapier drawne*, Gloceſter, *the Duke and Dutcheſſe.*

Baſt. How now, what's the matter?

Ken. With you goodman boy, and you pleaſe come, ile fleaſh you, come on yong maſter.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, what's the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that ſtrikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter, and the king.

Duke. What's your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I'am ſcarſe in breath my lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee, a taylor made thee.

Duke. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a taylour make a man.

Kent. I, a taylour ſir, a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could not haue made him ſo ill, though he had bene but two houres at the trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffian ſir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon zed, thou vnneceſſary letter, my lord if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wals of a iaques with him; ſpare my gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace ſir, you beaſtly knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes ſir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a ſword,
That weares no honeſty, ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats oft bite thoſe cords in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inlooſe ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their lords rebell,

Bring

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Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon *Sarum* plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to *Camulet*.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who haning beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanſt thou by this?

Kent.

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Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, thogh I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleaſd the king his maſter
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behinde, being downe, inſulted, raild,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of man, that
That worthied him, got praiſes of the king,
For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,
And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me heere againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges and cowards but *Aiax* is their (fooles

Duke. Bring foorth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubborne miſcreant knaue, you vnreuerent bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too olde to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the king, on whoſe imploiments I was ſent to you,
You ſhould do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stopping his meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch foorth the ſtockes; as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why madam, if I were your fathers dog, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, come, bring away the ſtockes.

Gloſt.

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Gloſt. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo,
His fault is much, and the good king his maſter
Will checke him for't; your purpoſd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with,
The king muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.
Duke. Ile anſwer that.
Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her gentleman abuſed, aſſaulted
For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my lord, away. *Exit.*
Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.
Kent. Pray you do not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.
Gloſt. The duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Exit.
Kent. Good king, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
That out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme ſunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heauy eies not to behold

This

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This ſhamefull lodging; fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *He ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcapt the hunt, no port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haire with knots,
And with preſented nakednes out-face
The winde, and perſecution of the ſkie,
The country giues me proofe and preſident
Of *Bedlam* beggers, who with roring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,
Pins, wooden prickes, nailes, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruice,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with praiers
Enforce their charity, poore *Turlygood*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter King, and a Knight.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from hence,
And not ſend backe my meſſenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was
No purpoſe of his remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee noble maſter.

Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Foole.

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Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogs and beares
By the necke, munkies by the loines, and men
By the legs, when a man's ouer-luſty at legs,
Then he weares wooden neather-ſtockes.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtooke to ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe, your ſonne and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I ſay.

Kent. I ſay yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do it,
They would not, could not do it, tis worſe then murder,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent out-rage,
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou maiſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highneſſe letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking poſte,
Stewd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, panting forth,
From *Gonorill* his miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leiſure
Of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſoned mine,

Being

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Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your highneſſe:
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew,
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this trſpaſſe worth
This ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my heart,
Hiſterica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earle ſir within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you ſpeake of?

Kent. No, how chance the king comes with ſo ſmall a traine?

Foole. If thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among a hundred, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee after, when a wiſe man giues thee better counſell, giue mee mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, ſince a foole giues it.

That ſir that ſerues for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme.
But I will tarry, the foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man flie:

The

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The knaue turnes foole that runnes away,
The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?
Foole. Not in the ſtockes.

Enter Lear *and* Gloceſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me? th'are ſicke, th'are weary,
They traueld hard to night, meare iuſtice,
I the images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Gloſt. My deare lord, you know the fiery quality of the duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne courſe.

Lear. Veangeance, death, plague, confuſion, what fiery quality; why *Gloceſter, Gloceſter*, ide ſpeake with the duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good lord. (father

Lear. The king would ſpeake with *Cornwall*, the deare
Would with his daughter ſpeake, commands her ſeruice,
Fiery duke, tell the hot duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our ſelues, when nature being oppreſt,
Commands the minde to ſuffer with the body; ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpoſed and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherefore ſhould he ſit here?
This acte perſwades me, that this remotion of the duke and her
Is practiſe, onely giue me my ſeruant foorth;
Tell the duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt.

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Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it nunckle, as the cockney did to the eeles, when ſhe put them vp i'th paſte aliue, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both,

Duke. Haile to your grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your highneſſe.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo: if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adultereſſe, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that, beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, ô *Regan* ſhe hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere.
I can ſcarſe ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her duty.

Lear. My curſes on her.

Reg. O ſir, you are olde,
Nature on you ſtands on the very verge of her confine,
You ſhould be ruled and led by ſome diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better then you your ſelfe,
Therefore I pray, that to our ſiſter you do make returne,
Say you haue wrongd her ſir.

Lear. Aſke her forgiueneſſe,
Do you marke how this becomes the houſe?

Deare

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Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I am old,
Age is vnneceſſary, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment, bed and food.
Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe are vnſightly tricks,
Returne you to my ſiſter.
Lear. No *Regan.*
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt backe vpon me, ſtroke me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like vpon the very heart,
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratefull top,
Strike her young bones, you taking aires with lamneſſe.
Duke. Fie, fie ſir.
Lear. You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eies, infect her beauty,
You fen ſuckt fogs, drawne by the powerfull ſunne,
To fall and blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt gods, ſo will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh mood——
Lear. No *Regan,* thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe,
The tender hefted nature ſhall not giue thee ore
To harſhnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do comfort and not burn
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in, thou better knoweſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endowed.
Reg. Good ſir to the purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes?
Duke. What trumpets that?

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Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't my ſiſters, this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here, is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my ſight.

Duke. What meanes your grace?

Enter Gonorill.

Gon. Who ſtrucke my ſeruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didſt know ant.

Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you ſweet ſway alow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old, make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage tearmes ſo.

Lear. O ſides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th ſtockes?

Duke. I ſet him there, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.

Lear. You; did you?

Reg. I pray you father being weake, ſeeme ſo,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiourne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear.

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Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men diſmiſt?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity of the ayre,
To be a comrade with the wolfe and owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and ſquire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life afoote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumpter
To this deteſted groome.

Gon. At your choiſe ſir.

Lear. Now I prethee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my childe, farwell,
Wee'l no more meete, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that lies within my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine, thou art a byle,
A plague ſore, an imboſſed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo ſir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare to my ſiſter, for thoſe
That mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you are old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken now?

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Reg. I dare auouch it ſir, what fifty followers,
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more,
Yea or ſo many, ſith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainſt ſo great a number, how in a houſe
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amity, tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you my lord, receiue attendance
From thoſe that ſhe cals ſeruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my lord? if then they chanceſt to ſlacke you,
We could controle them; if you will come to me,
(For now I ſpie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twenty, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number, what, muſt I come to you
With fiue and twenty, *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak't againe my lord, no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do ſeeme well-fauour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt,
Stands in ſome ranke of praiſe, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her loue.

Gon. Heare me my lord;
What need you fiue and twenty, ten, or fiue,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Haue a command to tend you?

Regan. What needs one?

Lear. O reaſon not the deed, our baſeſt beggers
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,

Mans

Mans life's as cheap as beaſts; thou art a lady,
If onely to go warme were gorgious,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgious weareſt,
Which ſcarſely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me heere (you gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, foole me not too much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not, but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth; you thinke ile weepe,
No, ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
But this heart ſhall breake in a thouſand flowes
Ere ile weepe; ô foole, I ſhall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloceſter, Kent, *and Foole.*

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a ſtorme.

Reg. This houſe is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well beſtowed.

Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.

Duke. So I am purpoſd, where is my lord of *Gloceſter?*

Enter Gloceſter.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage, and will I know not whether,

Reg. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himſelfe.

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Gon. My lord, entreate him by no meanes to ſtay.

Glo. Alacke, the night comes on, and the bleake windes
Do ſorely ruſſell, for many miles about there's not a buſh.

Reg. O ſir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their ſchoole-maſters, ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abuſed, wiſedome bids feare.

Duke. Shut vp your doores my lord, 'tis a wilde night,
My *Regan* counſels well, come out ath ſtorme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kent *and a Gentleman at ſeuerall doores.*

Kent. What's heere beſide foule weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt vnquietly.

Kent. I know you, where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
Bids the winde blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters boue the maine,
That things might change or ceaſe, teares his white haire,
Which the impetuous blaſts with eieleſſe rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to out-ſcorne,
The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne beare would couch,
The lyon, and the belly pinched wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent.

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Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall.*
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will go ſeeke the king.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the king,
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights
On him, hollow the other. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Lear *and Foole.*

Lear. Blow winde and cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
Your cartericke, and hircanios ſpout till you haue drencht
The ſteeples, drownd the cockes, you ſulpherous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolts, ſing my white head,
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke rotundity of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O nunckle, court holy water in a dry houſe
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good nunckle in, and aſke thy daughters bleſſing,
Here's a night pitties neyther wiſe man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout raine,
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taſke not you, you elements with vnkindneſſe,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall your horrible
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your ſlaue, a poore, infirme, weake, and
Deſpiſed old man, but yet I call you ſernile
Miniſters, that haue with two pernitious daughters ioyn'd
Your high engendered battell gainſt a head ſo old and white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good head-peece, the codpeece that will houſe before the head, has any the head and he ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers marry many, the man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make, ſhall haue a corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake, for there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhe made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Enter

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Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry heere's grace and a codpis, that's a wiſeman and a foole.

Kent. Alaſſe ſir, ſit you heere?
Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe;
The wrathfull ſkies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheetes of fire,
Such burſts of horrid thunder, ſuch grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiffe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,

The

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The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee,

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell.

Enter Gloceſter, *and the baſtard with lights.*

Gloſt. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund* I like not this
Vnnaturall dealing, when I deſired their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke from me
The vſe of mine owne houſe, chargd me on paine
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him,
Entreate for him, nor any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall, (the dukes,

Gloſt. Go too, ſay you nothing, there's a diuiſion betwixt
And a worſe matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be ſpoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my cloſet, theſe iniuries
The king now beares, will be reuenged home;
There's part of a power already landed,
We muſt incline to the king, I will ſeeke him,
And priuily releeue him; go you and maintaine talke
With the duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued; if he aſke for me, I am ill, and gone
To bed, though I die for it, as no leſſe is threatned me,
The king my old maſter muſt be releeued, there is
Some ſtrange thing toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Baſt. This courteſie forbid thee, ſhall the duke inſtantly
And of that letter too, this ſeemes a faire deſeruing, (know,
And

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And muſt draw to me that which my father loſes, no leſſe
Then all, then yonger riſes, when the old do fall.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Foole.*

Kent. Here is the place my lord, good my lord enter, the tirrany of the open night's too ruffe for nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my lord enter.

Lear. Thou thinkſt tis much, that this crulentious ſtorme
Inuades us to the ſkin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarſe felt, thou wouldſt ſhun a beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meete the beare i'th mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my minde,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will puniſh ſure;
No I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan, Gonorill,* your old kinde father
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madneſſe lies,
Let me ſhunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,

Your

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Your loopt and windowed raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these, O I haue tane
Too-little care of this, take physicke pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heauens more iust.

Foole. Come not in here nunckle, here's a spirit, helpe me, help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirit, he sayes his name is poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the sharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed and warme thee.

Lear. Hast thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whom the foule fiend hath led through fire, and throgh foord, and whirlipoole, ore bog and quagmire, that has laide kniues vnder his pillow, and halters in his pue, set ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse ouer four incht bridges, to course his owne shadow for a traitor, blesse thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, blesse thee from whirlewindes, starre-blusting, and taking, do poore *Tom* some charity, whom the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this passe,
Couldst thou saue nothing? didst thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he reserued a blanket, else wee had beene all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters sir.

Lear.

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Lear. Death traitor, nothing could haue ſubdued nature,
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkinde daughters,
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh,
Iudicious puniſhment, twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foule fiend, obey thy parents, keepe thy words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with mans ſworne ſpouſe, ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array; *Toms* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A ſeruingman, proud in heart and minde, that curlde my haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of my miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkneſſe with her, ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweete face of heauen, one that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wak't to do it, wine loued I deepely, dice dearely, and in woman, out paramord the *Turke*, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudy of hand, hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolfe in greedineſſe, dog in madneſſe, lyon in prey, let not the creeking of ſhooes, nor the ruſtlings of ſilkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and defie the foule fiend, ſtill through the hathorne blowes the colde winde, hay no on ny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ceaſe let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anſwer with thy vncouered body this extremity of the ſkies; is man no more but this? conſider him well, thou oweſt the worme no ſilke, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wooll, the cat no perfume, he'rs three ones are ſophiſticated, thou art the thing it ſelfe, vnaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poore bare

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bare forked animal as thou art, off, off you leadings, come on be true.

Foole. Prithee nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to ſwim in, now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old lechers heart, a ſmall ſparke, all the reſt in body colde, looke here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloceſter.

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sirberdegibit*, he begins at curfue, and walks till the firſt cocke, he gins the web, the pinqueuer the eye, and makes the hart lip, mildewes the white wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, ſwithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Whoſe there? what iſt you ſeeke?

Gloſt. What are you there? your names.

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eates the ſwimming frog, the toade, the toade pold, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the fruite of his heart, when the foule fiend rages,

Eates cowdung for ſallets, ſwallowes the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinkes the greene mantle of the ſtanding poole, who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſht and impriſoned, who hath had three ſutes to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to weare.

But mice and rats, and ſuch ſmall deere,
Hath beene *Toms* food for ſeuen long yeare.

Beware my follower, peace ſnulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloſt. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darknes is a gentleman, *modo* hee's called, and ma hu——

Gloſt.

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Glost. Our flesh and bloud is growne so vilde my lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a colde.

Glost. Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer to obey in al your daughters hard commands, though their ininnction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this philosopher;
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord take his offer, go into the house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this most learned *Theban*; what is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him to goe my lord, his wits begin to vnsettle.

Glost. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seeke his death. O that good *Kent*,
He said it would be thus, poore banisht man,
Thou saist the king growes mad, ile tell thee friend,
I am almost mad myselfe; I had a sonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, he sought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend,
No father his sonne dearer, truth to tell thee,
The greefe has craz'd my wits.
What a night's this? I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. *Tom's* a cold.

Glost. In follow there, into th' hovell, keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way my lord.

Lear, With him I will keepe still, with my philosopher.

Kent.

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Kent. Good my lord ſooth him, let him take the fellow.

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra come on, go along with vs.

Lear. Come good *Athenian.*

Gloſt. No words, no words, hufh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was ſtill fye, fo, and fum,
I ſmell the bloud of a *Britiſh* man.

Enter Cornwall *and Baſtard.*

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euil diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death, but a prouoking merit, ſet a worke by a reproueable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the letter he ſpoke off, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens, that his treaſon were, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Go with me to the dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Glocester*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the king, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyalty, thogh the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter

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Enter Gloceſter, Lear, Kent, *Foole, and* Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the gods deſerue your kindneſſe.

Edg. Fretereto cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſſe, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prethee nunckle tell me, whether a mad man may bee a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A king, a king, to haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſſing in vpon them.

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe.

Foole. Hee's mad that truſts in the tameneſſe of a wolfe, a horſes health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraigne them ſtraight,
Come ſit thou heere moſt learned iuſtice,
Thou ſapient ſir, ſit heere, now you ſhee foxes——

Edg. Looke where he ſtands and glars, wantſt thou eies at triall madam, come ore the broome *Beſſy* to me.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak,
Why ſhe dares not come ouer to thee.

Edg. The foule fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale, hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring,
Croke not blacke angell, I haue no food for thee.

Kent. How do you ſir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd, will you lie downe and reſt vpon the cuſhions?

Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of iuſtice take thy place, and thou his yoke-fellow of equity, bench by his ſide, you are o'th commiſſion, ſit you too.

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Ed. Let us deale iuſtly, ſleepeſt or wakeſt thou iolly ſhepheard, thy ſheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take no harme, pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her firſt, tis *Gonorill*, I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly ſhe kickt the poore king her father.

Foole. Come hither miſtreſſe, is your name *Gonorill.*

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Foole. Cry you mercy, I tooke you for a ioynt ſtoole.

Lear. And heres another whoſe warpt lookes proclaime
What ſtore her heart is made an, ſtop her there,
Armes, armes, ſword, fire, corruption in the place,
Falſe iuſticer, why haſt thou let her ſcape?

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pitty ſir, where is the patience now.
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
They'l marre my counterfeting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Trey, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-hart*, ſee they barke at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs. Be thy mouth or blacke or white, tooth that poiſons if it bite, maſtiue, gray-hound, mungrel, grim-hound, or ſpaniell, brach or him, bobtaile tike, or trundle-taile, *Tom* will make them weepe and waile. For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch, and all are fled, loodla doodla, come march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about her,
Hart is there any cauſe in nature that makes this hardneſſe; You ſir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,

Onely

Onely I do not like the faſhion of your garment; you'l ſay
They are *Perſian* attire, but let them be changed.

Kent. Now good my lord lie here a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtaines,
ſo, ſo, ſo, wee'l go to ſupper in the morning, ſo, ſo, ſo.

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the king my maſter?

Kent. Here ſir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Gloſt. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes,
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him,
There is a litter ready, lay him in it, and driue towards *Douer*, friend,
Where thou ſhalt meete both welcome and protection; take vp thy maſter.
If thou ſhouldſt dally halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, ſtand in aſſured loſſe,
Take vp to keepe, and follow me that will to ſome prouiſio,
Giue thee quicke conduct.

Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepes,
This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes,
Which if conuenience will not allow, ſtand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy maſter, thou muſt not ſtay behinde.

Gloſt. Come, come, away. *Exit.*

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarſely thinke our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, moſt i'th minde,
Leauing free things and happy ſhowes behinde,
But then the minde much ſufferance doth ore-ſkip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip:
How light and portable my paine ſeemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

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He childed as I fatherd, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noiſes, and thy ſelfe bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, ſafe ſcape the king,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonorill, *and Baſtard.*

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my lord your huſband, ſhew him this letter.
The army of *France* is landed, ſeeke out the villaine *Glocester*.

Regan. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure, *Edmund* keepe you our ſiſter company. The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding, aduiſe the duke where you are going to a moſt feſtuant preparation, wee are bound to the like.
Our poſte ſhall be ſwift and intelligence betwixt vs;
Farwell deare ſiſter, farwell my lord of *Glocester*.
How now, wheres the king?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lord of *Glocester* hath conueyed him hence,
Some fiue or ſixe and thirty of his knights hot queſtrits after him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the lords dependants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boaſt to haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.

Gon. Farwell ſweete lord and ſiſter.

Exit Gon. *and Baſt.*

Corn. Edmund farwell: go ſeeke the traitor *Glocester*,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,

Though

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Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of iuſtice, yet our power
Shall do a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controle; who's there, the traitor?

Enter Gloceſter, *brought in by two or three.*

Reg. Ingratefull fox tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Gloſt. What meanes your graces, good my friends conſider,
You are my gueſts, do me no foule play friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy traitor!

Gloſt. Vnmercifull lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire binde him, villaine thou ſhalt find—

Gloſt. By the kinde gods tis moſt ignobly done, to plucke me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor. (frō my chin,

Gloſt. Naughty lady, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt;
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what will you do?

Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France?*

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the traitors lately footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whoſe hands haue you ſent the lunaticke king, ſpeak?

Gloſt. I haue a letter gueſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one that's of aneutrall heart,
And not from one oppoſed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the king?

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Gloſt. To *Douer.*

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer?* waſt thou not charg'd at perill—

Corn. Wherefore to *Douer?* let him firſt anſwer that.

Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer* ſir?

Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles
Plucke out his poore olde eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his aurynted fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The ſea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head
In hell blacke night endur'd, would haue laid vp
And quencht the ſteeled fires, yet poore old heart,
He holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time,
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good porter turn the key,
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd, but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.

Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon thoſe eies of thine, Ile ſet my foote.

Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be old——
Giue me ſome helpe, ô cruell, ô ye gods!

Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance——

Seruant. Hold your hand my lord,
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a childe, (hold.
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, then now to bid you

Reg. How now you dog.

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin, ide ſhake it on this quarrell, what do you meane?

Corn. My villaine. *Draw and fight.*

Ser. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus.

She takes a ſword, and runs at him behinde.

Seruant.

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Seruant. Oh I am ſlaine my lord, yet haue you one eye left to ſee ſome miſchiefe on him, oh! *He dies.*

Corn. Leaſt it ſee more, preuent it, out vilde ielly,
Where is thy luſter now?

Gloſt. All darke and comfortles, wheres my ſonne *Edmund?*
Edmund vnbridle all the ſparkes of nature, to quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calſt on him that hates thee, it was hee that made the ouerture of thy treaſons to vs, who is too good to pitty thee.

Gloſt. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abuſed,
Kinde gods forgiue me that, and proſper him.

Reg. Goe thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell his way to *Douer*, how iſt my lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiued a hurt, follow me lady,
Turne out that eyeleſſe villaine, throw this ſlaue vpon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickedneſſe I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Seruant.* If ſhe liue long, and in the end meet the old courſe of death, women will all turne monſters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogiſh madneſſe
Allowes it ſelfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch ſome flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flattered to be worſt,
The loweſt and moſt deiected thing of fortune
Stands ſtill in experience, liues not in feare,

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The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter,
Who's here, my father poorely led, world, world, ô world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloſter *led by an olde man.*

Old man. O my good lord, I haue bene your tenant, and your fathers tenant this foureſcore——

Gloſt. Away, get thee away, good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alacke ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Gloſt. I haue no way, and therefore want no eies,
I ſtumbled when I ſaw, full oft tis ſeene
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects
Prooue our commodities; ah deare ſonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my tuch,
Ide ſay I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now, who's there?

Edg. O gods, who iſt can ſay I am at the worſt,
I am worſe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worſe I may be yet, the worſt is not,
As long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old man. Fellow where goeſt?

Gloſt. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man and begger too.

Gloſt. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg,
In the laſt nights ſtorme I ſuch a fellow ſaw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my ſonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

Was

Was then ſcarſe friends with him, I haue heard more ſince,
As flyes are to'th wanton boyes, are we to'th gods,
They bit vs for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be? bad is the trade that muſt play the foole to ſorrow, angring it ſelfe and others; bleſſe thee maſter.

Gloſt. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my lord.

Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way to *Douer*, do it for ancient loue,
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke ſir he is mad.

Gloſt. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure,
Aboue the reſt, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the beſt parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a colde, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowſt thou the way to *Douer?*

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* prince of dumbneſſe,
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of mobing,
And *Mohing* who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe thee maſter.

Glo.

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Glo. Here take this purſe, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale ſo ſtill,
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man
That ſtands your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough: doſt thou know *Douer?*

Edg. I maſter.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And ile repaire the miſery thou doſt beare,
With ſomething rich about me,
From that place ſhall I no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* ſhall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill *and Baſtard.*

Gon. Welcome my lord, I maruaile our milde huſband
Not met vs on the way: now, where's your maſter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man ſo chang'd; I tolde him of the army that was landed, he ſmiled at it, I told him you were coming, his anſwer was, the worſe; of *Gloſters* treachery, and of the loyall ſeruice of his ſonne, when I enformd him, then he cald me ſot, and told me I had turnd the wrong ſide out, what hee ſhould moſt deſire, ſeemes pleaſant to him, what like offenſiue.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the cowiſh curre of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake, heel not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer, our wiſhes on the way

May

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May proue effects, backe *Edmund* to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers,
I muſt change armes at home, and giue the diſtaffe
Into my huſbands hands; this truſty ſeruant
Shall paſſe between vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venter in your owne behalfe
A miſtreſſes coward, weare this ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head: this kiſſe if it durſt ſpeake,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits vp into the ayre;
Conceiue, and farewell.

Baſt. Yours in the rankes of death.

Gon. My moſt deare *Gloſter*, to thee womans ſeruices are due,
My foote vſurpes my head.

Stew. Madame, heere comes my lord. *Exit Steward.*

Gon. I haue bene worth the whiſtle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the duſt which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your diſpoſition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it ſelfe,
She that her ſelfe will ſliuer and diſbranch
From her materiall ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly vſe.

Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſedome and goodneſſe to the vilde ſeeme vilde,
Filths ſauour but themſelues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reuerence the head-lugd beare would licke;
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him ſo beneflicted,

If

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If that the heauens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly muſt perforce prey on it ſelfe, like monſters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That beareſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eie deſeruing thine honour,
From thy ſuffering, that not know'ſt fooles, do theſe villains pity
Who are puniſht ere they haue done their miſchiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his banners in our noiſeleſſe
Land, with plumed helme thy ſlaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, ſits ſtill and cries
Alacke, why does he ſo?

Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell, proper deformity ſeemes not in the fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and ſelfe-couerd thing, for ſhame
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't my fitneſſe
To let theſe hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to diſlocate and teare
Thy fleſh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry your man-hood now——

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good lord, the duke of *Cornwalls* dead, ſlaine by his ſeruant, going to put out the other eie of *Gloſter*.

Alb. Gloſters eyes?

Gen. A ſeruant that he bred, thrald with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the acte, bending his ſword
To his great maſter, who thereat enraged,

Flew

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Flew on him, and amongſt them feld him dead,
But not without that harmfull ſtroke,
Which ſince hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue your iuſtices,
That theſe our neather crimes ſo ſpeedily can venge.
But oh poor *Gloceſter*, loſt he his other eye?

Gent. Both, both my lord, this letter madam craues a ſpeedy anſwer, tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloceſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancie plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not ſo tooke,
Ile reade and anſwer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did take his eies?

Gent. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?

Gent. I my good lord, twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.

Alb. Gloceſter, I liue to thanke thee for the loue
Thou ſhewedſt the king, and to reuenge thy eyes;
Come hether friend, tell me what more thou knoweſt.

Exit.

Enter Kent *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of *France* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe,
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming foorth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom, ſo much feare and danger that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſary.

Kent.

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Kent. Who hath he left behinde him, generall?

Gent. The marſhall of *France*, monſieur *La Far*.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonſtration of griefe?

Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemd ſhe was a queen ore her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be king ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and ſorrow ſtreme,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt, you haue ſeene
Sun-ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way, thoſe happy ſmilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, ſeeme not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from diamonds dropt; in briefe,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion?

Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father
Pantingly foorth, as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of ladies ſiſters;
Kent, father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night,
Let pitty not be beleeu'd, there ſhe ſhooke
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moiſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent. It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs, gouern our conditions,
Elſe one ſelfe mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues; you ſpoke not with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king returnd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent.

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Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtreſſed *Lear*'s ith towne,
Who ſometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to
ſee his daughter.
Gent. Why good ſir?
Kent. A ſouerainge ſhame ſo elbowes him, his own vn-
kindnes
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To forraine caſualties, gaue her deare rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; theſe things ſting his minde
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detaines him from *Cordelia.*
Gent. Alacke poore gentleman.
Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornwals* powers you heard not?
Gent. Tis ſo they are afoote.
Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you to our maſter *Lear*,
And leaue you to attend him, ſome deare cauſe
Will in concealement wrap me vp a while,
When I am knowne aright you ſhall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.
Exit.

Enter Cordelia, *Doctor, and others.*

Cor. Alacke tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent ſea, ſinging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weeds,
With hor-docks, hemlocke, nettles, coockow-flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining, corne, a century is ſent foorth,
Search euery acre in the high growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wiſedome do
In the reſtoring his bereaued ſence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.
Doct.

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Doct. There is meanes madame,
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many ſimples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt ſecrets, all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans diſtreſſe, ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Newes madam, the *Britiſh* powers are marching hetherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them, ô deare father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes inſite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan *and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet foorth?

Stew. I madam.

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter's the better ſoldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſters letter to him?

Stew. I know not lady.

Reg.

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Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on a ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloceſters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
All hearts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pitty of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to deſcrie the ſtrength of the army.

Stew. I muſt needs after him with my letters.

Reg. Our troope ſets foorth to morrow, ſtay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not madam, my lady charg'd my dutie in this buſineſſe.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund?* might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word, belike
Something, I know not what, Ile loue thee much,
Let me vnſeale the letter.

Stew. Madam Ide rather——

Reg. I know your lady does not loue her huſband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere
She gaue ſtrange aliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her boſome.

Stew. I madam.

Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding, for I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand,
Then for your ladies: you may gather more,
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this,
And when your miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her, ſo farewell,
If you do chance to heare of that blinde traitor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

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Stew. Would I could meet him madam, I would ſhew
What lady I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter *and* Edmund.

Glo. When ſhall we come to'th top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climbe it vp now, looke how we labour?

Glo. Me thinkes the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible ſteepe: hearke, do you heare the ſea?

Glo. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eies anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be indeed,
Methinkes thy voice is altered, and thou ſpeakſt
With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.

Edg. Y'are much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearful
And dizy tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The crowes and choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers ſampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head:
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like mice; and yon tall anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on the vnnumbred idle peebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is ſo hie Ile looke no more
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg.

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Edg. Giue me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the moone
Would I not leape vpright.

Glo. Let go my hand:
Heere friend's another purſe, in it a iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and gods
Proſper it with thee: go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire, tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods, *He kneels*
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe wils,
My ſnuffe and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out: if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,
Now fellow fare thee well. *He falles*

Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceite may rob the treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe yeelds to the theft: had he bene where he thought, by this thought had bene paſt: aliue or dead? ho you ſir, heare you ſir, ſpeake, thus might hee paſſe indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you ſir?

Glo. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Hadſt thou bene ought but goſmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating,
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an egge, but thou doſt breath,
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt not, ſpeakſt, art ſound:
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet againe.

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Glo. But haue I fallen or no?

Edg. From the dread ſummons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight; the ſhrill gorg'd larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene or heard, do but looke vp.

Glo. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd that benefite
To end it ſelfe by death? Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme:
Vp, ſo, how feele you your legges? you ſtand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe:
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poore vnfortunate begger.

Edg. As I ſtood heere below, methought his eyes
Were too full moones; a had a thouſand noſes,
Hornes, welkt and waued like the enridged ſea.
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou happy father
Thinke that the cleereſt gods, who made their honors
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.

Glo. I do remember now, henceforth Ile beare
Affliction till it do cry out it ſelfe
Enough, enough, and dye: that thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often would he ſay
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The ſafer ſenſe will nere accommodate his maiſter thus.

Enter

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Enter Lear *mad.*

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the king himſelfe.

Edg. O thou ſide piercing ſight.

Lear. Nature is aboue art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a mouſe; peace, peace, this toſted cheeſe will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a gyant, bring vp the browne bils. O well flowne birde in the ayre. Hagh, giue the word.

Edg. Sweet margerum.

Lear. Paſſe.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to ſay I and no to all I ſaide: I and no too was no good diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Gloſt. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not the king?

Lear. I, euery inch a king: when I do ſtare ſee how the ſubiect quakes: I pardon that mans liſe, what was thy cauſe, adulterie? thou ſhalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the ſmall guilded flye do letcher in my ſight; let copulation thriue. For *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull ſheets, toot luxury, pell mell, for I want ſouldiers. Behold yon ſimpring dame, whoſe face between her forkes prefageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do ſhake the head, heare of pleaſures

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name to ſchew, nor the ſoyled horſſe goes toot with a more riotous appetite: downe from the waſte they are centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, theres hell, theres darkneſſe, theres the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſummation, fie, fie, fie, pah, pah: giue mee an ounce of ciuet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Glo O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmels of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd peece of nature, this great world ſhold ſo weare out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well enough, doſt thou ſquiny on me: no, do thy worſt blinde *Cupid*, Ile not loue: read thou that challenge, marke the penning on't.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, and my hart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes.

Lear. O ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head nor money in your purſe? your eyes are in a heauy caſe, your purſſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes?

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lea. What art mad? a man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes. Looke with thy eares, ſee how yon iuſtice railes vppon yon ſimple theefe: hearke in thy eare, handy dandy, which is the theefe, which is the iuſtice. Thou haſt ſeene a farmers dogge barke at a begger.

Glo. I ſir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou mightſt behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, ſo bid in office. Thou raſcall beadle hold thy bloody hand; why doſt

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doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind for which thou whipſt her. The vſurer hangs the cozener, through tattered ragges ſmall vices do appeare, robes and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcuruy politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not; no, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloſter*, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowſt the firſt time that we ſmel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoot a troope of horſe with fell, and when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs.

Lear. No reſcue, what a priſoner? I am eene the naturall foole of fortune: vſe me well, you ſhall haue a ranſom. Let me haue a chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe: why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying autumnes duſt.

Gent. Good ſir.

Lear. I will dye bravely like a bridegroome, What, I will bee iouiall: come, come, I am a king my maſters, know you that?

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Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay if you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can diſtinguiſh ſenſe.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed for't, the maine deſcries,
Stands on the hourely thoughts

Edg. I thanke you ſir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the queene on ſpecial cauſe is heere,
His army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*

Glo. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe,
To dye before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glo. Now good ſir what are you.

Edg. A moſt poore man, made lame by fortunes blowes,
Who by the art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Gloſt. Hearty thankes, the bounty and the benizon of heauen to boot, to boot.

Enter

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Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize, moſt happy; that eyles head of thine was firſt framed fleſh to raiſe my fortunes. Thou moſt vnhappy traitor, briefely thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore bolde pezant darſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor, hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let go ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good gentleman goe your gate, let poore volke paſſe: and chud haue beene zwaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue bene zo long by a vortnight: nay come not neere the olde man, keepe out cheuore ye, or ile try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder, chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *They fight.*

Edg. Chil pick your teeth zir, come no matter for your foines.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, villaine take my purſe:
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And giue the letters which thou findſt about me
To *Edmund* earle of *Gloſter*, ſeeke him out, vpon
The *Britiſh* party: ô vntimely death! death. *He dyes.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, reſt you, lets ſee his pockets,
Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely ſorry he had no other deathſman.
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,

To

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To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred,
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: if he returne the conqueror,
Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And ſupply the place for your labour.

Your wife (ſo I would ſay) and your affectionate ſeruant,
Gonorill.

Edg. O vndiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous huſbands life,
And the exchange my brother: heere in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſd duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and buſineſſe I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad, how ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe,
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my greefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelues.

A drumme afarre off.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten drum.
Come father Ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit.*

Enter

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Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Doctor.*

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I liue and worke to match thy goodneſſe,
My life will be too ſhort, and euery meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd madam is ore-paid,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer houres,
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere madam,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo: my lord how does the king.
Doct. Madam ſleepes ſtill.
Cor. O you kinde gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature,
The vntun'd and hurrying ſenſes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed father.
Doct. So pleaſe your maieſty we may wake the king
He hath ſlept long.
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
Ith ſway of your owne will: is he array'd?
Doct. I madam, in the heauineſſe of his ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him.
Kent. Good madam be by when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well.
Doct. Pleaſe you draw neere: louder the muſicke there.
Cor. O my deere father,
Reſtoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,

And

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And let this kiſſe repaire thoſe violent harmes
That my two ſiſters haue in thy reuerence made.
Kent. Kinde and deere princeſſe.
Cor. Had you not bin their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be expoſd againſt the warring windes,
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quicke croſſe lightning, to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme? mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, ſhould haue ſtood that night
Againſt my fire, and waſt thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with ſwine and rogues forlorne,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeake to him.
Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteſt.
C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maieſty
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, know ye me?
Lear. Y'are a ſpirit I know, when did you dye?
Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Doct. He's ſcarſe awake, let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light!
I am mightily abuſd; I ſhould ene dye with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands, let's ſee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd of my condition.
Cor. O looke vpon me ſir,
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,
No ſir, you muſt not kneele.

Lear.

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Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very fooliſh fond olde man,
Fourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly,
I feare I am not perfect in my minde.
Me thinkes I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the ſkill I haue
Remembers not theſe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do no laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*

Cor. And ſo I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet? yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poiſon for me I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your ſiſters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong,
You haue ſome cauſe, they haue not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in *France?*

Kent. In your owne kingdome ſir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Doct. Be comforted good madame, the great rage you ſee is cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time hee has loſt; deſire him to goe in, trouble him no more till further ſetling.

Cor. Wilt pleaſe your highneſſe walke?

Lear. You muſt beare with me:
Pray now forget and forgiue,
I am olde and fooliſh. *Exeunt.*

Manet Kent *and Gentleman.*

Gen. Holds it true ſir that the duke of *Cornwall* was ſo ſlaine?

Kent. Moſt certaine ſir.

Gent.

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Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As tis ſaid, the baſtard ſonne of *Gloſter*.

Gent. They ſay *Edgar* his baniſht ſonne, is with the earle of *Kent* in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approch apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody, fare you well ſir.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

Enter Edmund, Regan, *and their powers.*

Baſt. Know of the duke if his laſt purpoſe holde,
Or whether ſince he is aduiſd by ought
To change the courſe, he is full of alteration
And ſelfe-reprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.

Reg. Our ſiſters man is certainly miſcarried.

Baſt. Tis to be doubted madam.

Reg. Now ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my ſiſter?

Baſt. I honor'd loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forefended place?

Baſt. That thought abuſes you.

Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct
And boſom'd with her, as farre as we call hers.

Baſt. No by mine honor madam.

Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her,
Deere my lord be not familiar with her.

Baſt. Feare me not, ſhe and the duke her huſband.

Enter

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Enter Albany *and* Gonorill *with troopes.*

Gon. I had rather looſe the battell
Then that ſiſter ſhould looſen him and me.
Alb. Our very louing ſiſter well be-met,
For this I heare the king is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt
I neuer yet was valiant: for this buſineſſe
It toucheth vs, as *France* inuades our land
Not bolds the king, with others whom I feare,
Moſt iuſt and heauy cauſes make oppoſe.
Baſt. Sir you ſpeake nobly.
Regan. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together gainſt the enemy,
For theſe domeſticke doore particulars,
Are not to queſtion heere.
Alb. Let vs then determine
With the ancient of warre on our proceedings.
Baſt. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.
Reg. Siſter youle go with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. Tis moſt conuenient, pray you go with vs.
Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will go. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your grace had ſpeech with one ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the battell, ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet ſounde
For him that brought it, wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a champion, that will prooue
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,

Your

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Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
Fortune loue you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it,
When time ſhall ſerue let but the herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will looke ore the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Hard is the gueſſe of their great ſtrength and forces
By diligēt diſcouery, but your haſt is now vrgd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Baſt. To both theſe ſiſters haue I ſworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the ſting are of the adder,
Which of them ſhall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonorill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide
Her huſband being aliue. Now then wee'l vſe
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter the powers of* France *ouer the ſtage,* Cordelia *with her Father in her hand.*

Enter Edgar *and* Gloſter.

Edg. Heere father take, the ſhadow of this buſh

For

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For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*

Glo. Grace go with you ſir.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther ſir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? men muſt endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, *with* Lear *and* Cordelia *priſoners.*

Baſt. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed king am I caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like birds i'th cage:
When thou doſt aſke me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aſke of thee forgiueneſſe: ſo weell liue,
And pray, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues
Talke of court newes, and weel talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; whoſe in, whoſe out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: and weel weare out

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In a walld priſon, packes and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by the moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*
The gods themſelues throw incenſe. Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em, fleach and fell,
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe? weele ſee em ſtarue firſt.

Exit.

Baſt. Come hither captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon, (thee,
One ſtep I haue aduancſt thee, if thou doſt as this inſtructs
Thou doſt make thy way to noble fortunes:
Know thou this, that men are as the time is;
To be tender minded does not become a ſword,
Thy great employment will not beare queſtion,
Either ſay thout do't, or thriue by other meanes.

Cap. Ile doot my lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy when thou haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe.

Cap. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dryed oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue ſhewne to day your valiant ſtraine,
And fortune led you well: you haue the captiues
That were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife:
We do require then of you ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall finde their merits, and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Baſt.

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Baſt. Sir I thought it fit,
To ſend the olde and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard,
Whoſe age has charmes in it, whoſe title more,
To plucke the common bloſſomes of his ſide,
And turne our impreſt launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the queene:
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further ſpace, to appeare where you ſhall hold
Your ſeſſion at this time: we ſweate and bleed,
The friend hath loſt his friend, and the beſt quarrels
In the heate are curſt by thoſe that feele their ſharpeneſſe.
The queſtion of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinkes our pleaſure ſhould haue been demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre. He led our powers,
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediate may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himſelfe,
More then in your aduancement.

Reg. In my right by me inueſted, he compeers the beſt.

Gon. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.

Reg. Ieſters do oft proue prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you ſo, lookt but a ſquint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing ſtomacke. Generall,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,

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Witneſſe the world, that I create thee heere
My lord and maſter.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him then?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Baſt. Nor in thine lord.

Alb. Halfe blooded fellow, yes.

Baſt. Let the drum ſtrike, and proue my title good.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capitall treaſon; and in thine attaint,
This gilded ſerpent: for your claime faire ſiſter,
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
Tis ſhe is ſubcontracted to her lord,
And I her huſband contradict the banes.
If you will marry, make your loue to me,
My lady is beſpoke. Thou art arm'd *Gloſter*,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge, Ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, ô ſicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere truſt poyſon.

Baſt. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lyes,
Call by thy trumpet, he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Alb. A herald ho.

Baſt. A herald ho, a herald.

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle vertue, for thy ſoldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſſe growes vpon me.

Alb.

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Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,
Come hither herald, let the trumpet ſound, and read out this.

Cap. Sound trumpet.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoaſt of the army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, ſuppoſed earle of *Gloceſter*, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appeare at the thirde ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Baſt. Sound. Againe.

Enter Edgar *at the third ſound, with a trumpet before him.*

Alb. Aſke him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Vpon this call o'th trumpet?

Her. What are you? your name and quality?
And why you anſwer this preſent ſummons?

Edg. O know my name is loſt by treaſons tooth:
Bare-gnawne and canker-bit,
Where is the aduerſary I come to cope with all?

Alb. What is that aduerſary?

Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* earle of *Gloſter*?

Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſayſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart, thy arme
May do thee iuſtice, heere is mine:
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, youth, place and eminence,
Deſpight thy victor, ſword, and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
Falſe to the gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conſpicuate gainſt this high illuſtrious prince,
And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor: ſay thou no,

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This ſword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits,
Is bent to proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aſke thy name,
But ſince thy outſide lookes ſo faire and warlike,
And that thy being ſome ſay of breeding breathes,
By right of knight-hood I diſdaine and ſpurne,
With the hell hatedly ore-turn'd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarſely bruiſe,
This ſword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way.
Where they ſhall reſt for euer, trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him.

Gon. This is meere practiſe *Gloſter*, by the law of armes
Thou art not bound to offer an vnknowne oppoſite,
Thou art not vanquiſht, but couſned and beguild.

Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: thou worſe then any thing, reade thine own euill. Nay, no tearing lady, I perceiue you know't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who ſhal araign me for it.

Alb. Monſter, knowſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſke me not what I know. *Exit* Gonorill.

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with, that haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou that haſt this fortune on me? if thou beeſt noble, I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou haſt wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers ſonne,
The gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vertues
Make inſtruments to ſcourge vs: the darke and vitious place
Where he thee got, coſt him his eyes.

Baſt

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Baſt. Thou haſt ſpoken truth,
The wheele is come full circkled, I am heere.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A royall nobleneſſe, I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorow ſplit my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.
Edg. Worthy prince I know it.
Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my lord,
Liſt a breefe tale, and when tis told,
O that my heart would burſt. The bloody proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetneſſe, that with the paine of death
Would hourely dye, rather then dye at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd:
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious ſtones new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, begd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O father) reueald my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I aſkt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mooued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be any more more wofull, hold it in.
For I am almoſt readie to diſſolue.

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Edg. This would haue ſeem'd a period to ſuch
As loue not ſorrow, but another to amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and top extremity.
Whilſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,
Shund my abhord ſociety: but then finding
Who twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke, and bellowd out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
His greefe grew puiſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunſt.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent ſir, the baniſht *Kent*, who in diſguiſe,
Followed his enemy king, and did him ſeruice
Improper for a ſlaue.

Enter one with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Helpe, helpe.

Alb. What kinde of helpe? what meanes that bloody knife?

Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes, it came euen from the heart of—

Alb. Who man? ſpeake.

Gent. Your lady ſir, your lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe has confeſt it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Alb. Produce their bodies be they aliue or dead:
This iuſtice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches not with pity.

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes *Kent* ſir.

Alb.

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Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow
The complement that very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come to bid my king and maſter aye good night. Is he not heere?

Alb. Great things of vs forgot. Speake *Edmund*, where's the king, and wher's *Cordelia?* ſeeſt thou this obiect *Kent?*

The bodies of Gonorill *and* Regan *are brought in.*

Kent. Alacke, why thus.

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd: the one the other poiſond for my ſake, and after ſlewe her ſelfe.

Alb. Euen ſo, couer their faces.

Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I meane to do deſpight of my owne nature. Quickly ſend, bee briefe, into the caſtle for my writ, tis on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia:* nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my lord? who hath the office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword, giue it the captaine.

Alb. Haſt thee for thy life.

Baſt. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me, to hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay the blame vpon her own deſpaire.

Alb. The gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear *with* Cordelia *in his Armes.*

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke: O, ſhe is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: lend me a looking-glaſſe.
If that her breath will miſt and ſtaine the ſtone, ſhe then liues.

Kent.

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Kent. Is this the promiſt end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall and ceaſe.

Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues, if it be ſo, it is a chance that do's redeeme all ſorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent. A my good maſter.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer: *Cordelia; Cordelia,* ſtay a litle. What iſt thou ſayſt? her voice was euer ſoft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee.

Cap. Tis true my lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha ſeene the day, that with my biting fauchion I would haue made them ſkip: I am old now, and theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you? mine eyes are none o'th beſt, Ile tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If fortune brag'd of two ſhe loued or hated.
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent?*

Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent,* where is your ſeruāt *Caius?*

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps.

Lear. You are welcome hether,

Kent. Nor no man elſe: all's cheerleſſe, darke, and deadly.
Your eldeſt daughters haue fore-doom'd themſelues,
And deſperately are dead.

Lear.

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Lear. So I thinke too.

Alb. He knowes not what he ſees, and vaine it is
That we preſent vs to him.

Edgar. Very bootleſſe.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Edmund is dead my lord.

Alb. Thats but a trifle heere: you lords and noble friends, know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, ſhall be applied: for vs we will reſigne during the life of this old maieſty to him our abſolute power, you to your rights with boote, and ſuch addition as your honors haue more then merited, al friends ſhall taſte the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of their deſeruings: O ſee, ſee.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd: no, no life, why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat haue life, and thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer: pray vndo this button; thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg. He faints, my lord, my lord.

Lear. Breake heart, I prethe breake.

Edg. Looke vp my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe,
He hates him much, that would vpon the wracke
Of this tough world ſtretch him out longer.

Edg. O he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.

Duke. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſineſſe
Is to generall woe: friends of my ſoule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the good ſtate ſuſtaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortly to go,
My maſter cals, and I muſt not ſay no.

Duke. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obay,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay:
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.

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The First and Second PART

OF THE

Tróubleſome RAIGNE of

John King of England.

WITH THE

Diſcouerie of King *RICHARD*

Cordelions baſe Sonne

(Vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fawconbridge:*)

ALSO,

The Death of King *Iohn* at *Swinſtead Abbey*.

As they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the Queenes MAIESTIES Players.

Written by W. Sh.

Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *Iohn Helme*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtons* Church-yard in *Fleeteſtreet*. 1611.

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☞ The Author ſeems to have been ſo thoroughly diſſatisfied with this Play as to have written it almoſt entirely anew, reſerving only a few of the Lines and the Conduct of ſeveral Scenes. It is ſaid to have been originally publiſhed in 1591 for *Sampſon Clarke*. The Edition publiſh'd in 1622 is no more than a Copy from this, for there is none more ancient than that in the Folio 1623, of the Play as it was afterwards alter'd by *Shakeſpeare*.

Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Notes, affirms the old Play to have been written by *Shakeſpeare* and *Rowley*; but I find no mention of the Name of the latter before either of the Editions.

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THE

Troubleſome RAIGNE of

KING IOHN.

Enter K. Iohn, *Queene* Elinor *his Mother*, William Marſhall, *Earle of* Pembrooke, *the Earles of* Eſſex *and of* Saliſbury.

Queen Elianor.

BArons of *England*, and my noble lords;
Though God and fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* ſcourge of infidells,
And clad this land in ſtole of diſmall hew:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath ſprung a ſecond hope,
A king that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his emperie.

K. Iohn. My gratious mother queene, and barons all;
Though farre vnworthy of ſo high a place,
As is the throne of mighty *Englands* king:
Yet *Iohn* your lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) ſuſtaine the heauy yoke
Of preſſing cares, that hang vpon a crowne.
My lord of *Pembrooke* and lord *Salſbury*,
Admit the lord *Chattilion* to our preſence;
That we may know what *Philip* king of *Fraunce*
(By his ambaſſadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor. Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can geſſe
Whereto this weighty embaſſade doth tend:

If

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If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then ſay, my ſonne, I haue not miſſde my aime.

Enter Chattilion *and the two Earles.*

Iohn. My lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
How fares our brother *Philip* king of *Fraunce?*

Chat. His highneſſe at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to ſalute your maieſtie,
And ſay the meſſage he hath giuen in charge.

Iohn. And ſpare not man, wee are preparde to heare.

Chat. Philip, by the grace of God moſt chriſtian king of *France*, hauing taken into his gardain and protection *Arthur* D. of *Brittaine* ſonne and heire to *Ieffrey* thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the ſaide *Arthur*, the kingdome of *England*, with the lordſhip of *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*: and I attend thine anſwer.

Iohn. A ſmall requeſt: belike hee makes account,
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a king to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his lords at home,
With greater honour than to ſend them thus
On embaſſades that not concerne himſelfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but ſmall returne.

Chat. Is this thine anſwer?

Iohn. It is, and too good an anſwer for ſo prowd a meſſage.

Chat. Then king of *England*, in my maſters name,
And in princé *Arthur* duke of *Brittaines* name,
I doe defie thee as an enemie,
And wiſh thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elinor. My lord (that ſtands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I queene *Elianor* (his grandmother)

Vpon

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Vpon my bleſſing charge him leaue his armes,
Whereto his head-ſtrong mother prickes him ſo:
Her pride we know, and know her for a dame
That will not ſticke to bring him to his end,
So ſhe may bring her ſelfe to rule a realme.
Next, wiſh him to forſake the king of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his vncle here,
And he ſhall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat. This ſhall I do, and thus I take my leaue.

Iohn. Pembrooke, conuey him ſafely to the ſea,
But not in haſte: for as we are aduiſde,
We meane to be in *France* as ſoone as he,
To fortifie ſuch townes as we poſſeſſe
In *Aniow*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*. *Exit* Chatt.

Enter the Shriue and whiſpers the Earle of Saliſ. *in the eare.*

Salſ. Pleaſe it your maieſty, here is the ſhriue of *Northhamptonſhire*, with certaine perſons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your maieſtie, beſeeching your highneſſe for ſpeciall cauſe to heare them.

Iohn. Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cauſe,
Goe *Salſbury* and make prouiſion,
We meane with ſpeed to paſſe the ſea to *France*. *Exit* Salſ.
Say ſhriue, what are theſe men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the courſe of this appeale?

Shriue. Pleaſe it your maieſty, theſe two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing, haue broken your highneſſe peace, in ſeeking to right their owne wrongs without courſe of lawe, or order of iuſtice, and vnlawfully aſſembled thẽſelues in mutinous maner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* ſhriue of *Northamptonſhire* do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

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Iohn. My lord of *Eſſex*, wil thoffenders to ſtand forth, and tell the cauſe of their quarrell.

Eſſex. Gentlemen, it is the kings pleaſure that you diſcouer your griefs, and doubt not but you ſhal haue iuſtice.

Phil. Pleaſe it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the ſhamefull ſlander of my parents, the diſhonor of my ſelf, and the bad dealing of my brother in this princely aſſemblie.

Robert. Then, by my prince his leaue, ſhall *Robert* ſpeake,
And tell your maieſtie what right I haue
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your grace)
Receiu'd his ſpurres of knighthood in the field,
At kingly *Richards* hands in *Paleſtine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name ſir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by ſucceſſion from his anceſtors,
And warlike ſeruice vnder *Englands* armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thouſand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Philip. If firſt-borne ſonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient lawe,
How ſhould my ſelfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge?*

Iohn. Fond youth, to trouble theſe our princely eares,
Or make a queſtion in ſo plaine a caſe:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert. Pleaſe it your grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in ſuch ſort,
As he can make no title to the land.

Iohn.

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Iohn. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke Ænigma.

Robert. I grant (my lord) he is my mothers ſonne,
Baſe borne, and baſe begot, no *Fauconbridge.*
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him ſo,
And here my mother ſtands to prooue him ſo:
But I (my lord) can prooue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers ſhame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge.*
And let not him poſſeſſe anothers right.

Iohn. Prooue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elin. Vngratious youth, to rip thy mothers ſhame,
The wombe from whence thou didſt thy being take,
All honeſt eares abhorre thy wickedneſſe,
But gold I ſee doth beate downe natures law.

Mother. My gratious lord, and you thrice reuerend dame,
That ſee the teares diſtilling from mine eies,
And ſcalding ſighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not theſe eares heere receiue the hiſſing ſound
Of ſuch a viper, who with poyſoned words
Doth maſſerate the bowells of my ſoule.

Iohn. Lady, ſtand vp, be patient for a while:
And fellow, ſay, whoſe baſtard is thy brother?

Philip. Not for my ſelfe, nor for my mother now;
But for the honour of ſo braue a man,
Whom hee accuſeth with adulterie:

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Heere I beſeech your grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and ſo diſmiſſe vs hence.
Robert. Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduiſed, I
Charge thee before this royall preſence here
To be a baſtard to king *Richards* ſelfe,
Sonne to your grace, and brother to your maieſtie.
Thus bluntly, and
Elian. Yong man, thou needſt not be aſhamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy ſire. But forward with thy proofe.
Robert. The proofe ſo plaine, the argument ſo ſtrong,
As that your highneſſe and theſe noble lords,
And all (ſaue thoſe that haue no eies to ſee)
Shall ſweare him to be baſtard to the king.
Firſt, when my father was embaſſadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The king lay often at my fathers houſe;
And all the realme ſuſpected what befell:
And at my fathers backe-returne agen
My mother was deliuered, as tis ſed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely preſence ſhall confeſſe,
He is no other but king *Richards* ſonne.
Then gratious lord, reſt he king *Richards* ſonne,
And let me reſt ſafe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull ſonne and only heire.
Iohn. Is this thy proofe, and all thou haſt to ſay?
Robert. I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.
Iohn. Firſt, where thou ſaidſt in abſence of thy ſire
My brother often lodged in his houſe:
And what of that? baſe groome to ſlaunder him,
That honoured his embaſſador ſo much,

In

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In abſence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next.

Q. Elin. Thou ſaiſt ſhe teemde ſixe weekes before her time,
Why good ſir ſquire, are you ſo cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many miſchances happen in ſuch affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

Iohn. And where thou ſaiſt, he looketh like the king,
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer ſaw ſo liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert. Then good my lord, be you indiffrent iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.

Q. Elinor. Nay, heare you ſir, you runne away too faſt:
Know you not, *omne ſimile non eſt idem?*
Or haue read in. Harke yee good ſir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwiſe.

Shee lay with ſir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon king *Richard* my ſonne, and ſo your brother was formed in this faſhion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to ieſt it out,
I craue my right: king *Iohn*, as thou art king,
So be thou iuſt, and let me haue my right.

Iohn. Why (fooliſh boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canſt thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou ſhalt ſee how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome ſhall ſtand
Irreuocable, as I am king of *England*.
For thou know'ſt not, weele aſke of them that know,
His mother and himſelfe ſhall end this ſtrife:
And as they ſay, ſo ſhall thy liuing paſſe.

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Robert. My lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themſelues. Can there be likelihood
That ſhee will looſe?
Or he will giue the liuing from himſelfe?
It may not be my lord. Why ſhould it be?

Iohn. Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom.
Eſſex, firſt aſke the mother thrice who was his ſire?

Eſſex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was father to thy ſonne *Philip*?

Mother. Pleaſe it your maieſty, ſir *Rob. Fauconbridge*.

Rob. This is right, aſke my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

Iohn. Aſke *Philip* whoſe ſonne he is.

Eſſex. *Philip*, who was thy father?

Philip. Mas my lord, and that's a queſtion: and you had not taken ſome paines with her before, I ſhould haue deſired you to aſke my mother.

Iohn. Say, who was thy father?

Philip. Faith (my lord) to anſwere you, ſure hee is my father that was neereſt my mother when I was begotten, and him I thinke to be ſir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Iohn. *Eſſex*, for faſhions ſake demand agen,
And ſo an end to this contention.

Robert. Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?

Eſſex. *Philip* ſpeake I ſay, who was thy father?

Iohn. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Elianor. *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip. *Philippus atauis edite Regibus*.
What ſaiſt thou *Philip*, ſprung of auncient kings?
Quo me rapit tempeſtas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede theſe fumes of maieſtie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho ſound,

That

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That *Philip* is the ſonne vnto a king:
The whiſtling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whiſtle in conſort I am *Richards* ſonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make muſicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* ſonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camſt.
Thy fathers land cannot maintaine theſe thoughts,
Theſe thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge:*
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth ſoare too high to ſtoupe to *Fauconbridge.*
Why how now? knoweſt thou where thou art?
And knoweſt thou who expects thine anſwer here?
Wilt thou vpon a franticke madding vaine
Goe looſe thy land, and ſay thy ſelfe baſe borne?
No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy ſire,
What ere thou thinkſt, ſay thou art *Fauconbridge.*

Iohn. Speake man, be ſodaine, who thy father was.

Philip. Pleaſe it your maieſtie, ſir *Robert*
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am ſonne vnto a *Fauconbridge.*
Let land and liuing goe, tis honors fire
That makes me ſweare king *Richard* was my ſire.
Baſe to a king addes title of more ſtate,
Than knights begotten, though legittimate.
Pleaſe it your grace, I am king *Richards* ſonne.

Robert. *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let ſorrow die,
His faltring tongue not ſuffers him to lie.

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Mo. What head-ſtrong furie doth enchant my ſonne?
Philip. *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.
Iohn. Then *Philip* blame not me, thy ſelfe haſt loſt
By wilfulneſſe, thy liuing and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy deſert.
Q. Elia. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?
Ph. Madame, I am bold to make my ſelf your nephew,
The pooreſt kinſman that your highneſſe hath:
And with this prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, honor is my deſire;
Let *Philip* liue to ſhew himſelfe worthy ſo great a ſire.
Eli. Philip, I think thou knewſt thy grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not ſee thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou ſhalt be taken for my ſonne,
And waite on me and on thine vncle heere,
Who ſhall giue honour to thy noble mind.
Iohn. Philip kneele downe, that thou maiſt throughly know
How much thy reſolution pleaſeth vs,
Riſe vp ſir *Richard Plantaginet* king *Richards* ſonne.
Philip. Grant heauens that *Philip* once may ſhew himſelfe
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or baſeſt glorie of a baſtards name.
Iohn. Now gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Eſſex, thou ſhalt be ruler of my realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the laſie abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The pope and popelings ſhall not greaſe themſelues
With gold and groates, that are the ſouldiers due.

Thus

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Thus forward lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. *Exeunt.*

Manet Philip *and his Mother.*

Philip. Madame, I beſeech you deigne me ſo much leaſure as the hearing of a matter that I lōg to impart to you.

Mother. What's the matter *Philip?* I thinke your ſuit in ſecret, tends to ſome money matter, which you ſuppoſe burnes in the bottome of my cheſt.

Phil. No madam, it is no ſuch ſuit as to beg or borrow,
But ſuch a ſuit, as might ſome other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then madam thus, your ladiſhip ſees well,
How that my ſcandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a baſtard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This groſſe attaint ſo tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine eaſe,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What ſe I doe, or whereſoere I am,
I cannot chaſe the ſlaunder from my thoughts.
If it be true, reſolue me of my ſire,
For pardon madam, if I thinke amiſſe,
Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtleſſe was as braue a man.
To you on knees, as ſometime *Phaeton*,
Miſtruſting ſielly *Merop* for his ſire,
Straining a little baſhfull modeſtie,
I beg ſome inſtance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to haſte me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers croſſe?
Muſt I accuſe my ſelfe to cloſe with you?
Slaunder my ſelfe, to quiet your affects?

Thou

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Thou moou'ſt me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
Phil. Nay lady mother, heare me further yet,
For ſtrong conceit driues dutie hence awhile:
Your huſband *Faulconbridge* was father to that ſonne,
That carries markes of nature like the ſire,
This ſonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in deſcent
From him whoſe forme was figured in his face.
Can nature ſo diſſemble in her frame,
To make the one ſo like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true deſcent?
My brothers mind is baſe, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoiſe not mine:
His conſtitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the ſeat of ſteele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will ſcarcely iudge vs both one countrey borne.
This madam, this, hath droue me from my ſelfe:
And here by heauens eternall lampes I ſweare,
As curſed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you reſolue me not.
Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou doeſt require.
Phil. Let ſonnes intreatie ſway the mother now,
Or elſe ſhee dies: Ile not infringe my vow.
Moth. Vnhappy taſke: muſt I recount my ſhame,
Blab my miſdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power ſtrike me ſpeechleſſe for a time,

Or

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Or take from him a while his hearings vſe.
Why wiſh I ſo, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
I bluſh, I faint, oh would I might be mute.
Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.
Moth. And longing die, to ſhroud thy mothers ſhame.
Phil. Come madame come, you need not be ſo loath,
The ſhame is ſhared equall twixt vs both.
Iſt not a ſlackeneſſe in me, worthy blame,
To be ſo old, and cannot write my name.
Good mother reſolue me.
Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours loſſe by purchaſſe of thy ſelfe,
My ſhame, thy name, and huſbands ſecret wrong,
All maimd and ſtaind by youths vnruly ſway.
And when thou know'ſt from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'ſt what ſuites, what threats, what feares,
To mooue by loue, or maſſacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightineſſe of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That ſomething may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me ſo much:
Vpbraid me rather with the *Romane* dame,
That ſhed her blood to waſh away her ſhame.
Why ſtand I to expoſtulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a princes ſonne,
Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours loſſe left me with child of thee:
Whoſe ſonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire king *Richard* was thy noble father.

Phil.

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Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wiſh thee ioy,
My ſire a king, and I a landleſſe boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's ſomething owing to *Plantaginet.*
I marry ſir, let me alone for game,
Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Mary* Ile not ſell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *the* French *king, and* Lewis, Limoges, Conſtance, *and her ſonne* Arthur.

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the *Albion* territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſiege:
Braue *Auſtria,* cauſe of *Cordelions* death,
Is alſo come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for cauſes of great conſequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in the weſt,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhocke
Controld the mannage of prowd *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to chaunce.

Conſt. May be that *Iohn* in conſcience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions backe to *Fraunce,*
As ſhall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If ſo, forbearance is a deed well donc.

Arth. Ah mother, poſſeſſion of a crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,

For

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For preſent vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witneſſe, in his brothers time,
He tooke vpon him rule, and almoſt raigne:
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l reſigne the rule vnto his nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no eſteeme,
And ſooner would he ſcorne *Europa's* power,
Than looſe the ſmalleſt title he enjoyes;
For queſtionleſſe he is an *Engliſhman.*

Lewis. Why are the *Engliſh* peereleſſe in compare?
Braue caualiers as ere that iſland bred,
Haue liu'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cauſe:
England is *England,* yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of *England* is as other *Iohns.*
Truſt me yong *Arthur,* if thou like my reed,
Praiſe thou the *French* that helpe thee in this need.

Lymog. The *Engliſhman* hath little cauſe I trowe,
To ſpend good ſpeaches on ſo proud a foe.
Why *Arthur* here's his ſpoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liu'd outrou'd his brother *Iohn:*
But haſtie curres that lie ſo long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
But newes comes now, here's the embaſſadour.

Enter Chattilion.

K. Phil. And in good time, welcome my lord *Chattilion:*
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our command?

Chat. Be I not briefe to tell your highneſſe all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one ſelfe bottome brought vs both to *France.*
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,

And

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And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demands.
The mother queene shee taketh on amaine
Gainst lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with grandames care,
To leaue his mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn*, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
More circumstance the season intercepts:
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne.

K. Phil. This bitter winds must nip some-bodies spring:
Sodaine and briefe, why so, tis harsest weather.
But say *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chat. Of *England*, Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salisburie*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a bastard of the kings deceast,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolue.
Then is there with them *Elinor* mother queene,
And *Blanch* her neece, daughter to the king of *Spaine*:
These are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter Iohn *and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.*

K. Phil. Me seemeth *Iohn*, an ouer-daring spirit
Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my confines with thy armed troupes.
I rather lookt for some submisse reply
Touching the claime thy nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

K. Iohn. For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,
I list not pleade my title with my tongue.

Nor

Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *France* or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchaſe of my right,
The towne of *Angiers*: which thou doſt begirt
In the behalfe of lady *Conſtance* ſonne,
Whereto nor he nor ſhe can lay iuſt claime.
Conſtance. Yes (falſe intruder) if that iuſt be iuſt,
And head-ſtrong vſurpation put apart,
Arthur my ſonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous ſhadow of diſcent,
Is ſoueraigne to the ſubſtance thou withholdſt.
Q. Elinor. Miſgouernd goſſip, ſtaine to this reſort,
Occaſion of theſe vndecided iarres,
I ſay (that know) to checke thy vaine ſuppoſe,
Thy ſonne hath naught to do with that he claimes.
For prooſe whereof, I can inferre a will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by diſcent.
Con. A will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerſeer,
And prowd dame *Elinor* ſole executreſſe:
More wills than ſo, on perill of my ſoule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.
Arthur. But ſay there was, as ſure there can be none,
The law intends ſuch teſtaments as void,
Where right diſcent can no way be impeacht.
Q. Elinor. Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To ſoare with perill after *Icarus*,
And truſt me yongling for the fathers ſake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.
Conſtance. Beſhrew you elſe how pittifull you are,
Ready to weepe to heare him aſke his owne;
Sorrow betide ſuch grandames and ſuch griefe,
That miniſter a poyſon for pure loue.

But

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But who ſo blind, as cannot ſee this beame,
That you forſooth would keepe your couſin downe,
For feare his mother ſhould be vs'd too well?
I there's the griefe, confuſion catch the braine,
That hammers ſhiftes to ſtop a princes raigne.

Q. Elia. Impatient, franticke, common ſlaunderer,
Immodeſt dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy ſonne,
But iuſtice makes me ſpeake as I haue done.

K. Phil. But here's no proofe that ſhews your ſonne a king.

K. I. What wants, my ſword ſhal more at large ſet down

Lew. But that may breake before the truth be known.

Baſt. Then this may hold till all his right be ſhowne.

Lym. Good words ſir ſauce, your betters are in place.

Baſt. Not you ſir doughtie, with your lyons caſe.

Blanch. Ah ioy betide his ſoule, to whom that ſpoyle be-
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd. long'd:

Lym. Me thinks that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a preſident t'affright you all.

Baſt. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers ſpoyle,
A thouſand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keepes a conſiſtorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine ſtraight,
Diſrobe him of the matchleſſe monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the ſauages,
Baſe heardgroom, coward, peaſant, worſe than a threſhing ſlaue,
What mak'ſt thou with the trophie of a king?
Sham'ſt thou not coyſtrell, loathſome dunghill ſwad,
To grace thy carkaſſe with an ornament

Too

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Too pretious for a monarkes couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the preſence of my ſoueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his ſoule I ſweare, my fathers ſoule,
Twiſe will I not reuiew the mornings riſe,
Till I haue torne that trophie from thy backe,
And ſplit thy heart for wearing it ſo long.
Philip hath ſworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* ſonne.

Lym. Nay ſoft ſir baſtard, hearts are not ſplit ſo ſoone,
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this leſſon at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers ſkin.

Blan. Wel may the world ſpeake of his knightly valor,
That wins this hide to weare a ladies fauour.

Baſt. Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with me,
If ſhortly I preſent it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings forbeare, for time is comming faſt,
That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
And to the purpoſe for the cauſe you come.
Me ſeemes you ſet right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reaſons for your claime,
But ſo and ſo, becauſe it ſhall be ſo.
So wrong ſhall be ſubornd by truſt of ſtrength:
A tyrants practiſe to inueſt himſelfe,
Where weake reſiſtance giueth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* ſonne,
Am come before this city of *Angiers*,
To barre all other falſe ſuppoſed claime,
From whence, or howſoere the error ſprings.

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And in his quarrell on my princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the lateſt man.

Iohn. Know king of *France*, I will not be commanded
By any power or prince in *Chriſtendome*,
To yeeld an inſtance how I hold mine owne,
More than to anſwere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou ſee me parley with the towne,
And heare them offer me allegeance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I ſee it,
And when I ſee it, Ile ſoone change it.

They ſummon the towne, the citizens appeare vpon the walls.

K. Iohn. You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loiall ſubiects, I haue ſummoned you to the walls: to diſpute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perſwaded you are not. In few words, our brothers ſonne, backt with the king of *France*, haue beleagred your towne vpon a falſe pretended title to the ſame: in defence wherof I your liege lord haue brought our power, to fence you from the vſurper, to free your intended ſeruitude, and vtterly to ſupplant the foemen, to my right and your reſt. Say then, who keepe you the towne for?

Citizen. For our lawfull king.

Iohn. I was no leſſe perſwaded: then in gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen. And it pleaſe your highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will wee raſhly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull king, with all obedience we keep it to your vſe, if not king, our raſhnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more conſiderate triall: wee anſwere not as men lawleſſe, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Iohn. I ſhall not come in then?

Citizen. No my lord, till we know more.

K. Phil.

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K. Phil. Then heare me ſpeak in the behalfe of *Arthur* ſon of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifeſt, with out contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of *England*, with *Angiers*, and diuers townes on this ſide the ſea: wil you acknowledge him your liege lord, who ſpeaketh in my word, to entertain you with all fauors, as beſeemeth a king to his ſubiects, or a friend to his welwillers: or ſtand to the peril of your contēpt, whē his title is proued by the ſword.

Citiz. We anſwer as before, till you haue proued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himſelfe our ſouraigne, to him wil we remaine firme ſubiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as deſirous to know the truth, as loth to ſubſcribe before we know: more than this we cannot ſay, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Phil. Then *Iohn* I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and couſin, whoſe right and patrimony thou detaineſt, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a ſet battel make thee confeſſe; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excurſions. The baſtard chaſeth Lymoges *the Auſtrich duke, and maketh him leaue the lyons ſkin.*

Baſt. And art thou gone! misfortune haunt thy ſteps,
And chill cold feare aſſaile thy times of reſt.
Morpheus leaue here thy ſilent eban caue,
Beſiege his thoughts with diſmall fantaſies,
And ghaſtly obiects of pale threatning mors.
Affright him euery minute with ſtearne lookes,
Let ſhadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madneſſe let him feare purſuit,

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And ſo in frenſie let the peaſant die.
Here is the ranſome that allaies his rage,
The firſt freehold that *Richard* left his ſonne:
With which I ſhall ſurprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* ſtatue did the fainting *Greekes*. *Exit.*

Enter the Kings Heraulds with trumpets to the wals of Angiers: *they ſummon the towne.*

Eng. Her. Iohn by the grace of God king of *England*, lord of *Ireland*, *Aniou*, *Toraine*, &c. demandeth once again of you his ſubiects of *Angiers*, if you wil quietly ſurrender vp the towne into his hands?

Fr. Herold. Philip by the grace of God king of *France*, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* duke of *Brittaine*, if you will ſurrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vſe of the ſaid *Arthur*.

Citizens. Herrolds go tell the two victorious princes, that we the poore inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parley of their maieſties.

Herolds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene Elianor, Blanch, Baſtard, Lymoges, Lewis, Caſtilean, Pembrooke, Saliſbury, Conſtance, *and* Arthur *Duke of* Brittaine.

Iohn. Herold, what anſwer doe the townſmen ſend?
Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* king of *France?*
Eng. Her. The townſmen on the wals accept your grace.
Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your maieſty.
Iohn. You cittizens of *Angiers*, haue your eyes
Beheld the ſlaughter that our *Engliſh* bowes
Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull *French?*
And haue you wiſely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the *Engliſh* king?

Phil.

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Phil. Their loſſe in yeelding to the *Engliſh* king.
But *Iohn*, they ſaw from out their higheſt towers
The cheualiers of *France* and croſſe-bow-ſhot
Make lanes of ſlaughterd bodies through thine hoaſt,
And are reſolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.
Iohn. Why *Philip*, though thou brauſt it fore the wals,
Thy conſcience knowes that *Iohn* hath wonne the field.
Phi. What ere my conſcience knowes, thy army feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.
Baſtard. Philip indeed hath got the lions caſe,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* diſgrace.
Baſe duke to flie and leaue ſuch ſpoiles behind:
But this thou knewſt of force to make me ſtay.
It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie whale, whoſe monſtrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the wind,
That throwes out emptie veſſels, ſo to ſtay
His fury, while the ſhip doth fayle away.
Philip t'is thine: and fore this princely preſence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the firſt aduenture I atchieu'd,
And firſt exploite your grace did me enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.
Blanch. Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the ſame as earſt thy father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.
Arth. Ye cittizens of *Angiers* are ye mute?
Arthur or *Iohn*, ſay which ſhall be your king?
Cittizen. We care not which, if once we knew the right
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.
Baſt. Might *Philip* counſell two ſo mightie kings,
T[illegible] are the kings of *England* and of *France*,

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He would aduiſe your graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainſt theſe cittizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The towne once wonne, then ſtriue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.
Citti. Kings, princes, lords, and knights aſſembled here,
The cittizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your maieſtie to heare them ſpeake:
And as you like the motion they ſhall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.
Iohn. Phil. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.
Cittiz. Then thus: whereas the young and luſty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly ſtrengths:
The motion cannot chuſe but pleaſe the good,
And ſuch as loue the quiet of the ſtate.
But how my lords, how ſhold your ſtrengths be knit?
Not to oppreſſe your ſubiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces ſhould be knit
To liue in princely league and amitie:
Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* ſhall giue way,
And ſtand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a laſting bond of loue,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I ſhall here diſplay.
Lewis the *Dolphin* and the heire of *France*,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet vnmarried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the king of *Spaine*,
Neece to K. *Iohn*, the louely lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his ſiſter *Elianor*.
With her in marriage will her vnkle giue
Caſtles and towers, as fitteth ſuch a match.

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The kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may ſo deale with *Arthur* duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he ſhall ſtand contented euery way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So ſhall we ſtand content to yeeld the towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if ſuch a motion hold;
Theſe kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they ſhall ſhare my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou loueſt thy mother.
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis ſhall haue my neece, and then be ſure
Arthur ſhall haue ſmall ſuccour out of *France*.

Iohn. Brother of *France*, you heare the citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Conſt. Why *Iohn*, what canſt thou giue vnto thy neece,
Thou haſt no foote of land but *Arthurs* right?

Lew. Bir lady citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damſel is the lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Conſt. What kings, why ſtand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now lords? accurſed citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that ſprings from *Arthurs* loſſe.
Some diſmall planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
For now I ſee the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Ladie, and duke of *Brittaine*, know you both,
The king of *France* reſpects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princeſſe of *Spaine*, could you affect my ſonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

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Baſt. Swounds madam, take an *Engliſh* gentleman;
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue moou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promiſe once,
That lady *Blanch* ſhould bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of ſtore of *Engliſh* land.

Q. Elian. Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We muſt with policie compound this ſtrife.

Baſtar. If *Lewis* get her, well, I ſay no more:
But let the frollicke *Frenchman* take no ſcorne,
If *Philip* front him with an *Engliſh* horne.

Iohn. Ladie, what anſwer make you to the K. of *France?*
Can you affect the *Dolphin* for your lord?

Blanch. I thanke the king that likes of me ſo well,
To make me bride vnto ſo great a prince:
But giue me leaue my lord to pauſe on this,
Leaſt beeing too too forward in the cauſe,
It may be blemiſh to my modeſtie.

Q. Elinor. Sonne *Iohn*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *France*,
Do you confer a while about the dower,
And I will ſchoole my modeſt neece ſo well,
That ſhe ſhall yeeld as ſoone as you haue done.

Conſtance. I, theres the wretch that brocheth all this il,
Why flie I not vpon the bedlams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur. Sweet mother ceaſe theſe haſtie madding fits:
For my ſake, let my grandam haue her will.
O would ſhe with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appeaſe theſe broyles.
But (mother) let vs wiſely winke at all,
Leaſt farther harmes enſue our haſtie ſpeech.

Phil. Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my ſonne in marriage with thy neece?

Iohn.

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Iohn. Firſt *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*,
To be ſo great as may content a king:
But more to mend and amplifie the fame,
I giue in money thirtie thouſand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demand.
Phil. Then I demand *Volqueſſon*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poiters and *Aniou*, theſe fiue prouinces,
Which thou as king of *England* holdſt in *France*:
Then ſhall our peace be ſoone concluded on.
Baſt. No leſſe then fiue ſuch prouinces at once?
Iohn. Mother what ſhal I do? my brother got theſe lands
With much effuſion of our *Engliſh* bloud:
And ſhall I giue it all away at once?
Q. Elin. *Iohn* giue it him, ſo ſhalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the reſidue ſans ieopardie.
Iohn. *Philip*, bring foorth thy ſonne, here is my neece,
And I here in marriage I do giue with her
From me and my ſucceſſors *Engliſh* kings,
Volqueſſon, *Poiters*, *Aniou*, *Torain*, *Main*,
And thirtie thouſand markes of ſtipend coyne.
Now cittizens, how like you of this match?
Citiz. We ioy to ſee ſo ſweete a peace begun.
Lewis. *Lewis* with *Blanch* ſhall euer liue content.
But now king *Iohn*, what ſay you to the duke?
Father, ſpeake as you may in his behalfe.
Phil. K. *Iohn*, be good vnto thy nephew here,
And giue him ſomewhat that ſhall pleaſe you beſt.
Iohn. *Arthur*, although thou troubleſt *Englands* peace
Yet here I giue thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich cittie of *Angiers* withall.
Q. Elian. And if thou ſeeke to pleaſe thine vncle *Iohn*,
Shalt ſee my ſonne how I will make of thee.

Iohn.

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Iohn. Now euery thing is forted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in S. *Maries* chappell presently
Shall be performed ere this presence part. *Exeunt.*

Manent Constance *and* Arthur.

Art. Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments
Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps,
If heauens haue concluded these euents,
To small auaile is bitter pensiueneſſe:
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our releefe.

Conſt. Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Arth. Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.

Conſt. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge:
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This curſed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whose periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the skie with misbeleefe.
He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride:
But now black-spotted periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her louely neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these louers: ill betide the match.

And

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And as they ſhoulder thee from out thine owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
So heau'ns croſſe them with a thriftleſſe courſe,
Is all the blood yſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the cranies of the thirſtie earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a bridall feaſt?
And muſt thy birth-right bid the wedding banes?
Poore helpeleſſe boy, hopeleſſe and helpleſſe too,
To whom misfortune ſeemes no yoake at all.
Thy ſtay, thy ſtate, thy imminent miſhaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookſt thou pale? the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles diſcourſe,
Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
We muſt obſcure this mone with melodie,
Leaſt worſer wrack enſue our male-content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, *the King of* France, Arthur, Baſtard, Lewis, Lymoges, Conſtance, Blanch, Chattillion, Pembrooke, Saliſburie, *and* Elianor.

Iohn. This is the day, the long-deſired day,
Wherein the realmes of *England* and of *France*
Stand highly bleſſed in a laſting peace.
Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,
From whoſe ſweet bridall ſuch a concord ſprings,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.
Conſt. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.
Phil. Vnhappie peace, that tyes thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to ſee
The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
Kings, princes, and ye peeres of either realmes,
Pardon my raſhnes, and forgiue the zeale

That

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That carries me in furie to a deede
Of high deſert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone (O kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Proſtrate vpon his knee: which knee ſhall cleaue
Vnto the ſuperficies of the earth,
Till *France* and *England* grant this glorious boone.
Iohn. Speake *Philip*, *England* grants thee thy requeſt.
Phil. And *France* confirmes what ere is in his power.
Baſt. Then duke ſit faſt, I leuell at thy head,
Too baſe a ranſome for my fathers life.
Princes, I craue the combate with the duke
That braues it in diſhonour of my ſire.
Your words are paſt, nor can you now reuerſe
The princely promiſe that reuiues my ſoule,
Whereat me thinkes I ſee his ſinewes ſhake:
This is the boone (dread lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleaſant to my ſoule;
Since I ſhall liue and die in *Richards* right.
Lym. Baſe baſtard, miſbegotten of a king,
To interrupt theſe holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a dukes diſgrace;
Let it ſuffice, I ſcorne to ioyne in fight,
With one ſo farre vnequall to my ſelfe.
Baſt. A fine excuſe, kings if you will be kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combate it.
Iohn. *Philip*, we cannot force the duke to fight,
Being a ſubiect vnto neither realme:
But tell me *Auſtria*, if an *Engliſh* duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldſt thou accept the challenge?
Lym. Elſe let the world account the *Auſtrich* duke
The greateſt coward liuing on the earth.
Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* wil keep his word,
Kneele down, in ſight of *Philip* king of *France*,

And

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And all theſe princely lords aſſembled here,
I gird thee with the ſword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I do inueſt thee duke:
So ſhalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto *Auſtria*.

Lym. K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'ſt mine honour: and that thou mai'ſt ſee
How much I ſcorne thy new made duke and thee,
I flatly ſay, I will not be compel'd:
And ſo farewell ſir duke of lowe degree,
Ile finde a time to match you for this geare. *Exit.*

Iohn. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Baſt. I cannot liue vnleſſe his life be mine.

Q. Elia. Thy forwardnes this day hath ioy'd my ſoule,
And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Phil. Lordings let's in, and ſpend the wedding day
In maſkes and triumphs, letting quarrels ceaſe.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Card. Stay king of *France*, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that ſtands accurſt of God and men.

Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* cardinall of *Millaine*, and legate from the ſea of *Rome*, demand of thee in the name of our holy father the *Pope Innocent*, why thou do'ſt (contrary to the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father the Pope) diſturb the quiet of the church, and diſanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his holineſſe hath elected archbiſhop of *Canterburie*: this in his holineſſe name I demaund of thee?

Ioh. And what haſt thou or the Pope thy maſter to do to demand of me, how I imploy mine own? know ſir prieſt, as I honor the church and holy church-men, ſo I ſcorne to be ſubiect to the greateſt prelate in the world. Tell thy maſter

ſo

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ſo from me, and ſay, *Iohn* of *England* ſaid it, that neüer an *Italian* prieſt of them all, ſhal either haue tythe, tole, or polling peny out of *England*; but as I am king, ſo will I raigne next vnder God, ſupreame head both ouer ſpiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headleſſe.

K. Phil. What K. *Iohn*, know you what you ſay, thus to blaſpheme againſt our holy father the Pope?

Ioh. Philip, though thou and all the princes of *Chriſtendome* ſuffer themſelues to be abus'd by a prelates flauery, my mind is not of ſuch baſe temper. If the Pope will bee king of *England*, let him win it with the ſword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Card. Iohn, this is thine anſwer?

Iohn. What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, legate from the apoſtolike ſea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his ſucceſſor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accurſed, diſcharging euery of thy ſubiects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiueneſſe of ſinne to thoſe or them whatſoeuer, which ſhall carrie armes againſt thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate perſon.

Ioh. So ſir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God bleſſe me and my land, let the pope and his ſhauelings curſe and ſpare not.

Card. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*, and all the kings and princes of *Chriſtendome*, to make warre vpon this miſcreant: and whereas thou haſt made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foreſaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing made with an hereticke; howe ſai'ſt thou *Philip*, do'ſt thou obey?

Iob.

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Ioh. Brother of *France*, what ſay you to the cardinall?

Phil. I ſay, I am ſory for your maieſtie, requeſting you to ſubmit your ſelfe to the church of *Rome*.

Ioh. And what ſay you to our league, if I do not ſubmit?

Phil. What ſhould I ſay? I muſt obey the pope.

Ioh. Obey the pope, and breake your oath to God?

Phil. The legate hath abſolu'd me of mine oath:
Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

Ioh. Why *Philip*, I defie the pope and thee,
Falſe as thou art, and periur'd king of *France*,
Vnworthy man to be accounted king.
Giu'ſt thou thy ſword into a prelates hands?
Pandulph, where I of abbots, monkes, and friers
Haue taken ſomewhat to maintaine my wars,
Now will I take no more but all they haue.
Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels,
And in deſpight Ile ſend them to the pope.
Mother come you with me, and for the reſt
That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,
Confuſion light vpon their damned ſoules.
Come lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good.

Phil. And are they gone? *Panduph* thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee
How *France* will fight for *Rome* and *Romiſh* rites.
Nobles to armes, let him not paſſe the ſeas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The K. of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.
Arthur beſtirre thee man, and thou ſhalt ſee
What *Philip* K. of *France* will doe for thee.

Blanch. And will your grace vpon your wedding day
Forſake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my lord, ſtay you at home with me.

Lew. Sweet heart content thee, and wee ſhall agree.

Phil. Follow my lords, lord Cardinall lead the way,
Drums ſhall be muſicke to this wedding day. *Exeunt.*

Ex-

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Excurſions. The Baſtard purſues Auſtria, *and kils him.*

Baſt. Thus hath K. *Richards* ſon performd his vowes.
And offred *Auſtria's* blood for his ſacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing ſoule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth ſay,
I haue deſeru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy baſe begotten ſonne,
A name as pleaſing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a prey to euery rav'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy ſpoyles,
And trode thine enſignes vnderneath his feet,
So doe I tread upon thy curſed ſelfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. *Exit.*

Excurſions. Arthur, Conſtance, Lewis, *having taken* Q. Elianor *priſoner.*

Conſt. Thus hath the god of kings with conquering arme
Diſpearſt the foes to true ſucceſſion,
Proud, and diſturber of thy countries peace,
Conſtance doth liue to tame thine inſolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the miſchiefs hatched in thy braine.

Q. *Elinor.* Contemptuous dame, vnreuerent dutches thou,
To braue ſo great a queene as *Elianor*,
Baſe ſcold, haſt thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie *Engliſh* kings?
I charge thee then, and you forſooth ſir boy,
To ſet your grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to *Iohn* your vncle and your king.

Conſt. T'is not thy words proud queene ſhall carry it.

Elin. Nor yet thy threates proud dame ſhal daunt my mind.

Arth.

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Arth. Sweete grandam, and good mother leaue theſe braules.

Elian. Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

Conſt. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou ſhalt know that *Conſtance* will triumph.

Arthur. Good mother, weigh it is queene *Elinor.*
Though ſhe be captiue, vſe her like her ſelfe.
Sweet grandame beare with what my mother ſayes,
Your highneſſe ſhall be vſed honourably.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Lewis* my lord, duke *Arthur*, and the reſt,
To armes in haſt, K. *Iohn* relyes his men,
And ginnes the fight afreſh: and ſweares withall
To looſe his life, or ſet his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, t'is time to looke about.

Eli. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold?

Conſt. No *Elinor* my courage gathers ſtrength,
And hopes to leade both *Iohn* and thee as ſlaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. *Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Elianor *is reſcued by* Iohn, *and* Arthur *is taken priſoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.*

Enter Iohn, Elianor, *and* Arthur *priſoner*, Baſtard, Pembrooke, Saliſbury, *and* Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn. Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou ſeeſt, *Fraunce* cannot bolſter thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at laſt nephew thou yeeld thy ſelfe
Into the gardance of thine vncle *Iohn*,
Thou ſhalt be vſed as becomes a prince.

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Arthur. Vncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuaild, not right, for I am king
Of *England*, though thou weare the diademe.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, ſoone ſhall wee teach him to forget
Theſe prowd preſumptions, and to know himſelfe.

Iohn. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take ſome order with our popelings there,
That ſwell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ranſacke the abbeis, cloyſters, priories,
Conuert their coine vnto my ſouldiers vſe:
And whatſoere he be within my land,
That goes to *Rome* for iuſtice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the ſtate,
And ſuffer as an enemy to *England*.
Mother, wee leaue you here beyond the ſeas,
As regent of our prouinces in *France*,
While we to *England* take a ſpeedie courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy priſoner: *Hubert* keepe him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy ſoueraignes crowne.
But in his death conſiſts thy ſoueraignes bliſſe:
Then *Hubert*, as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So vſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hubert. Frolicke yong prince, thogh I your keeper be,
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your command.

Arthur. As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me.

Q. Elian.

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Q. Elian. My ſonne, to *England*, I will ſee thee ſhipt,
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore.
Baſtard. Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To diue into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth ſkind nunnes,
And keepe ſome reuell with the fanzen friers.
Iohn. To *England* lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme your ſelues againſt the *Roman* pride. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of France, Lewes *his ſonne, Cardinall* Pandolph *Legate, and* Conſtance.

Philip. What, euery man attacht with this miſhap?
Why frowne you ſo, why droope ye lords of *France?*
Me thinkes it differs from a warrelike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Lymoges* eſcapt the baſtards ſpight,
A little ſorrow might haue ſerude our loſſe.
Braue *Auſtria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.
Card. His ſoule is ſafe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
The bleſſed ſaints haue heard our oriſons,
And all are mediators for his ſoule,
And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
His holineſſe free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainſt *Engliſh* heretikes,
Who ſtand accurſed in our mother church.

Enter Conſtance *alone.*

Philip. To aggrauate the meaſure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Conſtance* for her ſonne.
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet vntold.
Her paſſions ſtop the organ of her voyce,

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Deepe ſorrow throbbeth miſ-befalne eueuts,
Out with it ladie, that our act may end
A full cataſtrophe of ſad laments.
Conſtance. My tongue is tun'd to ſtorie forth miſhap:
When did I breath to tell a pleaſing tale?
Muſt *Conſtance* ſpeake? let teares preuent her talke:
Muſt I diſcourſe? let *Dido* ſigh and ſay,
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of *Troy:*
Two words will ſerue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath rob'd me of my ſonne.
Lewis. Haue patience madame, this is chance of warre:
He may be ranſom'd, we reuenge his wrong.
Conſt. Be it ne'r ſo ſoone, I ſhall not liue ſo long.
Phil. Deſpaire not yet, come *Conſtance,* go with me,
Theſe clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. *Exeunt.*
Card. Now *Lewis,* thy fortune buds with happy ſpring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is ſafe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairſt to *Englands* crowne:
Now ſtirre thy father to begin with *Iohn,*
The Pope ſays I, and ſo is *Albion* thine.
Lewis. Thanks my lord legat for your good conceit,
T'is beſt we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.
Card. A few will ſerue to forward him in this,
Thoſe ſhall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *leading a friar, charging him ſhew where the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat *Franciſcan,* dallie no longer, but ſhew me where the abbots treaſure lies, or die.
Friar. Benedicamus Domini, was euer ſuch an iniurie?
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,
And

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And heare vs for S. *Charitie*, oppreſſed with auſteritie.
In nomini domini, make I my homily,
Gentle gentilitie grieue not the cleargie.
Phil. Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,
Nere truſt me for a groat
If this waſt girdle hang thee not
That girdeth in thy coat.
Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
When vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
To put you downe with riming.
Fr. O pardon, *O parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,
Shall ſhield thee from night-ſpels, and dreaming of diuels,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With faſting and praying, and Haile *Marie* ſaying,
From blacke purgatorie, a penance right ſory:
Frier *Thomas* will warme you,
It ſhall neuer harme you.
Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,
Sir, hang vp this lozell.
2 *Fr.* For charitie I beg his life,
Saint *Francis* chiefeſt frier,
The beſt in all our couent ſir,
To keepe a vintners fire.
O ſtrangle not the good old man,
My hoſteſſe oldeſt gueſt,
And I will bring you by and by
Vnto the priors cheſt.
Phil. I, ſaiſt thou ſo, and if thou wilt the frier is at liberty,
If not, as I am honeſt man, I hang you both for company.
Fr. Come hither, this is the cheſt, thogh ſimple to behold,
That wanteth not a thouſand pound in ſiluer and in gold.

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My ſelf wil warrant ful ſo much, I know the abbots ſtore,
Ile pawn my life there is no leſſe, to haue what ere is more.
Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy ſhare ſhal come,
But if there want of full ſo much, thy necke ſhall pay the ſumme.
Breake vp the coffer, frier.
Frier. Oh I am vndone, faire *Alice* the nunne
Hath tooke vp her reſt in the abbots cheſt.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my ſimplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confeſſion will not ſalue this tranſgreſſion.
Philip. What haue we here, a holy nunne? ſo keepe me God in health,
A ſmooth faede nunne (for aught I know) is al the abbots wealth.
Is this the nunries chaſtitie?
Beſhrew me but I thinke
They go as oft to venery as niggards to their drinke.
Why paltry frier and pendar too, yee ſhameleſſe ſhauen crowne,
Is this the cheſt that held a hoord,
at leaſt a thouſand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whore?
well, be the hangman nimble,
Hee'l take the paine to pay you home,
and teach you to diſſemble.
Nunne. O ſpare the frier *Anthony*,
a better neuer was
To ſing a dirige ſolemnely,
or reade a morning maſſe.
If money be the meanes of this,
I know an ancient nunne,

That

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That hath a hoord theſe ſeuen yeeres,
did neuer ſee the ſunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours,
ſo fauour now be ſhowne,
You ſhall commaund as commonly,
as if it were your owne.
Frier. Your honour excepted.
Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane ſo.
Philip. From all faue from friers.
Nunne. Good ſir, doe not thinke ſo.
Philip. I thinke and ſee ſo:
Why how camſt thou here?
Frier. To hide her from lay men.
Nunne. Tis true ſir, for feare.
Philip. For feare of the laitie: a pitiful dred
When a nunne flies for ſuccour to a fat friers bed.
But now for your ranſome my cloyſter-bred conney,
To the cheſt that you ſpoke of where lies ſo much mony.
Nun. Faire ſir, within this preſſe, of plate and mony is
The valew of a thouſand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours ſir, now you know it.
Phi. Come on ſir frier, picke the locke, this geere doth cotton hanſome,
That couetouſneſſe ſo cunningly muſt pay the lechers ranſome.
What is in the hoord?
Frier. Frier *Laurence* my lord, now holy water helpe vs,
Some witch or ſome diuell is ſent to delude vs:
Hand credo Laurentius, that thou ſhouldſt be pend thus
In the preſſe of a nunne we are all vndone,
And brought to diſcredence if thou be frier *Laurence*.
Frier. Amor vincit omnia, ſo *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a frier whoſe fancie ſoon burneth,
Becauſe he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he ſhould.

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Philip. How goes this geere? the friers cheſt filld with a
fauſen nunne.
The nunne again lockes frier vp,
to keepe him from the ſunne.
Belike the preſſe is purgatorie,
or penance paſſing grieuous:
The friers cheſt a hell for nunnes!
how doe theſe dolts deceiue vs?
Is this the labour of their liues, to feede and liue at eaſe?
To reuell ſo laſciuiouſly as often as they pleaſe.
Ile mend the fault or fault my aime,
if I doe miſſe amending,
Tis better burne the cloyſters downe,
than leaue them for offending.
But holy you, to you I ſpeake,
to you religious diuell,
Is this the preſſe that holds the ſumme,
to quit you for your euill?
Nun. I crie *peccaui, parce me,*
good ſir I was beguil'd.
Fr. Abſolue ſir for charitie,
ſhee would bee reconcil'd.
Phil. And ſo I ſhall, ſirs bind them faſt,
This is their abſolution,
goe hang them vp for hurting them,
Haſte them to execution.
Fr. Laurence. O tempus edax rerum,
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætatis,*
At threeſcore welneere, to goe to this geere,
To my conſcience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me domine, ſiuis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, ſi habeo veniam.

To

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To goe and fetch it, I will diſpatch it,
A hundred pound ſterling, for my liues ſparing.

Enter Peter *a prophet, with people.*

Pet. Hoe, who is here? S. *Francis* be your ſpeed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.
Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not ouer hie,
For from aloft thy fortune ſtands, in hazard thou ſhalt die.

Boy God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our houſe a Sunday.

Pet. My boy ſhew me thy hand, bleſſe thee my boy,
For in thy palme I ſee a many troubles are ybent to dwel,
But thou ſhalt ſcape them all, and doe full well.

Boy. I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheeſe for your labor: my ſiſter prayes yee to come home, and tell her how many huſbands ſhe ſhall haue, and ſhee'l giue you a rib of bacon.

Peter. My maſters, ſtay at the townes end for me. Ile come to you all anone: I muſt diſpatch ſome buſines with a frier, and then Ile reade your fortunes.

Philip. How now, a prophet! ſir prophet whence are ye?

Peter. I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knoweſt me now, be anſwered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a diſſembling knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are hee I look for, you ſhal away with me: bring away all the rable, and yon frier *Laurence*, remember your raunſome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your ſelfe, and the reſt; come on ſir prophet, you ſhall with me, to receiue a prophets reward. *Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter Hubert de Burgh *with three men.*

Hubert. My maſters, I haue ſhewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauy countenances, you had rather be otherwiſe imployed, and for my owne part, I would the king had made choice of ſome other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a king commaunds, whoſe precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default: therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: ſtay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God ſaue the king, iſſue ſodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, ſet him in his chaire, wherein (once faſt bound) leaue him with me to finiſh the reſt.

Attendants. We goe, though loath. *Exeunt.*

Hubert. My lord, will it pleaſe your honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur *to* Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur. Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom reſtraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is ſmall benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with ſmall thanks,
I would not looſe the pleaſure of the eie.
But tell me curteous keeper if thou can,
How long the king will haue me tarrie heere.

Hubert. I know not prince, but as I geſſe, not long.
God ſend you freedome, and God ſaue the king.

They iſſue forth.

Arthur. Why how now ſirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help:
God ſend this ſodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert. So ſirs, depart, and leaue the reſt for me.

Arth.

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Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the caſe.
Hubert. Patience yong lord, and liſten words of woe,
Harmefull and harſh, hells horror to be heard:
A diſmall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe ſorrow is the ſound.
Arthur. What, muſt I die?
Hubert. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and moſt vnluckie fate:
Deaths diſh were daintie at ſo fell a feaſt,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the reſt.
Arthur. Alas, thou wrongſt my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it muſt needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.
Hubert. I will not chaunt ſuch dolour with my tongue,
Yet muſt I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beſide,
To aide the office haue at once deniide.
Peruſe this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, theſe are to commaund thee, as thou tendreſt our quiet in minde, and the eſtate of our perſon, that preſently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur. Ah monſtrous damned man! his very breath infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyſon all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniuſtice, that the miſcreant

Liues

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Liues to oppreſſe the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert!* makes he thee his inſtrument,
To ſound the trump that cauſeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the ſaints do ſhed celeſtiall teares,
They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorſe,
They knocke thy conſcience, mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell;
Hell *Hubert*, truſt me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This ſeale, the warrant of the bodies bliſſe,
Enſureth ſatan chieftaine of thy ſoule:
Subſcribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I ſpeake not only for eies priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy ſweete ſoules loſſe, more than my eiss vaine lacke:
A cauſe internall, and eternall too.
Aduiſe thee *Hubert*, for the caſe is hard,
To looſe ſaluation for a kings reward.

Hubert. My lord, a ſubiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the kings commaund.

Arthur. Yet God commaunds whoſe power reacheth further,
That no command ſhould ſtand in force to murther.

Hubert. But that ſame eſſence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur. I pleade, not guilty, treaſonleſſe and free.

Hubert. But that appeale my lord concernes not me.

Arthur. Why thou art he that maiſt omit the perill.

Hubert. I, if my ſoueraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur. His quarrell is vnhallowed falſe and wrong.

Hubert. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with ſo vile a deede.

Hubert.

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Hubert. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If iudges doomes muſt be reputed doubtfull.
Arthur. Yes where in forme of law in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hubert. My lord, my lord, this long expoſtulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promiſe of redreſſe;
For this I know, and ſo reſolude I end,
That ſubiects liues on kings commands depend.
I muſt not reaſon why he is your foe,
But do his charge ſince he commaunds it ſo.
Arthur. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy ſoule
With wrongfull perſecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whoſe ſuperficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent:
Send foorth the terror of your moouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wiſh to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vpbraide them with this damned enterpriſe,
Inflicting change of tortures on their ſoules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my oriſons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reaue me of my ſight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall ſtab.
Conſtance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my diſpatch the tyrants feaſting day.
Hubert. I faint, I feare, my conſcience bids deſiſt:
Faint did I ſay? feare was it that I named:
My king commaunds, that warrant ſets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
That great commaunder countercheckes my charge,

He

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He ſtayes my hand, he maketh ſoft my heart.
Goe curſed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee yong lord, thou ſhalt not looſe an eie,
Though I ſhould purchaſe it with loſſe of life.
Ile to the king, and ſay his will is done,
And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde thoſe lampes that nature polliſht ſo.
Arthur. *Hubert*, if euer *Arthur* be in ſtate,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
I took my eieſight by thy curteſie,
Thou lentſt them mè, I will not be ingrate.
But now procraſtination may offend
The iſſue that thy kindneſſe vndertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, Eſſex, Saliſbury, Penbrooke.

Iohn. Now warlike followers, reſteth aught vndone
That may impeach vs of fond ouerſight?
The *French* haue felt the temper of our ſwords,
Cold terror keepes poſſeſſion in their ſoules,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with ſo great an ouermatch,
The arch prowd titled prieſt of *Italy*,
That calls himſelfe grand vicar vnder God,
Is buſied now with trentall obſequies,
Maſſe and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
To eaſe their ſoules in painefull purgatorie,
That haue miſcarried in theſe bloody warres.
Heard you not lords when firſt his holineſſe
Had tidings of our ſmall account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting upon his toes,
He vrgde a reaſon why the *Engliſh* aſſe
Diſdaind the bleſſed ordinance of *Rome*?

The

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The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the kings that earſt haue borne the load,
The ſlauiſh weight of that controlling prieſt:
Who at his pleaſure temperd them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curſe,
Banding their ſoules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how kings in ages paſt
(Simply deuoted to the ſea of *Rome*)
Haue run into a thouſand acts of ſhame.
But now for confirmation of our ſtate,
Sith we haue proind the more than needfull braunch
That did oppreſſe the true well-growing ſtocke,
It reſteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclaimed and inueſted king.

Pemb. My liege, that were to buſie men with doubts,
Once were you crowned, proclaimd, and with applauſe
Your citie ſtreets haue ecchoed to the eare,
God ſaue the king, God ſaue our ſoueraigne *Iohn*,
Pardon my feare, my cenſure doth inferre
Your highneſſe not depoſde from regall ſtate,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it ſhould meane to haue you crownd againe.

Iohn. Pembroke, performe what I haue bid thee do,
Thou knowſt not what induceth me to this.
Eſſex goe in, and lordings all be gone:
About this taſke, I will be crownd anone.

Enter the Baſtard.

Philip what newes, how do the abbots cheſts?
Are friers fatter than the nunnes are faire?
What cheere with church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office took effect?

Phil. My lord, I haue performd your highnes charge:
The eaſe-bred abbots, and the bare-foote friers,

The

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The monks, the priors, and holy cloyſtred nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my lord in wealth,
Till I had tithde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your highneſſe ſees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.
Iohn. Why ſo, now ſorts it *Philip* as it ſhould:
This ſmall intruſion into abbey trunkes,
Will make the popelings excommunicate,
Curſe, ban, and breathe out damned oriſons,
As thicke as haile-ſtones fore the ſprings approach:
But yet as harmeleſſe and without effect,
As is the eccho of a cannons cracke
Diſchargde againſt the battlements of heauen.
But what newes elſe befell there *Philip?*
Baſt. Strange newes my lord: within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a prophet new ſprung vp,
Whoſe diuination volleis wonders foorth:
To him the commons throng with countrey gifts,
He ſets a date vnto the beldames death,
Preſcribes how long the virgins ſtate ſhall laſt,
Diſtinguiſheth the moouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth:
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a regiſter of all the deſtinies.
Ioh. Thou telſt me maruels, would thou hadſt brought the (man,
We might haue queſtiond him of things to come.
Baſtard. My lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wiſt,
And brought the prophet with me to the court,
He ſtaies my lord but at the preſence doore:
Pleaſeth your highneſſe, I will call him in.

Iohn.

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Ioha. Nay ſtay awhile, wee'l haue him here anone,
A thing of weight is firſt to be performd.

Enter the nobles and crowne King Iohn, *and then cry God ſaue the king.*

Iohn. Lordings and friends ſupporters of our ſtate,
Admire not at this vnaccuſtomed courſe,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inueſted king,
Your fealtie ſworne as liegemen to our ſtate:
Once ſince that time ambitious weedes haue ſprung
To ſtaine the beauty of our garden plot;
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The falſe intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made ſunne-ſhine chaſe the ſtorme.
After the which, to trie your conſtancie,
That now I ſee is worthy of your names,
We crau'd once more your helps for to inueſt vs
Into the right that enuy ſought to wracke.
Once was I not depoſde, your former choice;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded king?
Your cheered action to inſtall me ſo,
Infers aſſured witneſſe of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes lordings to you all:
Aſke me and vſe me, trie me and finde me yours.

Eſſex. A boone my lord, at vantage of your words
We aſke to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your highneſſe bids vs aſke:
Pleaſe it you grant, you make your promiſe good,

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With leſſer loſſe than one ſuperfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.
Iohn. My word is paſt, receiue your boone my lords,
What may it be? aſke it, and it is yours.
Eſſ. We craue my lord, to pleaſe the commons with
The libertie of lady *Conſtance* ſonne:
Whoſe durance darkeneth your highneſſe right,
As if you kept him priſoner, to the end
Your ſelfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Diſmiſſe him thence, your highneſſe needs not feare,
Twice by conſent you are proclaim'd our king.
Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good:
For ſimple people muſe you keepe him cloſe.
Ioh. Your words haue ſearcht the center of my thoghts,
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Diſmiſſe your counſell, ſway my ſtate,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your conſents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extaſie is this?
Why caſts thou vp thy eyes to heauen ſo?
There the fiue moones appeare.
Baſt. See, ſee my lord, ſtrange apparitions,
Glancing mine eie to ſee the diadem
Plac'd by the biſhops on your highneſſe head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine-like
Diſplaid it ſelfe, I ſuddainely eſpied
Fiue moones reflecting, as you ſee them now:
Euen in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
Gan they appeare, holding the courſe you ſee.
Ioh. What might portend theſe apparitions,
Vnuſuall ſignes, forerunners of euent,
Preſagers of ſtrange terrors to the world:
Beleeue me lords, the obiect feares me much.

Philip

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Philip thou toldſt me of a wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to deſcant of this ſhow.
Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the ſinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccuſtom'd ſignes
They ſpot their ſuperficies with ſuch wonder.
Eſſex. Before the ruines of *Ieruſalem*,
Such meteors were the enſignes of his wrath,
That haſt'ned to deſtroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Baſtard with the prophet.

Iohn. Is this the man?
Baſt. It is my lord.
Iohn. Prophet of *Pomfret*, for ſo I heare thou art,
That calculat'ſt of many things to come:
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canſt blab the counſell of thy makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what theſe fiue moones
Portend this clime, if they preſage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to ſee
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.
Pet. The ſkie wherein theſe moones haue reſidence,
Preſenteth *Rome* the great metropolis,
Where ſits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones preſent foure prouinces,
To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *France*,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding *Rome*,
And ſtand in feare to tempt the prelates curſe.
The ſmalleſt moone that whirles about the reſt,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this iſland *Albion*,

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Who gins to ſcorne the ſea and ſeat of *Rome*,
And ſeekes to ſhunne the edicts of the pope:
This ſhowes the heauen, and this I doe auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.
Ioh. Why then it ſeemes the heauens ſmile on vs,
Giuing applauſe for leauing of the pope.
But for they chance in our meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime?
Pet. The moones effect no more than what I ſaid:
But on ſome other knowledge that I haue
By my preſcience, ere aſcenſion day
Haue brought the ſunne vnto his vſuall height,
Of crowne, eſtate, and royall dignity,
Thou ſhalt be cleane diſpoyl'd and diſpoſſeſt.
Ioh. Falſe dreamer, periſh with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundſt me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;
If falſe, for fearing me with vain ſuppoſe:
Hençe with the witch, hels damned ſecretarie.
Locke him vp ſure: for by my faith I ſweare,
True or not true, the wizard ſhall not liue.
Before aſcenſion day: who ſhould be cauſe hereof?
Cut off the cauſe, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie ſerues to maime my ſelfe,
The roote doth liue, from whence theſe thornes ſpring vp,
I and my promiſe paſt for his deliu'rie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The brat ſhall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Eſſex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,

I loue

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I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
I would not buy it with my diſcontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your highneſſe ſtrict command,
Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

Ioh. Why ſo, then he may feele the crown, but neuer ſee it.

Hub. Nor ſee nor feele, for of the extream paine,
Within one houre gaue he vp the ghoſt.

Ioh. What is he dead?

Hub. He is my lord.

Ioh. Then with him dies my cares.

Eſſex. Now ioy betide thy ſoule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Eſſex. What haue you done my lord? was euer heard
A deed of more inhumane conſequence?
Your foes will curſe, your friends will crie reuenge.
Vnkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
To clip the beautie of ſo ſweete a flower.
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
When kinſman dies without impeach of cauſe,
As you haue done, ſo come to cheere you with,
The guilt ſhall neuer be caſt in my teeth. *Exeunt.*

Ioh. And are you gone? the diuell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are, to braue me ſo:
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That ſhall haue paſſage through your trayt'rous throats.
But huſht, breath not bugs words too ſoone abroad,
Leſt time preuent the iſſue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:

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But while he liu'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thouſand feares,
But it hath purchaſt me ten times ten thouſand foes.
Why all is one, ſuch lucke ſhall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open ſhame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt ſtill on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aimed ſhrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my ſubiects ſweare me fealtie,
And in my conſcience lou'd me as their liege,
In whoſe defence they would haue pawn'd their liues.
But now they ſhun me as a ſerpents ſting,
A tragyke tyrant, ſterne and pitileſſe,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, blood-ſucker, and murtherer.
What planet gouern'd my natiuitie,
To bode me ſoueraigne types of high eſtate,
So interlac'd with helliſh diſcontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no intereſt?
Curſt be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay curſt my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curſt be my birth-day, curſt ten times the wombe
That yeelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine, furies haunt thee ſtill,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why here's my lord your highnes hand and ſeale,
Charging on liues regard to do the deed.

Iohn. Ah dull conceipted peſant, knowſt thou not
It was a damned execrable deed?
Shewſt me a ſeale? oh villaine, both our ſoules

Haue

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Haue ſolde their freedome to the thrall of hell
Vnder the warrant of that curſed ſeale.
Hence villaine, hang thyſelfe, and ſay in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hubert. My lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heauens health ſend Sathan packing hence
That inſtigates your highneſſe to deſpaire.
If *Arthurs* death be diſmall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
He liues my lord, the ſweeteſt youth aliue,
In health, with eie ſight, not a haire amiſſe.
This heart took vigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.

Iohn. What, liues he! then ſweete hope come home agen,
Chaſe hence deſpaire, the purueyor for hell.
Hye *Hubert* tell theſe tidings to my lords
That throb in paſſions for yong *Arthurs* death:
Hence *Hubert*, ſtay not till thou haſt reueald
The wiſhed newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my ſelfe, the ioyfullſt man aliue
To ſtorie out this new ſuppoſed crime. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Part.

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To the Gentlemen Readers.

THE changeleſſe purpoſe of determinde fate
Giues period to our care, or hearts content,
When heau'ns fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie preuent
The doome ordained in their ſecret will.
Gentles, we left King Iohn *repleate with bliſſe*
That Arthur *liude, whom he ſuppoſed ſlaine;*
And Hubert *poſting to returne thoſe lords,*
Who deem'd him dead, and parted diſcontent:
Arthur *himſelfe begins our latter act,*
Our act of outrage, deſprate furie, death;
Wherein fond raſhneſſe murdreth firſt a prince,
And monkiſh falſeneſſe poyſneth loſt a king,
Firſt ſcene ſhews Arthurs *death in infancie,*
And laſt concludes Iohns *fatall tragedie.*

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The Second Part of the

Troubleſome RAIGNE of

KING IOHN.

CONTAINING

The Entrance of LEWIS the *French* Kings Sonne:

WITH THE

Poyſoning of King IOHN by a Monke.

Enter yong Arthur *on the walls.*

NOW help good hap to further mine entent,
Croſſe not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins diſſwade the ſtrength of my reſolue,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no queſtion death is next:
Better deſiſt, and liue in priſon ſtill.
Priſon ſaid I? nay, rather death than ſo:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter ſure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and bruſing his bones, after he was from his his traunce, ſpeakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? ſome bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me ſpeake with her.
Who hurts me thus? ſpeake hoe, where are you gone?

Ay

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Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers ſonne.
How will ſhe weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burſt.
Sweete *Jeſu* ſaue my ſoule, forgiue my raſh attempt,
Comfort my mother, ſhield her from deſpaire,
When ſhee ſhall heare my tragycke ouerthrowe.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forſake my bruſed trunke,
I die I die, heauen take my fleeting ſoule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee. *He dies.*

Enter Pembrooke, Saliſburie, Eſſex.

Eſſex. My lords of *Pembrooke* and of *Saliſburie*,
We muſt be carefull in our policie,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Elſe ſhall we neuer find the princes graue.
Pemb. My lord of *Eſſex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not cloſely done.
But who is this? lo lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life ſhin'd like the mornings bluſh,
Caſt out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beaſts to gorge vpon.
Saliſb. O ruthfull ſpectacle! O damned deed!
My ſinewes ſhake, my very heart doth bleed.
Eſſex. Leaue childiſh teares braue lords of *England*,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies ſhould conduit forth a ſea of teares.
If ſobs would helpe, or ſorows ſerue the turne,
My heart ſhould volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But booteleſſe were't to breath as many ſighes
As might ecclipſe the brighteſt ſommers ſunne,

Here

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Here reſts the helpe, a ſeruice to his ghoſt.
Let not the tyrant cauſer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull maſſacres,
Giue hand and heart, and *Engliſhmen* to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of theſe harmes.

Pemb. The beſt aduice: but who comes poſting here?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble lords, I ſpeake vnto you all,
The king entreats your ſooneſt ſpeed
To viſit him, who on your preſent want,
Did ban and curſe his birth, himſelfe and me,
For executing of his ſtrict command.
I ſaw his paſſion, and at fitteſt time,
Aſſur'd him of his couſins being ſafe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
He craues your company my lords in haſte,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* ſtraight,
Who is in health vnder my cuſtody.

Eſſex. In health baſe villaine, were't not I leaue the crime
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs,
Here ſhould'ſt thou periſh on my rapiers point.
Call'ſt thou this health? ſuch health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hub. My lords, but heare me ſpeake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong prince aliue,
Maugre the haſtie edict of the king,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earneſt loue,
So God loue me, and then I ſhall be well.

Salſ. Hence traytor hence, thy counſel is herein.

Exit Hu.

Some

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Some in this place appointed by the king,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And ſure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Eſſex. How ſay you lords, ſhal we with ſpeed diſpatch
Vnder our hands a packet into *France*,
To bid the *Dolphin* enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull ſtrength thereto.
Beſides, the Pope, on peril of his curſe,
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true deſcent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from *Rome*,
Are weightie reaſons, if you like my reed,
To make vs all perſeuer in this deed.

Pemb. My lord of *Eſſex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Saliſb. And *Salisbury* will not gaineſay the ſame:
But aide that courſe as farre forth as he can.

Eſſex. Then each of vs ſend ſtraight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterpriſe:
And let vs all yclad in palmers weed,
The tenth of *April* at S. *Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare ſecrecie and aid to this aduiſe.
Meane while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his ſtate,
Keeping his months mind, and his obſequies
With ſolemne interceſſion for his ſoule.
How ſay you lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb. The tenth of *April* at S. *Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Eſſex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. *Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter K. Iohn, *with two or three, and the prophet.*

Ioh. Diſturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Diſtracted paſſions, ſignes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent miſhaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my ſenſes ſo,
That euery obiect theſe mine eies behold,
Seeme inſtruments to bring me to my end.
Aſcenſion day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies this pratling prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully paſt,
Then were I careleſſe of a thouſand feares.
The diall tels me, it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight paſt, then might I vaunt,
Falſe ſeers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the ſunne from our meridian,
Vnto the mooneſted circle of th' *Antipodes*,
As turne this ſteele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall prophecies,
Should with the prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem ſupremaque labra.*
Peter, vnſay thy fooliſh doting dreame,
And by the crowne of *England* here I ſweare,
To make thee great, and greateſt of thy kin.

Peter. King *Iohn*, although the time I haue preſcrib'd
Be but twelue houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inſpiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* ſhall not be king as heretofore.

Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what miſchance can chance ſo ſoone,
To ſet a king beſide his regall ſeat?
My heart is good, my body paſſing ſtrong,
My land in peace, my enemies ſubdu'd,

Onely

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Onely my barons ſtorme at *Arthurs* death,
But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
Were he diſpatch'd vnto his longeſt home,
Then were the king ſecure of thouſand foes.
Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my lords?
Hub. Hard newes my lord, *Arthur* the louely prince,
Seeking to eſcape ouer the caſtle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the curſed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead, and breathleſſe quite.
Ioh. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words hang the prophet.
Away with *Peter*, villain out of my ſight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not ſpeake a word.
Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vaniſht into ſmoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltleſſe of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I ſtriued for a crowne,
I could haue well affoarded thine age,
Long life, and happineſſe to thy content.

Enter the Baſtard.

Ioh. Philip what newes with thee?
Baſt. The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wiſht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word, the rope his lateſt friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.
Ioh. There let him hang, and be the rauens food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in ſpite of prophecies.
But whats the tydings from the popelings now?
What ſay the monkes and prieſts to our proceedings?
Or where's the barons that ſo ſuddainely
Did leaue the king vpon a falſe ſurmiſe?

Baſt.

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Baſt. The prelates ſtorme and thirſt for ſharp reuenge:
But pleaſe your maieſtie, were that the worſt,
Is little ſkild: a greater danger growes,
Which muſt be weeded out by carefull ſpeed,
Or all is loſt, for all is leueld at.

Ioh. More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly ſay,
Meane they to murder, or impriſon me,
To giue my crowne away to *Rome* or *France*;
Or will they each of them become a king?
Worſe than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Baſt. Not worſe my lord, but euery whit as bad.
The nobles haue elected *Lewis* king,
In right of lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected euery houre,
The nobles, commons, clergie, all eſtates,
Incited chiefly by the cardinall,
Pandulph that lies here legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to ſee their new elected king.
And for vndoubted proofe, ſee here my liege,
Letters to me from your nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder ſhew of fained holineſſe,
Appoint their meeting at S. *Edmunds Burie*.
There to conſult, conſpire, and conclude
The ouerthrowe and downefall of your ſtate.

Ioh. Why ſo it muſt be: one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of paſſionate effects.
Why ſhines the ſunne to fauour this conſort?
Why doe the winds not break their brazen gates,
And ſcatter all theſe periur'd complices,
With all their counſels, and their damned drifts?
But ſee the welkin rolleth gently on,

There's

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There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
The heauen, the earth, the ſunne, the moone and all,
Conſpire with thoſe confederates my decay.
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
Forſake that place, and guide me ſtep by ſtep,
To poyſon, ſtrangle, murder in their ſteps
Theſe traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
And death is eaſie: is there nothing worſe,
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What ſaiſt thou *Philip?* why aſſiſts thou not?
Baſt. Theſe curſes (good my lord) fit not the ſeaſon:
Help muſt deſcend from heauen againſt this treaſon?
Ioh. Nay thou wilt proue a traytor with the reſt,
Goe get thee to them, ſhame come to you all.
Baſt. I would be loath to leaue your highneſſe thus,
Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.
Ioh. Ah *Philip*, whither go'ſt thou? come againe.
Baſt. My lord, theſe motions are as paſſions of a mad man.
Ioh. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
My heart is maz'd, my ſences all foredone.
And *Iohn* of *England* now is quite vndone.
Was euer king as I oppreſt with cares?
Dame *Elianor* my noble mother queene,
My onely hope and comfort in diſtreſſe,
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the pope,
All churches curſt, their doores are ſealed vp,
And for the pleaſure of the *Romiſh* prieſt,
The ſeruice of the higheſt is neglected,
The multitude (a beaſt of many heads)
Doe wiſh confuſion to their ſoueraigne:
The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Aſſemble powers to beate mine empire downe,

And

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And more than this, elect a forrein king.
O *England*, wert thou euer miſerable,
King *Iohn* of *England* ſees thee miſerable:
Iohn, tis thy ſinnes that makes it miſerable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui.
Philip, as thou haſt euer lou'd thy king,
So ſhow it now: poſt to S. *Edmunds Burie*,
Diſſemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuelliſh plots, and damn'd deuiſes.
Though *Iohn* be faultie, yet let ſubiects beare,
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though ſhee were vnnaturall,
Is better than the kindeſt ſtep-dame is:
Let neuer *Engliſhman* truſt forraine rule.
Then *Philip* ſhew thy fealty to thy king,
And mongſt the nobles plead thou for the king.

Baſt. I goe my lord: ſee how he is diſtraught,
This is the curſed prieſt of *Italy*
Hath heap'd theſe miſchiefes on this hapleſſe land.
Now *Philip*, hadſt thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then might'ſt thou hope to plead with good ſucceſſe.

Exit.

Ioh. And art thou gone? ſucceſſe may follow thee:
Thus haſt thou ſhew'd thy kindneſſe to thy king.
Sirra, in haſte goe greet the cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the legat from the Pope.
Say that the king deſires to ſpeake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maiſt reſolue:
And if thou wilt continue *Englands* king,
Then caſt about to keepe thy diadem;
For life and land, and all is leueld at.
The pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cauſe,
He curſeth thee, he ſets thy ſubiects free

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From due obedience to their ſoueraigne:
He animates the nobles in their warres,
He giues away the crowne to *Philips* ſonne,
And pardons all that ſeeke to murther thee:
And thus blind zeale is ſtill predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
But finely to diſſemble with the pope:
That hand that gaue the wound muſt giue the ſalue
To cure the hurt, elſe quite incurable.
Thy ſinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'aboliſh pope, and poperie from thy realme:
But in thy ſeate, if I may gueſſe at all,
A king ſhall raigne that ſhall ſuppreſſe them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the legate of the pope,
Diſſemble thou, and whatſoere thou ſai'ſt,
Yet with thy heart wiſh their confuſion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'ſt oppugne againſt thy mother church:
Why am I ſent for to thy curſed ſelfe?

Iohn. Thou man of God, vicegerent for the pope,
The holy vicar of S. *Peters* church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe ſubmit me to the ſea of *Rome*,
And vow for penance of my high offence,
To take on me the holy croſſe of Chriſt,
And carry armes in holy chriſtian warres.

Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and diſſembling thus
Cannot deceiue the legate of the pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy crowne and kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curſt without redemption.

Iohn.

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Iohn. Accurſt indeede to kneele to ſuch a drudge,
And get no help with thy ſubmiſſion,
Vnſheathe thy ſword, and ſley the miſprowd prieſt
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie king:
No *Iohn*, ſubmit againe, diſſemble yet,
For prieſts and women muſt be flattered.
Yet holy father thou thy ſelfe doſt know,
No time too late for ſinners to repent,
Abſolue me then, and *Iohn* doth ſweare to do
The vttermoſt what euer thou demaundſt.

Pandulph. *Iohn*, now I ſee thy hearty penitence,
I rew and pitty thy diſtreſt eſtate,
One way is left to reconcile thy ſelfe,
And onely one which I ſhall ſhew to thee.
Thou muſt ſurrender to the ſea of *Rome*
Thy crowne and diadem, then ſhall the pope
Defend thee from th'inuaſion of thy foes.
And where his holineſſe hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And ſet thy ſubiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then ſhall he curſe thy foes, and beate them downe,
That ſeeke the diſcontentment of the king.

Iohn. From bad to worſe, or I muſt looſe my realme,
Or giue my crowne for penance vnto *Rome*:
A miſerie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, ſhall I giue my crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Enter Meſſenger.

Pleaſe it your maieſtie, there is deſcried on the coaſt of *Kent* an hundred ſayle of ſhips, which of all men is thought to be the *French* fleet, vnder the conduct of the *Dolphin*, ſo that it

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puts the countrey in a mutiny, ſo they ſend to your grace for ſuccour.

K. Ioh. How now lord Cardinal, what's your beſt aduiſe?
Theſe mutinies muſt be allaid in time,
By policy or headſtrong rage at leaſt.
O *Iohn*, theſe troubles tyre thy wearied ſoule,
And like to *Luna* in a ſad eclipſe,
So are thy thoughts and paſſions for this newes.
Well may it be, when kings are grieued ſo,
The vulgar ſort worke princes ouerthrowe.

Card. K. *Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This ſtrange annoyance happens to thy land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the church,
And nothing ſhall be grieuous to thy ſtate.

Ioh. On *Pandulph*, be it as thou haſt decreed,
Iohn will not ſpurne againſt thy ſound aduiſe,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My realme ſhall flouriſh, and my crowne in peace.

Enter the nobles, Pembrooke, Eſſex, Cheſter, Bewchampe, Clare, *with others.*

Pemb. Now ſweet S. *Edmund* holy ſaint in heauen,
Whoſe ſhrine is ſacred, high eſteem'd on earth,
Infuze a conſtant zeale in all our hearts,
To proſecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* ſay, what friends haue you procur'd.

Bewch. The L. *Fitz Water*, L. *Percie*, and L. *Roſſe*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.

Eſſex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
By that ſame houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginet, a bird of ſwifteſt wing,
Lord *Euſtauce*, *Veſcy*, lord *Creſſy*, and lord *Mowbrey*,
Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* ſhrine.

Pemb.

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Pemb. Vntill their preſence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy chriſtian acts,
That venture for the purchaſſe of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high reſolue,
That pawne their bodies for their ſoules regard.
Eſſex. Now wanteth but the reſt to end this worke,
In pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with ſwift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the perſons you expect.
Pemb. With ſwift vnwoonted gate, ſee what a thing is zeale,
That ſpurs them on with feruence to this ſhrine,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That ſweat in body by the minds diſeaſe:
Hap and harts-eaſe braue lordings be your lot.

Enter the Baſtard Philip, &c.

Amen my lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a chriſtian cauſe.
Eſſex. Cheerely repli'd braue branch of kingly ſtocke,
A right *Plantagenet* ſhould reaſon ſo.
But ſilence lords, attend our commings cauſe:
The ſeruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On ſtrong inſtinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,
To eaſe our neckes of ſeruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our reſt,
Which of you all ſo barren in conceipt,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But leſt enigma's ſhadow ſhining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this reſort importeth this,
To root and cleane extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,

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Tyrant I ſay, appealing to the man,
If any here that loues him, and I aſke,
What kindſhip, lenitie, or chriſtian raigne,
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
Firſt I inferre the *Cheſters* baniſhment:
For reprehending him in moſt vnchriſtian crimes,
Was ſpeciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the diuell ſhould be ſau'd,
But this the leaſt of many thouſand faults,
That circumſtance with leiſure might diſplay.
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in preſence, but for ſome great cauſe
Might wiſh to him as to a mortall foe.
But ſhall I cloſe the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of chriſtian men,
His couſins death, that ſweet vnguiltie child,
Vntimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Here are my proofes, as cleere as grauel brooke,
And on the ſame I further muſt inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his courſe,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To ſhew the which, is yet to be deſcrib'd.
My lord of *Pembrooke*, ſhewe what is behinde,
Onely I ſay, that were there nothing elſe
To mooue vs, but the popes moſt dreadfull curſe,
Whereof we are aſſured, if we faile,
It were enough to inſtigate vs all,
With earneſtneſſe of ſprite, to ſeeke a meane
To diſpoſſeſſe *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my lord of *Eſſex* told his tale,
Which I auerre for moſt ſubſtantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I ſay that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,

Hath

Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our *Engliſh* crowne.
Short tale to make, the ſea apoſtolike,
Hath offerd diſpenſation for the fault.
If any be, as truſt me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the vſurpers roome:
This is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
That on the holy altar we proteſt,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
What ſay you lords?

Saliſ. As *Pembrooke* ſaith, affirmeth *Salisburie*:
Faire *Lewis* of *France* that ſpouſed lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled ſtrength
To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inueſt him as we may deuiſe,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Baſt. My lord of *Salisburie*, I cannot couch
My ſpeeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waightie worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart.
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any priuate cauſes that you haue,
Me thinke they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a king in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, K. *Iohn* was innocent,

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He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime, injuſtly do impute to his defalt,
But wher fel traitoriſme hath reſidēce,
There wants no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Againſt a king annointed by the lord.
Why *Salsburie*, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet ſubiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where ſitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a pope, a prieſt, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull kings?
What can he bleſſe, or who regards his curſe,
But ſuch as giue to man, and take from God?
I ſpeake it in the ſight of God aboue,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But ſels his ſoule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, pleaſe hell,
Make hauocke of the welfare of your ſoules,
For here I leaue you in the ſight of heauen,
A troope of traytors, food for helliſh fiends;
If you deſiſt, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doe your worſt, as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alaſſe tis too too lame,
A ſenſleſſe claime, if truth be titles friend.
In briefe, if this be cauſe of our reſort,
Our pilgrimage is to the diuels ſhrine.
I came not lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counſell in ſo bad a cauſe:
Pleaſe you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my king, and you where traytors pleaſe *Exit.*

Percie.

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Percie. A hot yong man, and ſo my lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better loſt than found.
Pemb. What ſay you lords, will all the reſt proceed,
Will you all with me ſweare vpon the altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to *Le.* and enemy to *Iohn?*
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts accord.
Wel then, euery man to armes to meet the king,
Who is already before *London.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Pemb. What newes herauld?
The right chriſtian prince my maſter, *Lewis* of *France*, is at hand, comming to viſit your honours, directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with your honours.
Pemb. How neere is his highneſſe?
Meſ. Ready to enter your preſence.

Enter Lewis, *earle* Bigot, *with his troupe.*

Lew. Faire lords of *England*, *Lewis* ſalutes you all
As friends, and firme wel-willers of his weale
At whoſe requeſt, from plentie flowing *France*,
Croſſing the ocean with a ſoutherne gale,
He is in perſon come at your commands,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulneſſe of your fauours profferd him.
But worlds braue men, omitting promiſes,
Till time be miniſter of more amends,
I muſt acquaint you with our fortunes courſe.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct ſafe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,

With

With ſmall repplſe, and little croſſe of chance,
Your citie *Rocheſter*, with great applauſe,
By ſome diuine inſtinct laid armes aſide:
And from the hollow holes of *Thameſis*,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Viue la Roy*.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant*, your faire metropolis,
With lucke came *Lewis*, to ſhew his troupes of *France*,
Waning our enſignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
Where after ſome aſſault, and ſmall defence,
Heauens may I ſay, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compaſſe of their high built wals,
Giuing me title, as it ſeemd they wiſh.
Thus fortune (lords) acts to your forwardneſſe,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds wiſh were mine, in dying noted yours.

Saliſ. Welcom the balme that cloſeth vp our wounds,
The ſoueraigne medcine for our quicke recure,
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as ſheepe without their heird,
(Except a ſhepheard winking at the wolfe)
We ſtray, we pine, we run to thouſand harmes.
No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lew. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of catholike conſent.
I cannot name you lordings, man by man,
But like a ſtranger vnacquainted yet,
In generall I promiſe faithfull loue:

Lord

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Lord *Bigot* brought me to S. *Edmunds* ſhrine,
Giuing me warrant of a chriſtian oath,
That this aſſembly came deuoted here,
To ſweare according as your packets ſhow'd,
Homage and loyall ſeruice to our ſelfe,
I need not doubt the furetie of your wils,
Since well I know, for many of your ſakes,
The townes haue yeelded on their own accords:
Yet for a faſhion, not for miſbeleefe,
My eyes muſt witneſſe, and theſe eares muſt heare
Your oath vpon the holy altar ſworne,
And after march, to end our commings cauſe.

Saiſ. That we intend no other than good truth,
All that are preſent of this holy league,
For confirmation of our better truſt,
In preſence of his highneſſe, ſweare with me,
The ſequel that my ſelfe ſhall vtter here.

I *Thomas Plantaginet*, earle of *Salisburie*, ſweare vpon the altar, and by the holy army of ſaints, homage and allegeance to the right chriſtian prince *Lewis* of *France*, as true and rightfull king to *England*, *Cornewall*, and *Wales*, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy altar ſweare all forwardneſſe. *All the Eng. Lo. ſweare.*

As the noble earle hath ſworne, ſo ſweare we all.

Lew. I reſt aſſured on your holy oath,
And on this altar in like ſort I ſweare
Loue to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils vnto the full.
And ſince I am at this religious ſhrine,
My good wel-willers giue vs leaue a while,
To vſe ſome orizons our ſelues apart,
To all the holy company of heauen,
That they will ſmile vpon our purpoſes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Saiſ.

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Sal. We leaue your highneſſe to your good intent.

Exeunt lords of England.

Lew. Now vicount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
Truſt me theſe traytors to their ſoueraigne ſtate,
Are not to be beleeu'd in any ſort.

Meloun. Indeed my lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the rebels gainſt their natiue king,
Will for as little cauſe reuolt from you,
If euer opportunitie incite them ſo:
For once forſworne, and neuer after ſound,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lew. Well *Meloun*, wel, let's ſmooth with thē awhile,
Vntill we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'l vſe them as a pretious poyſon,
To vndertake the iſſue of our hope.

Fr. Lo. Tis policy (my lord) to baite our hookes
With merry ſmiles, and promiſe of much weight:
But when your highneſſe needeth them no more.
Tis good make ſure worke with them, leſt indeede
They proone to you as to their naturall king.

Melun. Truſt mee my lord, right well haue you aduiſde
Venome for vſe, but neuer for a ſport
Is to be dallied with, leſt it infect.
Were you inſtald, as ſoone I hope you ſhall:
Be free from traitors, and diſpatch them all.

Lewes. That ſo I meane, I ſweare before you all
On this fame altar, and by heauens power,
Theres not an *Engliſh* traitor of them all,
Iohn once diſpatcht, and I faire *Englands* king,
Shall on his ſhoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts deſert:

Nor

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Nor ſhall their heires inioy their ſeigniories,
But periſh by their parents foule amiſſe.
This haue I ſworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and ſweare the ſame with me.

The French *lords ſweare.*

Why ſo, now call them in, and ſpeake them faire,
A ſmile of *Fraunce* will feed an *Engliſh* foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for ſo they be:
But in the heart like traitors as they are.

Enter the Engliſh *lords.*

Now famous followers, chiefetaines of the world,
Haue we ſollicited with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowſe the tyrant from his chiefeſt hold:
And when our labours haue a proſprous end,
Each man ſhall reape the fruit of his deſert.
And ſo reſolu'd, braue followers let vs hence.

Enter K. Iohn, Baſtard, Pandulph, *and a many prieſts with them.*

Thus *Iohn*, thou art abſolv'd from all thy ſinnes,
And freed by order from our fathers curſe.
Receiue thy crowne againe, with this prouiſo,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

Iohn. I holde the ſame as tenant to the pope,
And thanke your holineſſe for your kindneſſe ſhewne.

Philip. A proper ieſt, when kings muſt ſtoop to friers,
Need hath no law, when friers muſt be kings.

Enter

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Enter a meſſenger

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your maieſtie, the prince of *France*,
With all the nobles of your graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they ſet their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Douer* caſtle, which is hard beſieg'd.

Pan. Feare not king *Iohn*, thy kingdome is the popes,
And they ſhall know his holineſſe hath power,
To beate them ſoone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums and trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Saliſbury, Eſſex, Pembrooke, *and all the nobles from* Fraunce *and* England.

Lewes. Pandulph, as gaue his holineſſe in charge,
So hath the *Dolphin* muſtred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greateſt part of all this land.
But ill becomes your grace lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerſe with *Iohn* that is accurſt.

Pand. Lewes of *France*, victorious conqueror,
Whoſe ſword hath made this iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardneſſe to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my lord, K. *Iohn* is now abſolu'd,
The Pope is pleaſde, the land is bleſt agen,
And thou haſt brought each thing to good effect.
It reſteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the pope would wiſh thee doe.

Lewes. But all's not done that *Lewes* came to do.
Why *Pandulph*, hath king *Philip* ſent his ſonne
And beene at ſuch exceſſiue charge in warres,

To

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To be diſmiſt with words? king *Iohn* ſhall know,
England is mine, and he vſurps my right.
Pand. Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curſe,
That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeeld vp *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou haſt tane in *England* by the ſword.
Melun. Lord Cardinall, by *Lewes* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vſurpation
In thee, the pope, and all the church of *Rome*,
Thus to inſult on kings of *Chriſtendome*,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This muſt not be: prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
Let pope and popelings curſe their bellies full.
Baſt. My lord of *Melun*, what title had the prince
To *England* and the crowne of *Albion*,
But ſuch a title as the pope confirm'd:
The prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the pope,
Then muſt the *Dolphin* ceaſe, ſith he hath ceaſt:
But ceaſe or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my lords and barons of the land
Will leaue the *French*, and cleaue vnto our king.
For ſhame yee peeres of *England* ſuffer not
Your ſelues, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with reſolued thoughts beate backe the *French*,
And free the land from yoke of ſeruitude.
Salisbury. Philip, not ſo, lord *Lewes* is our king,
And wee will follow him vnto the death.
Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curſe the prince and all that take his part,

And

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And excommunicate the rebell peeres
As traitors to the king and to the pope.
Lew. Pandulph, our ſwords ſhall bleſſe our ſelues agen:
Prepare thee *Iohn*, lords follow me your king. *Exeunt.*
Iohn. Accurſed *Iohn*, the diuell owes thee ſhame,
Reſiſting *Rome*, or yeelding to the pope, all's one.
The diuell take the pope, the peeres, and *Fraunce:*
Shame be my ſhare for yeelding to the prieſt.
Pand. Comfort thy ſelfe king *Iohn*, the cardnall goes
Vpon his curſe to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*
Baſtard. Comfort my lord, and curſe the cardinall,
Betake your ſelfe to armes, my troupes are preſt
To anſwer *Lewes* with a luſtie ſhocke:
The *Engliſh* archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are preſt to puſh:
Good cheere my lord, king *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his ſonne
Are leaders of the *Engliſhmen* at armes.
Iohn. Philip I know not how to anſwer thee:
But let vs hence, to anſwer *Lewes* pride.

Excurſions. Enter Meloun *with* Engliſh *lords.*

Mel. O I am ſlaine, nobles, *Salisbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My ſoule is charged, heare me: for what I ſay
Concerns the peeres of *England*, and their ſtate.
Liſten, braue lords, a fearefull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold theſe ſcarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* priſon houſe?
Lifes charter (lordings) laſteth not an houre:
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue phyſicke to a ſickely ſoule.

O peeres

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O peeres of *England*, know you what you do?
There's but a haire that ſunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And ſimply you runne doating to your deaths.
But leſt I die, and leaue my tale vntolde,
With ſilence ſlaughtering ſo braue a crew.
This I auerre, if *Lewes* winne the day,
There's not an *Engliſhman* that lifts his hand
Againſt king *Iohn* to plant the heire of *France*,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; my ſelfe amongſt the reſt
Swore on the altar aide to this edict.
Two cauſes lords, makes me diſplay this drift,
The greateſt for the freedome of my ſoule,
That longs to leaue this manſion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall inſtinct,
For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*.
Miſdoubt not lords the truth of my diſcourſe,
No frenſie, nor no brainſicke idle fit,
But well aduiſde, and wotting what I ſay,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is diſcouered but a truth.
Tis time to flie, ſubmit your ſelues to *Iohn*,
The ſmiles of *Fraunce* ſhade in the frownes of death,
Lift vp your ſwords, turne face againſt the *French*,
Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your ſeate, your nurſe, your birth dayes breathing place,
That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
Ah! be not ſo ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
Preſerue your lambes and beate away the wolfe.
My ſoule hath ſaid, contritions penitence
Laies hold on mans redemption for my ſinne.

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Farewell my lords; witneſſe my faith when we are met in heauen,
And for my kindneſſe giue me graue roome here.
My ſoule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Salſ. Now ioy betide thy ſoule well-meaning man,
How now my lords, what cooling carde is this?
A greater griefe growes now than earſt hath beene.
What counſell giue you, ſhall we ſtay and die?
Or ſhall we home, and kneele vnto the king.

Pemb. My heart miſgaue this ſad accurſed newes:
What haue we done? fie lords, what frenſie moued
Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce?*
If we perſeuer, we are ſure to die:
If we deſiſt, ſmall hope againe of life.

Salsb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
And ſtand not wayling on our preſent harmes,
As women wont: but ſeeke our harmes redreſſe.
As for my ſelfe, I will in haſte be gone:
And kneele for pardon to our ſoueraigne *Iohn.*

Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the *French* that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter king Iohn *carried betweene two lords.*

Iohn. Set downe, ſet downe the loade not woorth your paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
Sickely and ſuccourleſſe, hopeleſſe of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:
It loathes I liue, I liue and loathe my ſelfe.
Who pities me? to whom haue I beene kinde?
But to a few; a few will pitie me.
Why die I not? death ſcornes ſo vilde a prey.
Why liue I not, life hates ſo ſad a prize.

I ſue

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I sue to both to be remaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.
Phil. How fares my lord, that he is carried thus?
Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befalne,
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiect mouing more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty king,
Borne by his lords in such distressed state.
Iohn. What newes with thee? if bad, report it straight:
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.
Phil. Such as it is, and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The braueſt bow-man had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our campe,
That *Iohn* was fled, the king had left the field.
At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominous scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of *Troy*
His weary followers against the *Mermidons*,
Crying alowd, S. *George*, the day is ours.
But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the lambe before the greedie wolfe,
So heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,

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With ſable curtaines of the blackeſt hue,
And fenc'd vs from the furie of the *French*,
As *Io* from the iealous *Iunoes* eie,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Paſſing the waſhes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And ſwallowed vp the moſt of all our men,
My ſelfe vpon a galloway right free, well pac'd,
Out ſtript the flouds that followed waue by waue,
I ſo eſcap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

Iohn. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none ſo great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any ſo infortunate,
The right idea of a curſed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for deſpight,
My feuer growes, what ague ſhakes me ſo?
How farre to *Sminſtead*, tell me, do you know?
Preſent vnto the abbot word of my repaire.
My ſickneſſe rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnleſſe this feuer leaue me.

Philip. Good cheere my lord, the abbey is at hand,
Behold my lord, the churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the abbot and certaine monkes.

Abb. All health and happines to our ſoueraigne lord the king.

Iohn. Nor health nor happines hath *Iohn* at all.
Say abbot, am I welcome to thy houſe?

Abbot. Such welcome as our abbey can afford,
Your maieſtie ſhall be aſſured of.

Philip. The king thou ſeeſt is weake and very faint,
What victuals haſt thou to refreſh his grace?

Abb.

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Abb. Good ſtore my lord, of that you need not feare,
For *Lincolneſhire*, and theſe our abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.
Iohn. Philip, thou neuer needſt to doubt of cates,
Nor king nor lord is ſeated halfe ſo well,
As are the abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do paſſe another,
The friers faſten on it ſtrait:
But let vs in to taſte of their repaſt,
It goes againſt my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to ſuch abbey groomes. *Exeunt.*

Manet the monke.

Monke. Is this the king that neuer lou'd a frier?
Is this the man that doth contemne the pope?
Is this the man that rob'd the holy church?
And yet will flie vnto a friory?
Is this the king that aymes at abbeis lands?
Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,
And yet will flie vnto a friorie?
Accurſt be *Swinſtead* abbey, abbot, friers,
Monkes, nunnes, and clarks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked *Iohn* eſcape aliue away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
And be canonized for a holy ſaint:
To pleaſe the world with a deſeruing worke,
Be thou the man to ſet thy countrey free,
And murder him that ſeekes to murder thee.

Enter the abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the king?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.
Monke. What if I ſay to ſtrangle him in his ſleepe?

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Abbot. What, at thy *Mumpſimus?* away,
And ſeeke ſome meanes for to paſtime the king.

Monke. Ile ſet a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot. Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke. Ile poyſon him, and it ſhall ne'r be knowne,
And then ſhall I be chiefeſt of my houſe.

Abbot. If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the monke is mad,
And in his madneſſe he will murder me.

Mon. My L. I cry your lordſhip mercy, I ſaw you not.

Abbot. Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou ſhalt haue my place with thouſand thanks.

Monke. I murder you! God ſhield from ſuch a thought.

Abbot. If thou wilt needs, yet let me ſay my prayers.

Monke. I will not hurt your lordſhip good my lord: but if you pleaſe, I will impart a thing that ſhall be beneficiall to vs all.

Abbot. Wilt thou not hurt me holy monke? ſay on.

Monke. You know my lord, the king is in our houſe.

Abbot. True.

Monke. You know likewiſe the king abhorres a frier.

Abbot. True.

Monke. And he that loues not a frier is our enemy.

Abbot. Thou ſaiſt true.

Monke. Then the king is our enemy.

Abbot. True.

Mon. Why then ſhould we not kil our enemy, and the king being our enemy, why then ſhould we not kill the K.

Abbot. O bleſſed monke! I ſee God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants ſlauery.
But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Mon.

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Mon. Who dare? why I my lord dare do the deed,
Ile free my countrey and the church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a king.
Abbot. *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolu'd,
I will absolue thee here from all thy sinnes,
For why the deed is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our friers shall singe a masse for *Thomas* soule.
Mon. God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my lord I goe about my worke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lewes *and his armie.*

Lewes. Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Lodowike*,
The *Englishmen* as danted at our sight,
Fall as the fowle before the eagles eies,
Onely two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vex me with vnrest.
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my soule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
The other griefe, I that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* castle should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus Hectors* sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We haue the face of all the *English* lords,
What then remaines but ouerrunne the land?
Be resolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune serue as shee begins,
The poorest pesant of the realme of *France*
Shal be a master ore an *English* lord.

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Enter a meſſenger.

Lewes. Fellow, what newes?

Meſſ. Pleaſeth your grace, the earle of *Salsbury*, *Penbrooke*, *Eſſex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the barons that did fight for thee, are on a ſodaine fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee backe againe.

Enter another meſſenger.

Meſſen. *Lewes* my lord, why ſtandſt thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fiftie ſaile,
Containing twenty thouſand ſouldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callis* in vnluckie time,
Did croſſe the ſeas, and on the *Goodwin* ſands,
The men, munition, and the ſhips are loſt.

Enter another meſſenger.

Lewes. More newes? ſay on.

Meſſen. *Iohn* (my lord) with all his ſcattered troups,
Flying the fury of your conquering ſword,
As *Pharaoh* earſt within the bloody ſea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* waſhes all were ouerwhelmed,
The barons fled, our forces caſt away.

Lewes. Was euer heard ſuch vnexpected newes?

Meſſenger. Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *Iohn* and all his forces are conſumde.
The leſſe thou needſt the aid of *Engliſh* earles,
The leſſe thou needſt to grieue thy nauies wracke,
And follow times aduantage with ſucceſſe.

Lewes. Braue *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewes*, who will leade you on

To

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To chaſe the barons power that wants a head,
For *Iohn* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* king.
Though our munition and our men be loſt,
Philip of *Fraunce* will ſend vs freſh ſupplies. *Exeunt.*

Enter two friers laying a cloth.

Frier. Diſpatch, diſpatch, the king deſires to eate,
Would a might eate his laſt for the loue he bears to church men.

Frier. I am of thy mind too, and ſo it ſhould be and we might be our owne caruers.
I maruell why they dine here in the orchard.

Frier. I know not, nor I care not. The king comes.

Iohn. Come on lord *Abbot*, ſhall we ſit together?

Abbot. Pleaſeth your grace ſit downe.

Iohn. Take your places ſirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and friends may come, where neceſſitie keepes the houſe, curteſie is barr'd the table, ſit downe *Philip*.

Baſt. My lord, I am loth to allude ſo much to the prouerb, honors change maners: a king is king, though fortune do her worſt, and we as dutifull in deſpite of her frown, as if your highnes were now in the higheſt tipe of dignitie.

Iohn. Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a ſurfet of ſorrow.
What cheere lord *Abbot*, me thinks ye frown like an hoſt that knows his gueſt hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abbot. No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine ſo mighty a gueſt as your maieſtie.

Baſt. I thinke rather, my lord *Abbot*, you remember my laſt being here, when I went in progreſſe for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to ſhew he hath not forgot me.

Abb.

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Abb. Not ſo my lord, you, and the meaneſt follower of his maieſty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke. Waſſell my liege, and as a poore monke may ſay, welcome to *Swinſtead*.

Iohn. Begin monke, and report hereafter thou waſt taſter to a king.

Monke. As much health to your highneſſe as to mine owne heart.

Iohn. I pledge thee kind monke.

Monke. The merrieſt draught that euer was drunke in *England*.

Am I not too bold with your highneſſe?

Iohn. Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proofe: why ſo it workes.

Iohn. Stay *Philip*, where's the monke?

Baſtard. He is dead my lord.

Iohn. Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Ba. What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

Iohn. So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poiſon'd.
The monke, the diuell, the poyſon gins to rage,
It will depoſe my ſelfe a king from raigne.

Baſt. This abbot hath an intereſt in this act.
At all aduentures take thou that from me.
There lie the abbot, abbey, lubber, diuell.
March with the monke vnto the gates of hell.
How fares my lord?

Iohn. Philip, ſome drinke, oh for the frozen *Alpes*,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace ſeuen-fold hote.
To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forſake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with faint reſiſt

The

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The fierce inuade of him that conquers kings,
Helpe God, O paine! die *Iohn*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous ſinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a graue,
My legges diſdaine the carriage of a king.

Baſt. A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

Iohn. Me thinkes I ſee a catalogue of ſinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The leaſt enough to looſe my part in heauen.
Me thinkes the diuell whiſpers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I muſt be damn'd for *Arthurs* ſodaine death,
I ſee I ſee a thouſand thouſand men
Come to accuſe me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none ſo merciſull a God
That will forgiue the number of my ſinnes.
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers loſſe?
What haue I lou'd, but wracke of others weale?
Where haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deede deſeruing well?
How, what, when, and where, haue I beſtow'd a day,
That tended not to ſome notorious ill.
My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
Craues little pittie for ſo ſtrange a death.
Or, who will ſay that *Iohn* deceaſde too ſoone?
Who will not ſay, he rather liu'd too long.
Diſhonour did attaint me in my life,
And ſhame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
Why did I ſcape the fury of the *French*,
And dide not by the temper of their ſwords?
Shameleſſe my life, and ſhamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, diſdained of my friends.

Baſt.

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Baſt. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on *Chriſt*, who is your lateſt friend.
Iohn. My tongue doth falter : *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yeeld vnto the prieſt of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his haue proſpred on the earth :
Curſt are his bleſſings, and his curſe is bliſſe.
But in the ſpirit I crie vnto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whoſe hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he ſhall build the lord a houſe,
Or roote theſe locuſts from the face of earth :
But if my dying heart deceiue me not,
From out theſe loynes ſhall ſpring a kingly braunch
Whoſe armes ſhall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treades downe the ſtrumpets pride,
That ſits vpon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart ſtrings breake, the poyſons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of *Jeſu Iohn* doth die.
Baſtard. See how he ſtriues for life, vnhappy lord,
Whoſe bowels are diuided in themſelues.
This is the fruit of poperie, when true kings
Are ſlaine and ſhouldred out by monkes and friers.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your grace, the barons of the land,
Which all this while bare armes againſt the king,
Conducted by the legate of the Pope,
Together with the prince his highneſſe ſonne,
Do craue to be admitted to the preſence of the king.
Baſt. Your ſonne, my lord, young *Henry* craues to ſee
Your maieſtie, and brings with him beſide
The barons that reuolted from your grace.

O piercing

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O piercing ſight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His ſpeech doth faile: lift vp your ſelfe my lord,
And ſee the prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, *yong* Henry, *the barons with daggers in their hands.*

Prince. O let me ſee my father ere he die:
O vncle, were you here, and ſuffred him
To be thus poyſned by a damned monke?
Ah he is dead, father, ſweet father ſpeake.

Baſtard. His ſpeach doth faile, he haſteth to his end.

Pandulph. Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying king,
With ſight of theſe his nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ranſome of their foule offence.
Then good my lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

Saliſ. We humbly thanke your royall maieſtie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her king:
And in the ſight of *Iohn* our ſoueraigne lord,
In ſpite of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haſte,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers ſted.

Henry. Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke on mee.

Legat. K. *Iohn*, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And ſigne thou dieſt the ſeruant of the lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witneſſe here,
Thou diedſt the ſeruant of our ſauiour Chriſt.
Now ioy betide thy ſoule: what noiſe is this?

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſſ. Help lords, the *Dolphin* maketh hitherward
With enſignes of defiance in the winde,

And

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And all our armie ſtandeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their leaders will commaund.
Baſt. Let's arme our ſelues in yong K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to ſea againe.
Legate. *Philip* not ſo, but I will to the prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.
Baſt. Lord *Salſbury*, your ſelfe ſhall march with me,
So ſhall we bring theſe troubles to an end.
King. Sweet vncle, if thou loue thy ſoueraigne,
Let not a ſtone of *Swinſtead* abbey ſtand,
But pull the houſe about the friers eares:
For they haue kill'd my father and my king. *Exeunt.*

A parley ſounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, *&c.*

Pand. *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry Englands* king
Requires to know the reaſon of the claime
That thou canſt make to any thing of his.
King *Iohn* that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathleſſe trunke in preſence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now ſucceeded in his fathers roome.
Henry. *Lewes*, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe poſſeſſion of my lawfull right?
Anſwere; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make ſurrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of ſword:
I tell thee *Dolphin*, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the barons cleaue vnto their king,
And what thou haſt in *England* they did get.
Lewes. *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefeſt enemie to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.

But

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But *Salsbury*, and you barons of the realme,
This ſtrange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* altare lately ſware.
Salſ. Nor did the oath your highneſſe there did take
Agree with honour of the prince of *Fraunce*.
Baſt. My lord, what anſwer make you to the king?
Dolphin. Faith *Philip* this I ſay: it bootes not me,
Nor any prince, nor power of *Chriſtendome*
To ſeeke to win this iland *Albion*,
Vnleſſe he haue a partie in the realme
By treaſon for to help him in his warres.
The peeres which were the partie on my ſide,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the realme.
Henry. On what conditions will your highnes yeeld?
Lew. That ſhall we thinke vpon by more aduice.
Baſt. Then kings and princes, let theſe broils haue end,
And at more leiſure talke vpon the league.
Meane while to *Worſter* let vs beare the king,
And there interre his bodie, as beſeemes.
But firſt, in ſight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the crowne, and ſet it on his head,
That by ſucceſſion is our lawfull king.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are cloſed with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within it ſelfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her ſtate.
Lewes, thou ſhalt be brauely ſhipt to *Fraunce*,
For neuer *Frenchman* got of *Engliſh* ground

The

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The twentith part that thou haſt conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worſter* we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your ſoueraigne
With obſequies of honour to his graue:
If *Englands* peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor pope, nor *France*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

FINIS.

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The TRAGEDIE of King Richard the Second:

WITH

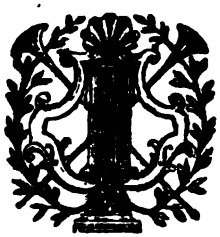
New Additions of the Parliament Sceane,

AND THE

Depoſing of King *RICHARD.*

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges MAIESTIES Seruants, at the *Globe.*

By WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.



At *London*, printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Paules* Church-yard, at the Signe of the Foxe. 1615.

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☞ This Play has been collated with the firſt Edition printed in 1598 for *Andrew Wiſe*, and with another in 1634 for *John Norton*: There is an intermediate Edition in 1608 *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, but I have not been ſo lucky as to meet with it.

The Diviſion of the Acts and Scenes is taken entirely from the Edition in 1634, before which time none appears to have been made.

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The TRAGEDIE of

King RICHARD the Second.

Enter King Richard, Iohn *of* Gaunt, *with other nobles and attendants*.*

King Richard.

OLDE *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeale
Which then our leiſure would not let vs here,
Againſt the duke of *Norfolke*, *Tho*: *Mow* †.

Gaunt. I haue my liege.

King. Tell me moreouer haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeale the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubiect ſhould,
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your highneſſe; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare
The accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
Hie ſtomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbroke, *and* Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happie daies befall
My gracious ſoueraigne, my moſt louing liege,

* *Actus primus. Scæna prima.* † *Thomas Mowbray?*

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Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde *in* † immortall title to your crowne.
King. We thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the duke of *Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?*
Bul. Firſt (heauen be the record *to* § my ſpeech)
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to *this* ‖ princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen.
Thou art a traitour, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the ſkie,
The vglier ſeeme the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name ſtuffe I thy throate.
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my ſoueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mow. Let not my *cold* * words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and nought at all to ſay.

† *an* § *of* ‖ *his* * *cools*

Firſt

Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbs me,
From giuing reynes and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which *elſe* † would poſt vntill it had returnd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon *doubled* * downe his throat;
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty:
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I doe defie him, and ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlaunderous coward and a villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the *Alpes*,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer *Engliſh* man durſt ſet his foote.
Meanetime, let this defend my *loyaltie*‡,
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aſide my high bloods royaltie;
Which feare, not reuerence makes *thee* § to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honors pawne, then ſtoope:
By that, and all the *rites* ‖ of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue *ſpoke*, *or what thou* †† canſt deuiſe.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall.
And when I mount *aliue* §§, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour, or vniuſtly fight.

† *once* * *doubly* ‡ *royalty* § *me* ‖ *rights* †† *ſpoken or thou* §§ *aliue omitted*

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King. What doth our cosin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall prooue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiud eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings, for your highnesse souldiours:
The which he hath detaind for leawd imployments,
Like a false traitour and iniurious villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or heere, or else where, to the furthest verge
That euer was surueyed by *English* eye,
That all the treasons *for* * these eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray*, their first head and spring:
Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the duke of *Glosters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood.
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueless cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of *Norfolke*, what sayst thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

* *of*

King.

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King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Where he *my* * brother; nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but *my* * fathers brothers ſonne,
Now *by* † ſcepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect *Mowbray*, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lieſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Callice*,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe ſouldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I, by conſent,
For that my ſoueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For *Gloceſters* death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once *did I* § lay an ambuſh for your life;
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe my grieued ſoule:
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeald,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitour;
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe *the* †† gage,

* *our* † *by my* § *I did* †† *my*

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Vpon this ouerweening traitors foote,
To proone my ſelfe a loyall gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chambred in *your* † boſome:
In haſt whereof, moſt hartily I pray
Your highneſſe to aſſigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets pvrge this choler without letting bloud,
This we preſcribe, though no phiſition:
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion:
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our doctors ſay, this is no *month* § to bleed:
Good vnckle, let this end where it begunne;
Weele calme the duke of *Norfolke*, you your ſonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, ſhall become my age:
Throw downe (my ſonne) the duke of *Norfolks* gage.

King. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid againe.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread ſoueraigne) at thy foote
My life thou ſhalt commaund, but not my ſhame:
The one my dutie owes; but my faire name,
Deſpight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke diſhonors vſe, thou ſhalt not haue:
I am diſgraſt, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierſt to the ſoule with ſlaunders venomd ſpeare,
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breathd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage; lions make leopards tame.

† *bis* § *time*

Mowb.

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Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots; take but my ſhame
And I reſigne my gage, my deare deare lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, *and* † painted clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coſin, throw *vp* § your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O *God* ‖ defend my ſoule from ſuch *deepe* * ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale *begger-face* §§ impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a *parlee*, †† my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit in bleeding in *his* ‡ high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbraies* face‖‖.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your *life* ** ſhall anſwere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon ſaint *Lambards* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the victors chiualrie.

† *or* § *downe* ‖ *heaven* * *foule* §§ *begger-feare* †† *parle* ‡ *this*
‖‖ *Exit Gaunt.* ** *liues*

Lord

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Lord marſhall, command our officers at armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home *all armes* *. *Exit.* †

Enter Iohn *of* Gaunt, *with the dutcheſſe of* Gloceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Woodſtocks* § blood,
Doth more ſolicite me, then your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
But wee our quarrell to the will of heauen;
Who when they ſee the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

Dutcheſſe. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeauen ſonnes, whereof thy ſelfe art one,
Were ‖ ſeauen viols of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeauen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeauen are dryed by natures courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtenies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare lord, my life, my *Gloceſter*,
One violl full of *Edwards* ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royall roote
Is crack, and all the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaues all *faded* §§
By envies hand, and murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall; that ſelfe mould that faſhioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liueſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,

* *alarms* † *Scena ſecunda.* § *Gloſters* ‖ *were as, where are* §§ *vaded*

Who

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Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughtred;
Thou ſheweſt the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſtes.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is, to venge my *Gloceſters* death.

Gaunt. *Gods* * is the quarrell, for *Gods** ſubſtitute,
His deputie annoynted in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift
An angrie arme againſt his miniſter.

Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my ſelfe?

Gaunt. To *God*, † the widowes champion *and* § defence.

Dutc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goeſt to *Couentrie*, there to behold
Our cooſin *Herford* and ſell *Mowbray* fight.
O *ſet* ‖ my huſbands wrong on *Herfords* ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbrayes* breaſt.
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carrier,
Be *Mowbraies* ſinnes ſo heauie in his boſome,
That they may breake his foming courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caytiffe recreant to my cooſin *Herford.*
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Sifter farewell, I muſt to *Couentrie:*
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.

* *Heauens* † *Heauen* § *to* ‖ *ſit*

Dutch.

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Dutch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leaue before ‖ haue begunne,
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to my brother *Edmund* † *Yorke*;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe,
I ſhall remember more: bidd him, ah what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* § viſite me.
Alacke and what ſhall good old *Yorke* there ſee,
But emptie lodgings and vnfurniſht walles,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden ſtones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where;
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.* ‖

Enter the lord Marſhall *and the duke* Aumerle.

Mar. My lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* armde?
Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of *Norfolke* ſprightfully and bold,
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the champions are prepard, and ſtay
For nothing but his maieſties approach.*

The trumpets ſound, and the king enters with his nobles: when they are ſet, enter the duke of Norfolke *in armes defendant.*

King. Marſhall, demaund of yonder champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in armes,

† *Edward* § *Pleſhie* ‖ *Scena tertia* * *Enter king, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene and others, then Mowbray in armor, and Harrold.*

Aſke

Aſke him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In Gods name and the kings, ſay who thou art,
And why thou commeſt thus knightly clad in armes?
Againſt what man thou comſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy knight-hood, and thy oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norfolke*,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which *God** defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my king, and *my* † ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the duke of *Herford* that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proone him in defending of my ſelfe,
A traytor to my God, my king, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.‡

The trumpets ſound, enter duke of Herford *appellant in armour.*

King. Marſhall, aſke yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus *plated* ‖ in habiliments of warre,
And *formerly* §, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherfore comſt thou hither
Before king *Richard* in his royall liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, ſo defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Darby*
Am I, who readie heare do ſtand in armes,
To proue by *Gods* ** grace, and my bodies valour

* *Heaven* † *his* ‡ *Tucket. Enter Hereford and Harold* ‖ *placed*
§ *formally* ** *Heavens*

In

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In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norfolke*,
That he is a traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, king *Richard*, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the marſhall, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord marſhall, let me kiſſe my ſoueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his maieſtie,
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greets your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. We will deſcend and folde him in our armes.
Cooſin of *Herford*, as thy cauſe is *right* †,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be *gorgde* ‡ with *Mowbraies* ſpeare:
As confident as is the falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble cooſin) lord *Aumerle*,
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at *Engliſh* feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.

† *juſt* ‡ *gorde*

Oh

Oh thou the earthly author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach *a* * victorie aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my launces point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen coate,
And furbiſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. God †, in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſke
Of thy *aduerſe* ‡ pernitious enemie,
Rowſe vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence and ſaint *George* to thriue.
Mow. How euer *God* ‖ or fortune caſt my lotte,
There *lies* § or dies true to king *Richards* throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroled enfranchiſement,
More then my dauncing ſoule doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine aduerſarie.
Moſt mightie liege, and my companion peeres,
Take from my youth the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle and as iocond as to ieſt,
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet breſt.
King. Farewell (my lord) ſecurely I eſpie,
Vertue with valor couched in thine eie,
Order the triall marſhall, and beginne.

* *as* † *Heaven* ‡ *amaz'd* ‖ *Heaven* § *lives*

Mar.

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Mar. *Harrie* of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Darbie*,
Receiue thy launce, and *God* * defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, amen.
Mar. Go beare this launce to *Thomas* D. of *Norfolke*,
† *Herald.* *Harry* of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Darbie*,
Stands heere, for God, his ſoueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To proue the duke of *Norfolke Thomas Mowbray*,
A traytor to his God, his king, and him.
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
‡ *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray* D. of *Norfolke*,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of *Herford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Darby*,
To God, his ſoueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin ‖.
Mar. Sound trumpets, and ſet *foorth* § combatants:
Stay, the king hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpeares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe dukes what we decree **.
Draw neere and liſt.
What with our counſell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deare blood which it *hath been foſtered* ††:
And for our eies do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:

* *Heaven* † 1 *herald* ‡ 2 *herald* ‖ *a charge ſounded*
§ *forward* ** *a long flouriſh* †† *hath foſtered*

And

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* *And for we thinke the eagle-winged pride,*
Of ſkie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hatiug enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
Drawes the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſtrous vntunde drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You cooſin *Herford*, vpon paine of *life* †,
Till twice fiue ſummers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.

Bul. Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That ſun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames *vnto* ‡ you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my baniſhment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow howres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraigne liege,
And all vnlookt for from your highneſſe mouth,
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fortie yeares,

* Theſe five lines are omitted in one of the Copies. † *death* ‡ *to*

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My natiue *Engliſh* now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie.
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly *percullist* * with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my iayler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vppon a nurſe,
To farre in yeares to be a pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeachleſſe death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall ſword your baniſht hands.
Sweare by the dutie that y'owe to *God* †,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and *God* ‡,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor *neuer* ‖ looke vpon each others face,
Nor *neuer* § write; regreete, *nor* †† reconcile
This *louing* ‡‡ tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor *neuer* ‖‖ by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.

* *portcullist* † *Heauen* ‡ *Heauen* ‖ *euer* § *euer* †† *or*
‡‡ *lowring* ‖‖ *euer*

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Bul. I ſweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the king permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land.
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou fly *the* † realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie ſoule.

Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*, if euer I were traytour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen baniſht, as from hence:
But what art thou, *God* ‡, thou, and I, do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the king ſhall rew.
Farewell, (my liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to *England*, all the world's my way.

King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eies,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeares
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.

Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging winters, and foure wanton ſprings,
End in *one* ‖ word; ſuch is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my liege, that in regard of mee,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile;
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere *the* § ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change *their* * moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed lampe, and time bewaſted light

† *this* ‡ *Heauen* ‖ *a* § *theſe* * *the*

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Shall be extinct with age and endleſſe night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſonne.
King. Why vnckle, thou haſt many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue:
Shorten my daies thou canſt with *fullen* † ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy ſonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſt, proone in digeſtion ſowre.
You *vrge* ‡ me as a iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a father.
‖ *Oh had't been a ſtranger, not my child,*
To ſmooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall ſlaunder ſought § *I to auoyde,*
And in the ſentence my owne life deſtroyde.
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſen farewell, and vnckle bid him ſo;
Sixe yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go *.
Au. Cooſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you doe remaine, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.

† *Judden* ‡ *urg'd* ‖ Theſe four lines are wanting in one of the copies.
§ *ought* * *Flouriſh. Exit.*

Gaunt.

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Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſixe winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one howre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The fullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps
Eſteeme a *foyle* † wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious iewell of thy home returne.
‡ *Bul. Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,*
Will but remember me what ‖ *deale of world*
I wander from the iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſites,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens,
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie:
Thinke not the king did baniſh thee
But thou the king, who § *doth the heauier ſit,*
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee foorth to purchaſe honour,
And not the king exilde thee; or ſuppoſe

† *ſoyle* ‡ Theſe lines are found in the firſt and third edition, but are omitted in the fourth. ‖ *what a* § *woe*

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Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure, or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mockes at it and ſets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giue † but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth *neuer* ‡ rancle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſoare.

Gaunt. Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Bul. Then *Englands* ground farewell, ſweet ſoile adiew,
My mother and my nurſe *that* ‖ beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht yet a true borne *Engliſhman.* *Exeunt.* §

**Enter the king with* Buſhie, *&c. at one dore, and the lord* Aumerle *at the other.*

King. Wee did obſerue, coſin *Aumerle,*
How farre brought you high *Herford* on his way?

† *Giue* ‡ *euer* ‖ *which* § *Status Quarto.* * *Enter the king, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.*

Aum.

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Aum. I brought high *Herford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
King. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me, except the northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the *ſleepie* † rewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace *our* ‡ hollow parting with a teare.
King. What ſaid your cooſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell, and for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſſion of ſuch griefe,
That *words* ‖ ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry would the word farewell *haue* § lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our cooſins cooſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and *Buſhie* ‡‡,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,
Wooing poore craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench,
A brace of draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my countrey-men, my louing friends,

† *ſleeping* ‡ *your* ‖ *word* § *had* ‡‡ *Bagot, here, and Greene*, fourth edition.

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As were our *England* in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.
Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the rebels which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld *them* † further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.
King. We will our ſelſe in perſon to this warre,
And for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
Wee are inforſt to farme our royall realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs;
For our affaires in hand, if *that* ‡ come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie *with newes* ‖. §.

Buſh. Old *Iohn* of *Gaunt* is *grieuous* * ſicke, my lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your maieſtie to viſite him.
King. Where lies he?
Buſh. At *Elye* houſe.
King. Now put it (*God* ‡‡) *into the* ‖‖ phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lyning of his coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* warres.

† *the* ‡ *they* ‖ *firſt and third edition* § *Buſhy what newes?* In the fourth edition, is added to the kings ſpeech * *very* ‡‡ *heauen* ‖‖ *in his*

Come

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Come gentlemen, let's all goe viſite him,
Pray *God* † we may make haſt, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt* ‡.

Enter Iohn *of* Gaunt *ſicke, with the duke of* Yorke, *&c.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breath my laſt,
In holſome counſell to his vnſtayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are ſcarce, they are fieldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Then they whom youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The ſetting ſunne, and muſicke *at the gloſe* ‖,
As the laſt taſt of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt.
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As prayſes of *his* § ſtate: *then there* †† are found
Laſciuious meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open *eare* ‡‡ of youth doth alwaies liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud *Italie*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into *his* ‖‖ eares?

† *heaven* ‡ *Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.* ‖ *is the cloſe*
§ *whoſe* †† *the wiſe* ‡‡ *eares* ‖‖ *their*

Then

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Then * all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutinie with wittes regard,
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
'Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath *thou wilt* † looſe.
Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a prophet new inſpird,
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him:
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes.
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe:
This royall throne of kings, this ſceptred ile,
This earth of maieſtie, this ſeate of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demie paradice,
This fortreſſe built by nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which *ſeruеues* ‡ it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuie of leſſe happier lands:
This bleſſed plotte, this earth, this realme, this *England*,
This nurſe, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For chriſtian ſeruice and true chiualrie,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborne *Iewrie*,
Of the worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* ſonne:
This land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deare deare land;

* *That* † *wilt thou* ‡ *ſerues*

Deare

Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaſed out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement *and* * pelting farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rockie ſhoare beates backe the envious ſiege
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe:
Ah would the ſcandall *vaniſht* † with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Yorke. The king is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts being rag'de, do rage the more.‡

Enter the king and queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble vncle *Lancaſter?*

King. What comfort man? how iſt with aged *Gaunt?*

Gaunt. O how that name befits my compoſition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England*, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breedes leaneneſſe, leaneneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome fathers feede vppon,
Is my ſtrickt faſt, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein, faſting haſt thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

King. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſerie makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe.
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in me,
O ‖ mocke my name (great king) to flatter thee.

* *or* † *vaniſh* ‡ *Enter the king, queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros and Willoughby,* fourth edition. ‖ *I*

King.

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King. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?
Gaunt. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that die.
King. Thou now a dying ſayſt, thou flattereſt me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou dieſt, though I the ſicker be.
King. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill,
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too careleſſe patient as thou art,
Commitſt thy annoynted body to the cure
Of thoſe phiſitions that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy *head* *;
And yet *inraged* † in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy land:
Oh had thy grandſire with a prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue layd thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why cooſin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of *England* art thou now *not*, *nor* ‡ king,
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlaue to the law,
And thou ‖
King. *Ah* § lunatick leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an agues priuiledge,
Dareſt with thy frozen admonition

* *hand* † *incaged* ‡ *and not* ‖ *And*— § *And thou a*

Make

Make pale our cheeke, *chafing* * the royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Now by my ſeates right royall maieſtie
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreverent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the pellican,
Haſt thou tapt † and drunkenly *carowſt* ‖:
My brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee:
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue. *Exit.*

King. And let them die, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, *and* § be as it is. *

North. My liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your ma-
King. What ſayes hee? (ieſtie.

* *chafing* † *Thou haſt tapt out* ‖ *carous'd* § *and all*
* *Enter Northumberland.*

North.

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North. Nothing, all is ſayd;
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that muſt be bankrout ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King. The ripeſt fruite firſt falles and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* warres:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug headed *Kernes*,
Which liue like venome, where no venome elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aſke ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeaze to vs,
The plate, *coyne* *, reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yorke. How long ſhall I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Gloceſters* death, nor *Herfords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bulkingbrooke*
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my ſoueraignes face:
I am the laſt of *the* † noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy father prince of *Wales* was firſt.
In warre, was neuer lion *rage* ‖ more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle lambe more milde
Then was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accompliſht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his friendes: his noble hand

* *coyne and* † *the*, omitted ‖ *rage*

Did

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Did winne what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had woone:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.
Oh *Richard! Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why vncle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; for how art thou a king,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herfords* right,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.
Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will enſue heereof, ther's none can tell:

But

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But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go *Buſhie*, to the earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our vnckle *Yorke*, lord gouernour of *England*;
For he is iuſt, and alwaies loued vs well:
Come on our queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.

Exeunt king and queene. *Manet* North *.

North. Well lords, the duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.

Roſſe. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.

Roſſe. My heart is great, but it muſt breake with ſilence,
Er't be diſburdened with a liberall tongue.

North. Nay ſpeak thy mind, and let him nere ſpeak more,
That ſpeakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tend's that thou wouldſt ſpeake, to the D. of
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man, (*Herford?*
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Roſſe. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Valeſſe you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

North. Now afore *God* † t'is ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royall prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The king is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,

* *Willoughby, and Roſs*, fourth Edition. † *heauen*

Meerely

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Meerely in hate againſt any of vs all,
That will the king ſeuerely proſecute
Againſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe. The commons hath he *pild* * with grieuous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts. The nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willoug. And dayly new exactions are deuiſd,
As blancks, beneuolences, and I wot not what.
North. But what a Gods name doth become of this? †
Willo. Warres hath not waſted it; for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yeilded vpon compromiſe,
That which his *noble* ‖ anceſtors atchieud with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſſe. The earle of *Wiltſhire* hath the realme in farme.
Wil. The *king's* § growne banckrout like a broken man.
North. Reproach and deſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſſe. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſht duke.
North. His noble kinſman moſt degenerate king!
But lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoyde the ſtorme.
We ſee the winde ſit ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſſe. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
North. Not ſo, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I eſpie life *peering* **; but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.

* *pilld* † This line in the edition of 1598 is added to the foregoing ſpeech.
‖ *noble* omitted § *king* ** *peircing*

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Roſſe. Be confident to ſpeake *Northumberland*,
We three are but thy ſelfe; and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A bay in *Britaine* *) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* duke of *Herford*, *Raynold* L. *Cobham*,
That late broke from the duke of *Exeter*
His brother archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, ſir *Iohn Ramſton* †,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, ſir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines* ‖
All theſe well furniſhed by the duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our northern ſhore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the king for *Ireland*:
If then we ſhall ſhake off our *countries* § ſlauiſh yoke,
Impe §§ out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from *broken* †† pawne the blemiſht crowne,
Wipe of the duſt that hides *our* ||| ſcepters *guilt* §§§,
And make high maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſt to *Rauenſpurgh*:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſſe. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt. †††

Enter the queene, Buſhie, *and* Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your maieſtie is too much ſadde,
You promiſt when you parted with the king,

* *Brittanie* † *Raieſton* ‖ *Quoint* § *countries* omitted §§ *Yampe*
†† *broking* ||| *the* §§§ *gilt* ††† *Scæna Secunda.*

To

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To lay aſide *halfe* *-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.

Queene. To pleaſe the king I did, to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweete a gueſt,
As my ſweete *Richard*: yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne ſorrow ripe in fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward ſoule,
With nothing trembles, at ſome thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my lord the king.

Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a griefe *hath* † twenty ſhadowes
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes *eyes* ‖ glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confuſion, eyde awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweete maieſtie,
Looking awry vpon your lords departure,
Find ſhapes of griefe more then himſelfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious queene)
More then your lords departure weepe not, more is not ſeene,
Or if it be, tis with falſe ſorrowes *eyes* §,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heauie ſad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and ſhrinke.

Buſh. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious lady.)

* *life. ſelfe-* † *bad* ‖ *eye* § *eye*

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Queene. Tis nothing leſſe, conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reverſion that I doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot. *

Greene. *God* † ſaue your maieſtie, and well met gentlemen,
I hope the king is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, *his haſt* ‡ good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauenſpurgh.*

Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene. Ah madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
The lord *Northumberland,* his young ſonne *H. Percie,*
The lords of *Roſſe, Beaumond,* and *Willoughbie,*
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.

Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimd *Northumberland*
And the reſt of the *reuolting* ‖ faction, traytours?

Greene. We haue, wherevpon the earle of *Worceſter,*
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſignd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke.*

Queene. So *Greene,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke,* my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.

* *Enter Greene,* fourth Edition. † *Heauen* ‡ *his haſt* omitted, fourth Edition. ‖ *reuolted*

Buſh.

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Buſh. Diſpaire not madam.

Queene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With *couetous* * hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe *hope lingers* † in extremitie.

Greene. Heere comes the duke of *Yorke.*

Queene. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vnckle, for Gods ſake ſpeake comfortable words.

Yorke. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts‡,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care, and griefe.
Your huſband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make *him* ‖ looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he trie his friends that flattered him. §

Seruing. My lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.

Yorke. He was, why ſo; go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on *Herfords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to *Plaſhie* to my ſiſter *Gloceſter*,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip,
To day I came by and called there;
But I ſhall grieue you to report the reſt.

Yorke. What i'ſt knaue.

* *conzening* † *hopes linger* ‡ This line omitted in the fourth Edition.
‖ *his* § *Enter a ſeruant*, fourth Edition.

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Ser. An houre before I came, the dutcheſſe died.
Yorke. *God* * for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woefull land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to *God* *
(So my vntruth *had* † not prouokt him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there *two* ‡ poſts diſpatcht for *Ireland*?
How ſhall we doe for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter, coſin I would ſay; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome carts.
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men?
If I know how or which way to order theſe affayres,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue mee: both are my kinſmen;
T'one ‖ is my ſoueraigne, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt doe: come coſin,
Ile diſpoſe of you: gentlemen, goe muſter vp your men,
And meete me preſently at *Barckly* §:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſixe and ſeauen.

Exeunt duke and queene: manent Buſhie *and* Greene.

Buſh. The wind ſits faire for newes to go *for* ** *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpoſſible.
Greene. Beſides, our neereneſſe to the king in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the king.

* *Heauen* † *hath* ‡ *two omitted* ‖ *Th'one* § *Barkly caſtle* ** *to Bag.*

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Bag. And that is the wauering commons; for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſh. Wherein * the king ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we euer haue been neere the king.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge ſtraight to *Briſt.* † caſtle,
The earle of *Wiltſhire* is already there.

Buſh. Thither will will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his maieſtie:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere ſhall meete againe.

Buſh. Thats as *Yorke* thriues to beat backe *Bullingbrooke.*

Greene. Alas poore duke, the taſke he vndertakes,
Is numbring ſands, and drinking oceans dry,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flie:
‡ *Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer,*

Buſh. Well, wee may meete againe,

Bag. I feare me neuer. ‖

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my lord to *Barckly* now?

North. Beleeue me noble lord,
I am a ſtranger in *Gloceſterſhire,*
Theſe high *wild* § hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearifome,
And yet *your* †† faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:

* *Therein* † *Briſtoll* fourth edition. ‡ This line with the following one is given to Buſhy, ‖ *Scæna Tertia.* § *wide* †† *our*

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But I bethinke me what a wearie way,
From *Rauenſpurgh* to *Cotſhall* * will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tediouſneſſe and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetened with the hope to haue
The preſent benefite that I poſſeſſe,
And hope to ioy is little leſſe in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the wearie lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much leſſe value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes heere?

Enter Harry Percie.

North. It is my ſonne, young *Harrie Perſie*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter whenſoeuer* †:
Harry, how fares your vnckle?

Per. I had thought my lord to haue learned his health of (you

North. Why? is he not with the queene?

H. Per. No my good lord, he hath forſooke the court,
Broken his ſtaffe of office, and diſperſt
The houſhold of the king.

North. What was his reaſon? he was not ſo reſolu'd,
When *laſt we* ‡ ſpake together.

H. Per. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitour;
But he my lord is gone to *Rauenſpurgh*,
To offer ſeruice to the duke of *Herford*,
And ſent me ouer by *Barckly* to diſcouer,
What power the duke of *Yorke* had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to *Rauenſpurgh*.

North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Herford*, boy?

* *Cotſhold* † *whenceſoeuer* ‡ *we laſt*

H. Per.

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H. Per. No my good lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the duke.
H. P. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with *thy* * loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſturre.
Keepes good old *Yorke* there with his men of warre?
H. P. There ſtands the caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the lords of *Yorke*, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble *eſtimation* †.
Nor. Here comes the lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, ‡
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanks, the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere? §
Nor. It is my lord of *Barkeley*, as I gueſſe.

* *my* † *eſtimate* ‡ *Enter Roſſe and Willoughby* § *Enter Berkely*

Barck.

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Barck. My lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in *England*,
And I muſt find that title in your *tongue* *,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not my lord, t'is not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my lord I come, what lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our natiue peace with ſelfe-borne armes?
Bul. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in perſon: my noble vncle! †
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duety is deceiueable and falſe.
Bul. My gracious vncle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vncle me *no*
I am no traitours vncle; and that word grace (*unckle*,‡
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue *thoſe* ‖ baniſht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch *a* § duſt of *Englands* ground?
But more then why? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull boſome,
Fryting her pale-facde villages with warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed armes?
Comſt thou becauſe th'annoynted king is hence?
Why fooliſh boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyall boſome lies his power:
Were I but *now* †† lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and *thy* ‡‡ ſelfe,
Reſcued the blacke prince that young *Mars* of men,

* *to vnto* † *Enter Yorke* ‡ *no uncle* omitted ‖ *thoſe* § *the* †† *now the* ‡‡ *my*

From

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From foorth the rancks of many thouſands *French*,
O then how quickly ſhould this arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the *paulſey* *, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!

Bul. My gracious vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

Yorke. Euen in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſht man, and heere art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braùing armes againſt *my* † ſoueraigne.

Bul. As I was baniſht, I was baniſht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*:
And noble vncle, I beſeech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, *or* ‡ me thinks in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh *then* ‖ father,
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my cooſin king, be king of *England*,
It muſt be graunted I am duke of *Lancaſter*:
You haue a ſonne, *Aumerle*, my noble *cooſin* §,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denied to ſue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, *are all* †† amiſſe employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a ſubiect,

* *Plaſhy* † *thy* ‡ *for* ‖ *then my* § *kinſman* †† *are all* omitted

And

And *I** challenge law, atturnies are denide me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free deſcent.
North. The noble duke hath been too much abuſde.
Roſſe. It ſtands your grace vpon, to do him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my cooſins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.
North. The noble duke hath ſworne, his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're ſee ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe armes;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the ſoueraigne mercy of the king:
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; ſo fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.
Bul. An offer vncle that we will accept,
But we muſt winne your grace to go with vs
To *Briſtow* caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their complicies,

* *I* omitted

The

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The caterpillers of the common-wealth;
Which I haue ſworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you; but yet Ile pauſe,
For I am loth to breake our countries lawes:
Nor * friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. †

Enter earle of Saliſburie, *and a* Welch ‡ *captaine.*

Welch. My lord of *Saliſburie*, we haue ſtaide ten daies,
And hardly kept our countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the king,
Therefore we will diſperſe our-ſelues: farewell.
Saliſ. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welchman*,
The king repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not ſtay,
The bay-trees in our countrey all are withered,
And ‖ meteors fright the fixed ſtarres of heauen:
The pale-fac'd moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't prophets whiſper fearefull change,
Rich men looke ſadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to looſe what they enioy.
The other to enioy by rage and warre.
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of kings.
Farewell, our countrimen are gone and fled,
As well aſſured *Richard* their king is dead.
Sal. Ah *Richard!* with eies of heauie mind,
I ſee thy glorie like a ſhooting ſtarre,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament,
Thy ſunne ſets, weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe and vnreſt:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good all fortune goes. §

* *Not* † *Scæna Quarta.* ‡ *Welch* omitted *Scæna prima.* ‖ *The* § *Actus Tertius.*

Enter

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Enter the duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland *, Bushie *and* Greene *prisoners.*

Bul. Bring foorth these men.
Bushie and *Greene*, I will not vexe your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths
You haue mis-led a prince, a royall king,
A happie gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his queene and him,
Broke the *profession* † of a royall bed,
And staind the beautie of a fayre queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the king in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my *English* breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my seigniories,
Disparkt my parkes, and feld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my houshold coate,
Rac't ‡ out my impresse, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

* *Rosse, Percy, Willoughby, with* † *possession* ‡ *Raz'd*

Bush.

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Buſh. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England*: *lords farewell* *.
Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague iniuſtice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatcht:
Vnckle, you ſay, the queene is at your houſe,
Gor *Gods* † ſake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke. A gentleman of mine I haue diſpatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.
Bull. Thanks (gentle vnckle:) come lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* ‡ and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.* ‖

Enter the king, Aumerle, Carlile, *&c.*

King. Barkloughly caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea my lord; how brook's your grace the ayre
After your late toſſing on the breaking ſeas?
King. Needs muſt I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To ſtand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting:
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee *my* †† earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy ſoueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rauenous ſence,
But let thy ſpiders, that ſucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,

* *lords farewell* omitted † *Heauens* ‡ *Gendowre* ‖ *Scæna Secunda. Drums flouriſh and colours and ſoldiers.* †† *the*

Which

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Which with vſurping ſteps do trample thee:
Yeeld ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from *my* * boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy ſoueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my ſenſleſſe coniuration lords:
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prooue armed ſouldiers ere her natiue king
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpite of all;
† *The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't*
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we would ‡ *not; heauens offer, we refuſe*
The proffered ‖ *meanes of ſuccours and redreſſe.*

Aum. He meanes, my lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whilſt *Bullingbrooke*, through *our* § ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in *power* ††.

King. Diſcomfortable coſin, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnſeene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloodie heere.
But when from vnder *his* ‡‡ terreſtrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſterne pines,
And darts his *light* §§ through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,

* *thy* † Theſe four lines are omitted in the fourth edition. ‡ *will*
‖ *profered* § *their* †† *friends* ‡‡ *this* §§ *lightning*

Who

Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
‖ *Whilſt we were wandring with the* Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, *trembled* * at his ſinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea,
Can waſh the balme *off* † from an annoynted king.
The breath of worldly men can cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt
To lift ſhrewd ſteele againſt our golden crowne,
God ‡ for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious angel: then if angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill guards the right.

Enter Saliſb.

King. Welcome my lord: how farre off lies your power?
Saliſb. Nor neere, nor farthar off, my gracious lord:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble lord
Hath clouded all *thy* § happy daies on earth,
O call backe yeſterday, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate:
For all the *Welchmen* hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege, *why lookes your grace ſo pale* **?
King. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:

‖ This line is omitted in the edition in 1634. * *tremble* † *off* omitted
‡ *Heaven* § *my* ** *remember who you are.*

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And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my ſelfe, am I not king?
Awake thou *coward* *, maieſtie thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the kings name *twenty* † thouſand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a king, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my vncle *Yorke*
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my liege,
Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold.
Say, is my kingdome loſt? why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Reuolt our ſubiects? that we cannot mend,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, deſtruction, ruine, *and* ‡ decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your highneſſe is ſo armd
To beare the tidings of calamitie,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which *make* ‖ the ſiluer riuers drown their *ſhowers* §
As if the world were all diſſolud to teares,

* *ſluggard* † *forty* ‡ *loſſe* ‖ *makes* § *ſhores*

So

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So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright ſteele, and hearts harder then ſteele?
White *beards* * haue armd their thinne and haireleſſe ſcalps
Againſt thy maieſtie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In ſtiffe vnwildie armes, againſt thy crowne,
Thy very beadſ-men learne to bend their *browes* †,
Of double fatall *woe* ‡ againſt thy ſtate.
Yea diſtaffe women mannage ruſtie billes;
Againſt thy ſeate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.

King. *To* ‖ well, *to* ‖ well thou telſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the earle of *Wiltſhire?* where is *Bagot?*
What is become of *Buſhie?* where is *Greene?*
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps.
If we preuaile, their *heads* § ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke.*

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my lord.

King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs eaſily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart blood warmd, that ſting my heart;
Three *Iudaſſes*, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their ſpotted ſoules for *this* ††.

Scro. Sweet *Ioue's* §§ (I ſee) changing: his property
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadlie hate.
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying *wound* ‖‖,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

* *beares* † *browes* ‡ *owne* ‖ *Too* § *hands* †† *this offence*
§§ *loue* ‖‖ *hand*

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Aum. Is *Buſhie, Greene,* and the earle of *Wiltſhire* dead?
Scro. Yea, all of them at *Briſtow* loſt their heads.
Au. Where is the duke my father with his power?
King. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write ſorrow *on* † the boſome of the earth.
Lets chooſe executors and talke of wils:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes,*
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren earth,
Which ſerues as *paſt* ‖ and couer to our bones.
For *Gods* ‡ ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground?
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings,
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they haue depoſed,
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſome ſleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a king,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſceane,
To monarchiſe, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleſh which walles about our life,
Were braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle walles, and farewell king.
Couer your heads, and mocke not fleſh and blood,
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,

† *in* ‖ *paſte* ‡ *Heauens*

For

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For you haue but miſtooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſt griefe, need friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to mee, I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wiſe-men ne're *ſit and* † waile *their* ‡ woes
But preſently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
‖ *And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:*
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidſt me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taſke it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lies our vncle with his power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the ſkie,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your northerne caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your ſoutherne gentlemen in armes
Vpon his *partie* §.

King. Thou haſt ſayd enough:
Beſhrew thee coſin which didſt lead me foorth
Of that ſweet way I was in to diſpaire.

† *ſit and* omitted ‡ *their preſent* ‖ omitted in the fourth edition § *faction*

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What ſay you now? what comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to *Flint* caſtle, there ile pine away,
A king woes ſlaue, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue; diſcharge, and let them go
To eare the land that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I haue none; let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſell is but vaine.

Aum. My liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire day. *

Enter † Bull, Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The *Welchmen* are diſpearſt, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the king, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would beſeeme the lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, king *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred king, ſhould hide his head.

North. Your grace miſtakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I *his* ‡ title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, *ſhould* ‖ you haue bin ſo briefe with him
He would haue bin ſo *briefe* § to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.

Bul. Miſtake not (vnckle) further then you ſhould.

* *Scæna Tertia.* † *Enter with drums, colours, &c. with attendants.*
‡ *this* ‖ *would* § *briefe with you*

Yorke.

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Yorke. Take not (good cooſin) further then you ſhould
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are *ouer your* * heads.
Bul. I know it vnckle, and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their willes. But, who comes heere?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this caſtle yeeld?
Hen. Per. The caſtle *is royally* † mand my lord.
Againſt thy entrance.
Bull. Royally, why it containes no king.
H. Per. Yes (my good lord)
It doth containe a king, king *Richard* lies
With‡ the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisburie*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the biſhop of *Carleile*.
Bul. Noble *lords* ‖,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient caſtle,
Through braſen trumpet ſend the breath of *parlee* §
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees **, doth kiſſe king *Richards* hand
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his †† royall perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted;
If not, Ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of ſlaughtered *Engliſhmen?*
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch chriſmſon tempeſt ſhould *be drencht* ‖‖,

* *o'er our* † *royally is* ‡ *Within* ‖ *lord* § *parle*
** *Henry Bullingbroke upon his knees* †† *Unto his moſt* ‖‖ *bedrench*

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The freſh greene lap of faire king *Richards* land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderlie ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
That from this caſtles *tattered* * battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well peruſd.
Me thinks king *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terrour then the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundring ſmoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water;
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I *raigne* †
My water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke king *Richard* how he lookes.

The trumpet ſound. Richard *appeareth on the walles.* ‡

Bull. See, ſee, king *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſunne
From out the fierie portall of the eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to ſtaine the *tracke* ‖
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.

Yorke: Yet lookes he like a king, behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling majeſtie; *alacke* § for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.

King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we ſtood,
To watch the feareſull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe *the* ** lawfull king:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay *their* †† awefull dutie *to* §§ our preſence?

* *tattered* † *raine* ‡ *Parle without, and anſwer within, then a flouriſh. Enter on the walles Richard, Carlile, Aumarle, Scroop, Salisbury.* ‖ *tract*
§ *alacke alacke* ** *thy* †† *the* §§ *of*

If

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If we be not, ſhew vs the hand of God
That hath diſmiſt vs from our ſtewardſhip:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Vnleſſe he do prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their ſoules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maiſter God omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his clouds on our behalfe,
Armies of peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vaſſaile hands againſt my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks *he ſtands* *)
That euerie ſtride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: He is come to *open* †
The purple teſtament of bleeding warre:
But ere the crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of mothers ſonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of *Englands* face,
Change the complexion *of* ‡ mayd-pale peace,
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedeaw
Her paſtors graſſe with faithfull *Engliſh* blood.

North. The king of heauen forbid, our lord the king
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall grandſires bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike *Gaunt*,

* *he is* † *ope* ‡ *of her*

And

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And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a prince *iuſt* * :
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

King. *Northumberland*, ſay thus: the king returnes
His noble cooſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends:
We doe debaſe our ſelues (cooſin) do wee not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitour, and ſo die?

Aum. No good my lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their *helpfull* † ſwords.

King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On you proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,
As is my griefe, or leſſer then my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and mee.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

* *elſe juſt*, or *is juſt* † *hopefull*

King.

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King. What muſt the king do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The king ſhall do it: muſt he be depoſde?
The king ſhall be contented: muſt he looſe
The name of a king? *a* * Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a ſet of beades:
My gorgeous pallace, for a hermitage:
My gay apparell, for an almeſ-mans gowne:
My figurde goblets, for a diſh of wood:
My ſcepter, for a palmers walking ſtaffe:
My ſubiects, for a payre of carued ſaints:
And my large kingdome, for a little graue;
A little little graue, an obſcure graue,
Or, Ile be buried in the kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their ſoueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepeſt (my tender-hearted cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
And † thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth: and therein layde; their lies
Two kinſmen dig'd their graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you *laugh* ‖ at mee.
Moſt mighty prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes king *Bullingbrooke*, will his maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue till *Richard* die?
You make a legge, and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I,

* o' † As ‖ mocke

North.

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North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend,
To ſpeake with you: may it pleaſe you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like gliſtering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruly iades.
In the baſe court, baſe court where kings grow baſe,
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come downe: downe court, downe king
For night owles ſhreeke where mounting larks ſhould ſing.
Bvll. What ſayes his maieſtie?
North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him ſpeake fondly like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his maieſtie:
He kneeles downe.
My gracious lord.
King. Faire cooſin you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it:
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleaſed eye ſee your curteſie:
Vp cooſin vp; your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſeruice ſhall deſerue your loue.
King. Well you *deſerue* *: they well deſerue to haue,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hand; nay dry your eyes,
Teares ſhew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cooſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to *be* † heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:

* *deſerv'd* † *be my*

For

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For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards *London*, cooſin is it ſo?
Bull. Yea my good lord.
King. Then I muſt not ſay no. *Exeunt.* *

Enter the queene with her attendants †

Que. What ſport ſhall we deuiſe heere in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.
Que. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam weele daunce.
Que. My legs can keepe no meaſure in delight,
When my poore heart no meaſure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam weele tell tales.
Que. Of ſorrow or of griefe?
Lady. Of either madam.
Que. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither *ſadd* ‡
It addes more ſorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady. Madam Ile ſing.
Que. Tis well that thou haſt cauſe,
But thou ſhouldſt pleaſe me better wouldſt thou weepe.
Lady. I could weepe madam, would it do you good.
Quee. And I could ſing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borow any teare of thee.
But ſtay, heere commeth the gardiners,

* *Scæna Quinta.* † *and two ladies* ‡ *had*

Lets

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Lets ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.
My wretchednesſe vnto a row of *pines* *.
They will talke of ſtate, for euery one doth ſo,
Againſt a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Enter gardiners †.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling apricockes,
Which like vnruly children make their ſire
Stoope with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight:
Giue ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Goe thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of *two* ‡ faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth:
All muſt be euen in our gouerment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noyſome weedes that without profit ſucke
The ſoyles fertilitie from holſome flowers.

Man ‖. Why ſhould we in the compaſſe of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing *in* § a modell our firme *eſtate* ††.
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes; her faireſt flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her knots diſordered, and her holeſome hearbes
Swarming with caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath ſuffred this diſordered ſpring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the fall of leafe:
The weedes that his broad ſpreading leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are *puld* ‖‖ vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the earle of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhie*, *Greene*.

* *pinnes* † *gardiner and two ſeruants* ‡ *too* ‖ *Ser.* § *as in* †† *ſtate* ‖‖ *pluckt*

Man.

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Man *. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeizd the waſtfull king.
Oh what pittie it is, that he *had not ſo* † trimde
And dreſt his land; as we this garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the ſkinne of our fruit trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with ſappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe.
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of duetie: *ſuperfluous* ‡ branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the crowne,
Which waſte *of* ‖ idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man §. What, thinke you the king ſhall be depoſde?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depoſde
T'is *doubt* ** he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of *the* †† duke of *Yorkes*,
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking
Thou old *Adams* likenes ſet to dreſſe this garden,
How dares thy harſh *rude* ‡‡ tongue ſound this vnpleaſing (newes;
What *Eue?* what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay king *Richard* is depoſde?
Darſt thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downe fall? ſay, where, when, and how
Camſt thou by this ill tidinges? ſpeake thou wretch?
Gard. Pardon me madam, little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes, yet what I ſay is true:
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are *weyde* ‖‖.

* *Sir* † *hath not* ‡ *all ſuperfluous* ‖ *and* § *Sir.* ** *doubted*
†† *the good* ‡‡ *rude* omitted ‖‖ *weigh'd*

In

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In your *lo.* * ſcale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the *Engliſh* peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes king *Richard* downe.
Poſt you to *London*, and you will finde it ſo;
I ſpeake no more then euery one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchaunce, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that *knowes* † it? oh thou thinkeſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt: come ladyes, goe
To meete at *London*, *Londons* king in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my ſadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me *theſe* ‡ newes of woe,
Pray God ‖, the plants thou graftſt may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe
I would my ſkill were ſubiect to thy curſe,
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile ſet a bancke of rewſowre hearbe-of-grace:
Rew, euen for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In § remembrance of a weeping queene. ‖‖

†† *Enter* Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, *and others.*

Bull. Call, foorth *Bagot.*

Enter Bagot.

Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glocеſters* death,

* *lords* † *know* ‡ *this* ‖ *I would* § *In the* ‖‖ *Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.* †† *Enter as to the parliament,* Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Carlile, *abbot of* Weſtminſter, *herald, officers, and* Bagot.

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Who wrought it with the king, and who performde
The bloodie office of his timeleſſe end?
Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle.*
Bull. Coſin, ſtand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot. My lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnſay *what once it hath* * deliuered:
In that dead time when *Gloceſters* death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull *Engliſh* court
As farre as *Callice* to mine vnckles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to *England,* adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your coſins death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwere ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honour *foyld* ‡
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall ſeale of death,
That markes thee out for hell: thou lieſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly ſword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath moued me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle,* in gage to thine;
By that faire ſunne that ſhewes me where thou ſtandſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpakſt it,

* *what it hath once.* ‡ *ſpoil'd.*

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That thou wert cauſe of noble *Gloceſters* death:
If thou denieſt it twentie times, thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darſt not (coward) liue *I* * to ſee the day.

Fitz. Now by my ſoule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. *Fitzwaters*, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. *Aumerle*, thou lieſt, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniuſt,
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing, ſeize it if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off.
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull ſteele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

† *Another L. I take the earth to the like* (*forſworne* Aumerle)
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From ſinne to ſinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heauen Ile throw at all.
I haue a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Sur. My lord *Fitzwater*, I doe remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.

Fitz. ‖ Tis very true, you were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me this is true.

Sur. As falſe by heauen, as heauen it ſelfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie, thou lieſt.

Sur. Diſhonourable boy, that ly ſhall ly ſo heauie on my (ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,

* *I* omitted. † Theſe lines are omitted in the laſt edition.
‖ *My lord, tis*, &c.

In

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In earth as quiet as thy fathers ſcull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darſt.
Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet *Surry* in a wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is *my* * bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I *intend* † to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heare the baniſhed *Norfolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke *of* ‡ *Callice*.
Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his lands and ſignories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall *neuer* § be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht *Norfolke* fought
For *Ieſus Chriſt*, in glorious chriſtian field,
Streaming the enſigne of the chriſtian croſſe,
Againſt blacke *Pagans*, *Turkes*, and *Saracens*,
And toyld with workes of warre, retir'd himſelfe
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gaue
His body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his captaine *Chriſt*,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

* *the.* † *intended.* ‡ *at.* § *m're.*

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Bull. Why biſhop, is *Norffolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my lord.
Bull. Sweet peece conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old *Abraham:* lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee heire, and his high ſcepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie, fourth of that name* *.
Bul. In Gods name, Ile aſcend the regall throne.
Carl. Marry *God* † forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence *I may* ‡ ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth:
Would *God* ⸸ any in this noble preſence.
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
Of noble *Richard:* then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his king?
And who *ſits* ‖ heere that is not *Richards* ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods maieſtie,
His captaine, ſteward, deputie, elect,
Annointed, *crowned* §, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by *ſubiect* ** and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? oh *forfend* †† it God,
That in a chriſtian climate ſoules refinde,

* *of that name the fourth.* † *Heaven.* ‡ *may I.* ⸸ *God that.* ‖ *ſits not.*
§ *crown'd and.* ** *ſubjects.* †† *forbid.*

Should

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Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deede.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by *God* * thus boldly for his king.
My lord of *Hereford* here whom you call king,
Is a foule traitor to proud *Herefords* king,
And if you crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with *Turkes* and infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
The field of *Golgotha* and dead mens ſkuls.
Oh if you *raiſe* † this houſe againſt *his* ‡ houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion prooue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childs children crie againſt you woe.

North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.

‖ *May it pleaſe you lords, to graunt the* comm on §*ſuite*,
Fetch hither Richard, *that in common view*
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.

Yorke. I will be his conduct.

Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your daies of anſwere;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

* *Heauen.* † *reare.* ‡ *this.* ‖ Theſe lines in Italicks were all added ſince the edition in 1598. § *commons.*

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Enter king Richard.

Rich. *Alacke why am I ſent for to a king,*
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd: I hardlie yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes * ?
Giue ſorrow leaue a while to tutor me † *to this ſubmiſſion:*
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes crie al haile
To me? ſo Iudas *did to* Chriſt; *but he in twelue,*
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the king, will no man ſay amen:
Am I both prieſt and clarke; well then, amen.
God ſaue the king, although I be not hee,
And yet amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what ſeruice am I ſent for hither:

Yorke. *To do that office of thine owne good will,*
Which tired maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crowne
To Harry Bullingbrooke.

Rich. Seaze the crowne ‡.
Heere coſin, on this ſide my hand, and on that ſide yours ‖:
Now is this golden crowne like a deepe well,
That owes two buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene, and full of water:
That bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you mount vp on high.

Bul. *I thought you had been willing to reſigne?*

Ric. *My crowne I am, but ſtill my griefes are mine:*
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefes, ſtill am I king of thoſe.

Bul. *Part of your cares you giue me with your crown.*

* *knee.* † *to returne.* ‡ *Giue me the crown here coſin.* ‖ *thine.*

Rich.

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Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is loſſe of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Bul. Are you contented to reſigne the crowne?
Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme *,
With mine owne hands I giue away my crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my ſacred ſtate,
With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites †,
All pompe and maieſtie I doe forſweare,
My mannors, rents, reuenewes I forgee,
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I denie.
God pardon all oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all vowes vnbroke that ſweare ‡ *to thee:*
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
Long mayſt thou liue in Richards *ſeat to ſit,*
And ſoone lie Richard *in an earthly pit:*
God ſaue king Harry *vnkingd* Richard *ſaies,*
And ſend him many yeeres of ſun-ſhine daies.
What more remaines?
North. No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grieuous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profite of this land;

* *blame.* † *duteous oths.* ‡ *are made.*

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That by confeſſing them, the ſoules of men
May deeme that you are worthily depoſde.
Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My weaud vp folly * *gentle* Northumberland?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not ſhame thee in ſo faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldſt,
There ſhouldſt thou find one hainous article,
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay ‖ *of you that ſtand and looke vpon,*
Whilſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bate † *my ſelfe;*
Though ſome of you (with Pilate*) waſh your hands,*
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my ſowre croſſe,
And water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
North. My lord diſpatch, read ore theſe articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my ſelfe,
I find my ſelfe a traitor with the reſt;
For I haue giuen here my ſoules conſent
To vndocke the pompous body of a king;
Made glorie baſe, and ſoueraigntie ‡ *a ſlaue;*
Proud maieſtie a ſubiect, ſtate a peaſant.
North. My lord.
Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught inſulting man,
Nor no mans lord; I haue no name, no title,
No not that name was giuen me at the font,
But tis vſurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne ſo many winters out,

* *follies.* ‖ *Nay all.* † *bait.* ‡ *a ſoueraigne.*

And

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And know not now, what name to call my ſelfe,
O that I were a mockerie king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſunne of Bullingbrooke,
To melt my ſelfe away in water drops.
Good king, great king; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be ſtarling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither ſtraite
That it may ſhew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his maieſtie.
Bul. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſſe.
North. Read ore this paper while the glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be ſatisfied.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe ſee the very booke indeed.
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe, *
Giue me the glaſſe †: *no deeper wrinkles yet?*
Hath ſorrow ſtroke ſo many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?
Oh flattering glaſſe, like to my followers in proſperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houſhold roofe did keepe ten thouſand men?
Was this the face that faaſt ſo many follies,
And was at laſt out-faaſt by Bullingbrooke?
A brittle glorie ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred ſhiuers:
Marke ſilent king the morall of this ſpor,
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroyd my face.
Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroyd
The ſhadow of your face.

* *Enter one with a glaſſe.* † *Giue me that glaſſe and therein will I reade.*

Rich.

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Rich. Say that againe: the ſhadow of my ſorrow;
Ha lets ſee: tis very true, my griefe
Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſcene.
Griefe that ſwells with ſilence in the tortured ſoule: *
And I thank thee king *that not onely giueſt*
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more. ‖
Bull. Name it faire coſin.
Rich. Faire coſe, why §? *I am greater then a king.*
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ** *ſubiects*
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a king heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.
Bul. Yet aſke.
Rich. And ſhall I haue it †† ?
Bul. You ſhall.
Rich. Why ‖‖ *then giue me leaue to goe.*
Bul. Whither?
Ric. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Bul. Goe ſome of you conuay him to the tower.
Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true kings fall.
§§ *Bul. On* Wedneſday *next we ſolemnely ſet downe,*
Our coronation; lords prepare your ſelues.

Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.

* *There lies the ſubſtance, and I thank thee king for thy great bounty, that, &c.* fourth edition. ‖ *Shall I obtaine it?* § *Coſin I am.* ** *my.* †† *it* omitted. ‖‖ *Why* omitted. §§ *Let it be ſo, and loe on Wedneſday next, We ſolemnly proclaime our coronation. Lords be ready all.* First Edition.

Aum.

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Aum. You holy clergiemen, is there no plot,
To rid the realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. * Before I freely ſpeake my mind heerein,
You ſhall not onely take the ſacrament
To bury mine intent, but alſo effect
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.* †

Enter queene, with her attendants ‡.

Queene. This way the king will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill erected tower.
To whoſe flint boſome my condemned lord
Is doomde a priſoner by proud *Bullingbrooke.*
Heere let vs reſt, if this rebellious earth
Haue any reſting for her true kings queene.

Enter Richard. ‖

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather, do not ſee,
My faire roſe wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to deaw,
And waſh him freſh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell where old *Troy* did ſtand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou king *Richards* toombe:
And not king *Richard:* thou moſt beauteous inne,
Why ſhould hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouſe gueſt?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden, learne good ſoule,

* *My lord before,* &c. † *Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.* ‡ *and ladies.* ‖ *and guard.*

To

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To thinke our former ſtate a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am ſworne (brother ſweete)
To grimme neceſſitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. *Hie* * thee to *France*,
And cloyſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new worlds crowne,
Which our prophane houres here, haue *throwne* † downe.

Queene. What is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depoſd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lyon dying thruſteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage,
To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildly kiſſe the rodde,
And fawne on rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a lyon, and a king of beaſts?

King. A king of beaſts indeed, if aught but *beaſts* †
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good (ſometime queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In winters tedious *nights* ‡ ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid *good* ‖ to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable *tale* § of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will *ſimpathy* **
The heauy accent of *thy* †† mooning tongue,
And in compaſſion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull king.

* *High.* † *ſtricken.* † *beaſt.* ‡ *night.* ‖ *good night.* § *fall.* ** *ſimpathiſe.* †† *my.*

Enter

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Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not vnto the tower.
And madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to *France.*
King. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my throne.
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull kings, will know againe,
Beeing nere ſo little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne,
The loue of wicked *men* * conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't (bad men) you violate
A twofold mariage, *betwixt* † my crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the north,
Where ſhiuering cold and ſickeneſſe pines the clime:
My wife to *France*, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or ſhortſt of day.
Que. And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart

* *friends.* † *twixt.*

Queen.

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Queen. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the king with me.
King. That were ſome loue, but little policie.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe *for* * me in *France*, I for thee here,
Better farre off then neere be *neare* † the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
King. Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queen. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King. We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.* ‡

Enter duke of Yorke *and the dutcheſſe.*

Dut. My lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the *ſtory* ‖
Of our two coſins comming into *London*.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Dutc. At that ſad ſtop my lord,
Where rude miſgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king *Richards* head.
Yorke. Then (as I ſaid) the duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie ſteede,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeemd to know
With ſlow, but ſtately pace kept on his courſe,

* *thou for.* † *ncre.* ‡ *Scena Secunda.* ‖ *ſtory off.*

While

While all tongues cride, God ſaue *the* * *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very windowes ſpake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage, and that all the walles,
With painted imagery had ſayd at once,
Ieſu preſerue *the** welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilſt he from the one ſide to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud ſteeds necke
Beſpake them thus, I thanke you countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Du. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?

Yorke. As in a theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced actor leaues the ſtage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen ſo, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did ſcoule on *gentle* † *Richard*, no man cried God ſaue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne vpon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for ſome ſtrong purpoſe ſteeld
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce haue melted,
And barbariſme it ſelfe haue pittied him:
But heauen hath a hand in theſe euents,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke* are we ſworne ſubiect now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for aye allow.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.

* *thee*. † *gentle* omitted.

Enter

Enter Aum.

Yorke. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* friend:
And madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in parliament pledge for his trueth
And laſting fealtie to the new made king.
Dut. Welcome my ſonne, who *art* * the violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lappe of the new-come ſpring.
Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from *Oxford? do theſe iuſts and triumphs hold*† ?
Aum. For aught I know (my lord) they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not I purpoſe ſo.
Yorke. What ſeale is that that hangs without thy boſome
Yea, lookſt thou pale? let mee ſee the writting.
Aum. My lord tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who *ſee* ‡ it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writting.
Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not haue ſeene.
Yorke. Which for ſome reaſons (ſir) I meane to ſee.
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What ſhould you feare?
Tis nothing but ſome band that he is entred into
For gay apparrel againſt the triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himſelfe, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, *thou art* ‖ a foole;
Boy, let me ſee the writting.

* *are.* † *bold theſe iuſts and triumphs.* ‡ *ſees.* ‖ *you are.*

Aum.

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Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
Yorke. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay:
He pluckes it out of his boſome, and reads it.
Treaſon, foule treaſon: villaine, traytor, ſlaue.
Dut. What is the matter, my lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? ſaddle my horſe:
God * for his mercy! what trechery is heere?
Du. Why, what is it my lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I ſay, ſadle my horſe,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foliſh woman.
Dutc. I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle* †?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwere.
Dutch. Thy life anſwere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the king.

His man enters with his bootes ‡.

Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my ſight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I ſay.
Du. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Haue we more ſonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire ſonne from mine age,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conſpiracie?

* *Heaven.* † *ſon?* ‡ *Enter ſervant with boots.*

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A doozen of them heere, haue tane the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet downe their hands,
To kill the king at *Oxford.*

Du. He ſhall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my ſon,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadſt thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldſt be more pittifull:
But now I know thy mind, thou doſt ſuſpect
That I haue beene diſloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:
Sweete *Yorke,* ſweete huſband be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*

Du. After *Aumerle:* mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spur, poſt, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *Yorke,*
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardoned thee, away, be gone. *

† *Enter the king with his nobles.* §

King H. Can no man tell *me* ‡ of my vnthriftie ſonne?
Tis full three months ſince I did ſee him laſt;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to *God* ‖ my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at *London,* mongſt the tauernes there,
For there they ſay, he dayly doth frequent,

* *Exeunt.* † *Scæna Tertia.* § *Enter* Bullingbrooke, Percy, *and other lords.* ‡ *me* omitted. ‖ *Heaven.*

With

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With vnreſtrained looſe companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And *beate* * our watch, and *robbe* † our paſſengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to ſupport ſo diſſolute a crew
H. Per. My lord, ſome two daies ſince I ſaw the prince
And told him of *thoſe* ‡ triumphs held at *Oxford.*
King. And what ſaid the gallant?
Percie. His anſwere was, he would to the ſtewes,
And from the commoneſt creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.
King H. As diſſolute as deſperate, yet through both
I ſee ſome *ſparkles* ‖ of better hope, which elder *yeares* §
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle *amazed* **.

Aum. Where is the king?
King H. What meanes *our* †† cooſin that he ſtares and looks ſo wildly?
Aum. God ſaue your grace; I do beſeech your maieſty,
To haue ſome conference with your grace alone.
King. Withdraw your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our cooſin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon ere I riſe or ſpeake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till *my* ‡‡ tale be done.

* *robbe.* † *beat.* ‡ *theſe.* ‖ *ſparks.* § *days.* ** *amazed* omitted.
†† *my.* ‡‡ *the.*

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King. Haue thy deſire.

The duke of Yorke *knocks at the doore and cryeth.*

Yorke My liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
King. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.
Au Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to feare
Yorke Open the doore, ſecure foole, hardy king:
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *
King. What is the matter vnckle, ſpeake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know,
The *treaſon* † that my haſt forbids me ſhow.
Au. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe:
I tore it from the traitors boſome (king)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, leſt thy pitty prooue
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to thee heart.
King. O heynous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous ſonne!
Thou ſheere immaculate and ſiluer fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame through muddie paſſages
Hath *hald* ‡ his current, and defilde himſelfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy aboundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſonne.
Yorke. So ſhall my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honor, with his ſhame,

* *Enter* Yorke. † *reaſon*. ‡ *had, held.*

As

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As thriftles ſonnes, their ſcraping fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſhamde life in his diſhonor lies:
Thou kilſt me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death. *
Dutch. What ho, my liege for *Gods* † ſake let me in.
King. What ſhrill voyc'd ſuppliant makes this eger cry?
Dutc. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A begger begs, that neuer begd before.
King. Our ſcene is altered from a ſerious thing,
And now changde to the beggar and the king:
My dangerous cooſin, let your mother in,
I know ſhe is come, to pray for your foule ſinne.
Yorke. If thou do pardon whoſoeuer pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiuenes, proſper may:
This feſtred ioynt cut off, the reſt *reſt* ‡ ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound. ‖
Dut. Oh king, beleeue not this hard-harted man:
Loue louing not it ſelfe, none other can.
Yorke. Thou franticke woman, what doſt thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?
Dut. Sweete *Yorke* be patient; heare me gentle liege.
King H. Riſe vp good aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beſeech,
For euer will I *walke* § vpon my knees,
And neuer ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.
Au. Vnto my mothers praiers I bend my knee.
Yorke. Againſt them both my true ioynts bended be,
** *Ill mayſt thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.*

* Dutcheſſe within. † *Heauen.* ‡ *reſts.* ‖ Enter dutcheſſe. § *kneele.* ** omitted.

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Dutc. Pleades he in earneſt? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in ieſt,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe I know,
Our knees ſtill kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocryſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let *them* * haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good aunt ſtand vp.

Dutc. Nay, doe not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say † pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon king, let pittie teach the how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete;
No word like pardon for kings mouthes ſo meete.

Yorke. Speake it in *French*, king ſay, *Pardonne moy.*

Dutc. Doſt thou teach pardon? pardon to deſtroy:
Ah my ſowre huſband, my hard hearted lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the w rd;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping *French* we do not vnderſtand:
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how *our* ‡ plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may mooue thee pardon to rehearſe.

King H. Good aunt ſtand vp.

Dutch. I doe not ſue to ſtand;
Pardon is all the ſute I haue in hand.

* *him.* † *But.* ‡ *your.*

King.

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King. I pardon him as God ſhall pardon me.
Dutc. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.
Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe;
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
King. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
King. But for our truſtie brother in law *and* * the abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtrait ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vnckle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To *Oxford,* or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once *know* † where.
Vnckle farewell, and *coſin* ‡ adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
Dutc. Come my old ſonne, I pray *God* ‖ make thee new.

Exeunt. *Manet Sir* Pierce Exton, *&c.* §

Exton. Didſt thou not marke the *K* **. what words he ſpake
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?
Man. *Theſe* †† were his *very* ‡‡ words.
Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
Man. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly lookt on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the king at *Pomfret.* Come, lets go,
I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.* |||

* *and* omitted. † *knew.* ‡ *coſin too.* ‖ *Heaven.* § *Enter* Exton *and Servant.* ** *king.* †† *Thoſe.* ‡‡ *very* omitted. ||| *Scæna Quarta.*

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Enter Richard *alone.*

Rich. I haue been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my ſoule;
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the *word* * *is* † ſelfe
Againſt *thy word* ‡, as thus: come little ones, and then againe
It is as hard to come as for a cammell
To thread the *ſmall* ‖ poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders: how theſe vaine weake nayles
May teare a paſſage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars;
Who ſitting in the ſtockes, *refnuge* § their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a king,

* *faith.* † *it.* ‡ *the faith.* ‖ *ſmall* omitted. § *refuge, refute.*

Then

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Then treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a king;
Then am I a *king* * againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I *be* †,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing, ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing muſicke do I heare; *muſicke plaies.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete muſicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of *care* ‡
To *checke* ‖ time broke in diſordered ſtring:
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me:
For now hath time *made* § his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighes they iarre,
There watches *on vnto* ** mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger like a dials point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what howre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo ſighes, and teares, and groanes,
Shew minutes, *times, and houres* ††: *but* ‡‡ my time
Runnes poſting on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke:
This muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it *hath* ‖‖ holp madde men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men madde.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me,

* *king'd.* † *am.* ‡ *care.* ‖ *heare.* § *made me.* ** *to.* †† *houres and times.* ‡‡ *ob but.* ‖‖ *have.*

For

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For t'is a ſigne of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a groome of the ſtable *.

Groome. Haile royall prince.

Rich. Thanks noble peere:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commeſt thou hither,
Where no man euer comes but that ſad dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert king: who trauelling towards *Yorke*,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my ſometimes royall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In *London* ſtreets that coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on roane *Barbarie*,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on *Barbarie*, tell me gentle friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudlie, as if *he* † diſdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride muſt haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiueneſſe horſe, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Waſt borne to beare, I was not made a horſe,
And yet I beare a burthen like an aſſe,
Spurde, galde ‡, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

* omitted. † *he had.* ‡ *Spur-gall'd.*

Keeper.

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* *Keeper.* Fellow giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay.
Exit groome.

Enter one to *Richard* with meat †.

Keeper. My lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall to?
Rich. Taſt of it firſt, as thou *wert* ‡ wont to do.
Keeper. My lord I dare not, ſir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take *Henry* of *Lancaſter* and thee:
Patience is ſtale, and I am wearie of it.
Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers ruſh in.

Rich. How now, what meanes death in this rude aſſault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths inſtrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

Here Exton *ſtrikes him downe.*

Rich. That hand ſhall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings blood ſtaind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is vp on hie,
Whilſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downeward heere to die.
Exton. As full of valour, as of royall blood:
Both haue I ſpild; oh would the deed were good!
For now the deuill that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the liuing king Ile beare,
Take hence the reſt, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.* ‖

* *Enter keeper with a diſh.* † *keeper with a diſh.* ‡ *art.* [*Scæna Quinta.*

Enter

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Enter Bullingbrooke *with the duke of* Yorke. §

King. *Kind* * vncle *Yorke*, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue conſumed with fire
Our *towne* † *Ciceter* in *Glocesterſhire:*
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not:
Welcome my lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſſe;
The next newes is, I haue to *London* ſent
The heads of *Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:* ‡
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.
King. We thanke thee gentle *Percie* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter lord Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I haue from *Oxford* ſent to *London*,
The heads of *Broccas*, and ſir *Benet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traytors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire ouerthrow.
King. Thy paines *Fitz* ‖: ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie. §§

Per. The graund conſpirator abbot of *Weſtminſter*,
With clogge of conſcience and ſowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue;
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.

§ *Flouriſh.* *Enter* Bullingbrooke, Yorke, *with other lords and attendants.*
* *Kind* omitted. † *towne of.* ‡ *Salisburie, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.* ‖ *Fitzwater.* §§ *and* Carlile.

King.

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King. Carleil, this is your doome,
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy *life* *,
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemie thou haſt euer been,
High ſparkes of honour in thee *haue I* † ſeene.

Enter Exton *with the coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.
King. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your owne mouth (my *lo* ‡.) did I this deed
King. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princelie fauour:
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinckle me *to* ‖ make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for *what* § I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the *Holy Land*,
To waſh this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely beere.

* *ſilf.* † *I haue.* ‡ *lord.* ‖ *and.* § *that.*

F I N I S.

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THE HISTORY OF HENRY the Fourth,

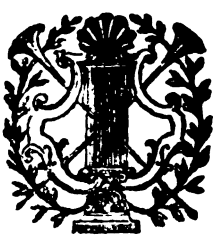
WITH THE

Battell at *Shrewſeburie*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henrie Percy*, ſurnamed *Henrie Hotſpur* of the *North*.

With the Humorous Conceites of

Sir *IOHN FALSTAFFE*.

Newly corrected by W. SHAKESPEARE.



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The HISTORIE of HENRIE the Fourth.

Enter the king, lord Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *earle of* Weſtmerland, *with others.*

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broiles
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching warre channel her fields,
Nor bruſe her *flourets* * with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maiſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the ſepulchre of *Chriſt*,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe,
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Foorthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuy,

* *flowers.*

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Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fieldes,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,
Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe:
But this our purpoſe *is* * twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our counſell did decree,
In forwarding *this* † deere expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herdfordſhire* to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that *Welchman* taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameles transformation
By thoſe *Welchwomen* done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the *Holy Land*.

Weſt. This matcht with other *like* ‡, my gracious L.
Far ‖ more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the north, and thus it did *report* §:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That *euer* ⊥ valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend

* *is but.* † *his.* ‡ *did.* ‖ *For.* § *import.* ⊥ *very.*

A ſad

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A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillarie,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,
Stainde with the variation of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcome newes,
The earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twentie knights
Balkt in their owne blood did ſir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* plaines: of priſoners *Hotſpur* tooke
Mordake earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas* and the earle of *Atholl*
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? ha, cooſen is it not? in fayth it is.
Weſt. A conqueſt for a prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſinne
In enuy, that my lord *Northumberland*,
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A ſonne, who is the theame of honours tongue,
Amongſt a groue, the very ſtraighteſt plant,
Who is ſweete fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchangde
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,

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But let him from my thoughtes: what thinke you coſe
Of this young *Percies* pride? the priſoners
Which he in this aduenture had ſurpriſde,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſendes me word
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* earle of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his vnckles teaching; this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpectes:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of youth againſt your dignitie.

King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.
Cooſen, on *Wedneſday* next, our counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo *informer* * the lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter prince of Wales *and ſir* Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawdes, and dials the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaund the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, goe by the moone *and* † ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee

* *informe.* † *and the.*

ſweete

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ſweete wagge, when thou art king, as God ſaue thy grace; maieſty I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince, Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs that are ſquires of the nights body, be called theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* forreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtris the moone; vnder whoſe countenaunce we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone; as for proofe. Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutly ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the lord thou ſaieſt true lad: and is not my hoſteſſe of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buffe ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my hoſteſſe of the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

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Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch; and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhal there be gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art king? and reſolution thus *fubd* * as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law: doe not thou when thou art a king, hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Falſ. Well *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb cat, or a lugd beare.

Prin. Or an old lion, or a louers lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

Prin. What ſayeſt thou to a hare, or the melancholy of *Moore-ditch?*

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſimiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir: but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreetes, and no man regardes it.

* *ſnubd.*

Falſ.

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Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgiue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a kings ſonne in *Chriſtendome*.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and baffel me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poines.

Poines. Now ſhall we know if *Gads-hill* haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hall.* What ſayes monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir *Iohn* ſacke and ſugar, *Iacke?* how agrees the diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſouldeſt him on *Good-friday* laſt, for a cup of *Madera* and a cold capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer *yet* * a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for coſening the deuil.

* *yet* omitted.

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Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads hil*, there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offrings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: *Gads-hil* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Thers neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then once in my dayes Ile be a mad cap.

Falſ. Why thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art (king.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue, and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance: farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel *Alhollowne* ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe*, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that

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that we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this *head* * from my ſhoulders.

Princ. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchiued, but weele ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be ourſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: and ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaſke our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them I know *thē* † to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fatte rogue will tel vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of *this* ‡ lies the ieſt.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in *Eaſtcheape*, there Ile ſuppe: farewell.

Boy. Farewell my lord. *Exit* Poynes.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idleneſſe
Yet herein will I immitate the ſunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,

* *head off.* † *them* omitted. ‡ *theſe.*

That

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That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a ſullin ground,
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the king, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *ſir* Walter Blunt *with others.*

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle; ſoft as yong downe,
And therfore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule nere payes but to the proud.
Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne leige) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor.

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Nor. My lord.

King. *Worceſter* get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye,
O ſir your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a *ſeruant* * brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit* Wor.
You were about to ſpeake.

Nort. Yea my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſſe name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denied,
As *he* † deliuered to your maieſty.
Either enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.

Hotſ. My liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridgroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkte,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,

* *ſeruants.* † *is*

With

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With many holy day and lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſke, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a ſouldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my lord)
I anſwered indirectely (as I ſayd)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my lord
What er'e *Harrie Percie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reſonablie die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight

His

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His brother in law, the foliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the earle of *March*,
Hath lately married? ſhall our coffers then,
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſke me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer?*
He neuer did fall off, my ſoueraigne liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed woundes which valiantly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuerns* ſiedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times they did drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuerns* floud
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.

King.

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King. Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the-diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit king.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all *theſe* † veines.
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt;
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale;
And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

* *Enter* Wor. † *thoſe.*

Wor.

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Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?
Nor. He was; I heard the proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy king,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,
Liue ſcandaliz'd and fouly ſpoken off.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did king *Richard* then
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his coſin king,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?
O pardon *if that I* * deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil king.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet louely roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke?*

* *me that I.*

And

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And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnder-went?
No, yet times ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he *owes* * you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace coſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read *your* † matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o're walke a current roring lowd,
On the *vnſteadfaſt* ‡ footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwim,
Send danger from the eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the north to ſouth,
And let them grapple: *the* ‖ bloud more ſtirres
To rowſe a lion then to ſtart a hare.

North Immagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience.

Hot. By heauen me thinkes it weare an eaſie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where ſadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

* *owes to.* † *you.* ‡ *unſteadful.* ‖ *O the.*

Wor.

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Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good cooſen giue me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.
Ile keepe them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbade my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile haue a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you cooſin, a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*.
And that ſame ſword and buckler prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare

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Of this vile polititian *Bullingbrooke.*
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glocesterſhire*;
Twas where the mad-cap duke his vncle kept,
His vncle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this king of ſmiles, this *Bullingbrooke:*
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenſpurgh,*
Nor. At *Barkly* caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true.
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy,* and kind cooſin:
O, the diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if yon haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done yfayth.
Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland,* which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble prelate, welbelou'd,
The archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke,* is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the lord *Scroope:*
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,

And

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And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aymd.
Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heades, by rayſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.
Hot. He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and *loe* *, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewell good brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fieldes, and blowes, and grones, applaud our ſport.
Exeunt.

* *w.*

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Enter a carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new chimny, and yet our horſe not packt. What oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poor iades the bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* oſtler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of oates roſe, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* roade for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſſe there is neare a king chriſten, could be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, *you** will allow vs nere a iordaine, and then we leake in your chimny, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.

1 *Car.* Gods body, the turkies in my panier are quite ſtarued: what oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hangd, haſt no fayth in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow carriers, what's a clocke?

* *they.*

Car.

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Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantherne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I fayth.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra carrier, what time doe you meane to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call vp the gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Exeunt.

Enter chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the chamberlaine, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, theres a franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for egges and butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt ſaint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſehood may.

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Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou knowes he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other *Troians* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their owne credit ſake, make al whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe madde muſtachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility, and tranquility, burgomaſters and great oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as wil ſtrike ſooner thē ſpeake, and ſpeak ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner thē pray; and yet (zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their bootes? will ſhee hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a caſtle, cockſure; we haue the receit of fernefeed, we walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to fernefeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a cōmon name to all men: bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, *and* Peto, *&c.*

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remooued *Falſtaffes* horſe, and he frets like a gum'd veluet.

Prince.

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Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falſ. Poines, Poines, and be hangd *Poines.*

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe?

Falſ. What *Poines, Hal?*

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the *ſquire** further a foote, I ſhal break my winde: well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am bewitcht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal,* a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto,* Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horſe, you rogues, Giue me my horſe, and be hangd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine own fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the coyne in thy fathers exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

* *ſquaire.*

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Prince. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horſe, Good kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne haire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not ballades made *on* * all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee; on with your vizards, ther's mony of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prin. What! a coward ſir *Iohn Pawnch?*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant our* † grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

* *on you.* † *your.*

Poynes.

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Poynes. Sirra *Iacke*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him: farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poynes. Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, euery man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes downe the hil, weele walke a foote a while, and eaſe our leggs.

Theeues. Stay *.

Tra. Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon caterpillars bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now conlde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

* *Stand.*

Enter

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Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the prince and *Poynes* be not two arrant cowardes, there's no equity ſtirring, theres no more valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wild duck.

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the prince and Poines *ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and* Falſtaffe *after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away good *Ned*, *Falſtaffe ſweares* * to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poines. How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur *ſolus, reading a letter.*

But for mine owne part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friendes you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

* *ſweates.*

Say

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Say you ſo, ſay you ſo, I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our *frind* * true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty ſpirited rogue is this? why, my lord of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action zounds and I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Dowglas*? Haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? what a *Pagan* raſcall is this, and infidell? ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of ſkim milke with ſo honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared, I will ſet forward to night.

Enter his lady.

How now *Kate*, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell mee, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by *thee* † watcht,

* *friends.* † *thee haue.*

And

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And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding ſteed,
Cry courage to the field: and thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies; and retires, *trenches* *, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſiliſks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldeirs ſlaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy ſpirit within thee hath bin ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat *hath* † ſtood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue apeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſines hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Ser. He is my lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriffe?

Ser. One horſe, my lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horſe? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?

Ser. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roane ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him foorth into the parke.

La. But heare you my lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. What, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer*

* *of trenches.* † *haue.*

doth

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doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aſke: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*; what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe back, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Katè*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo fare will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I goe, thither ſhall you goe too:

To

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To day will I ſet *foorth* * to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate?*

Lady. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter prince and Poines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where haſt been *Hal?*

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongſt three or foure ſcore hogs-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their chriſtian names, as *Tom, Dicke,* and *Francis:* they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be but prince of *Wales,* yet I am the king of curteſie; and tell mee flatly, I am *not* † proud *Iack,* like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*; a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord ſo they call me) and when I am king of *England,* I ſhall commande all the good lads in *Eaſtcheape.* They call drinking deepe, dying ſcarlet: and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any tinker in his owne language during my life. *I* ‡ tell thee *Ned,* thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*; to ſweeten which name of *Ned,* I giue thee this peniworth of ſugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder ſkinker, one that neuer ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, then *eight ſhillinges and ſixe pence:* and, *you are welcome,* with this ſhrill addition, *anon, anon ſir; ſkore a pint of baſtard in the halfe moone,* or ſo, But *Ned,* to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by roome, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the ſugar,

* *forward.* † *no.* ‡ *I will.*

and

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and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anon: ſteppe aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. Francis.

Enter drawer.

Fra. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the pomgarnet, *Ralfe.*

Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to—

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of pewter: but *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O lord ſir, Ile beſworne vpon *all* * bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be—

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was *a* † penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aſke mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone.

* *all the.* † *but a.*

Prince.

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Prince. Anone *Francis?* no *Francis,* but to morrow *Francis:* or *Francis,* on *Thurſeday:* or indeed *Francis,* when thou wilt: but *Francis.*

Francis. My lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leatherne ierkin, chriſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, caddice garter, ſmooth tongue, *Spaniſh* pouch.

Francis. O lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your browne baſtarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis,* your white canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir;

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the drawer ſtandes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter vintner.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to the gheſtes within. My lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the doore: *Poines.*

Poines. Anone, anone ſir.

Enter Poines.

Prince. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the drawer; come, what's the iſſue?

Princ. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of goodman *Adam,* to the pupill

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pupill age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis?*

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Princ. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a parret, and yet the ſon of a woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the north, he that kils me ſome ſixe or ſeuen dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his handes, and ſayes to his wife, fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? giue my roane horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſweres, ſome forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde brawne ſhall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, ſaies the drunkard: cal in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance to, marry and amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile ſowe neatherſtocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pittiful harted *Titan* that melted at the ſweete tale of the ſunne? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, heres lime in this ſack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe thē a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpō the face of the earth, then am I a

* He drinketh.

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ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay: I would I were a weauer, I could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now wolſacke, what mutter you?

Falſ. A kings ſonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy ſubiectes afore thee like a flocke of wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damnde eare I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of ſack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wip'd ſince thou drunkſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards ſtill ſay I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal.

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Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by myracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, foure through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hackt like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a *Iew* elſe, an *Ebrew Iew.*

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought yee with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke,* then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poines. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſ. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them, two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſuites: I tel thee what, *Hal,* if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; cal me horſe: thou knoweſt my old *word**: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaid'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſ. Foure *Hal,* I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid foure.

* *warde.*

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Falſ. Theſe foure came all a front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Princ. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſ. In buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in buckrome ſuites.

Falſ. Seuen, by theſe hiltes, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare me *Hal?*

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken.

Poynes. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three miſ-begotte knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, what ſaiſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon *Iacke*, your reaſon.

Fal.

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Fal. What, vpon compulſion? zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiō? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats *tong**, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, and when thou haſt *tried* † thy ſelfe in baſe compariſōs, heare me ſpeak but *thus* ‡.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke.*

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure and bound them, and were maiſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it, yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and ſtill run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight? what tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. What heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to kill the heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true prince? why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware

* *tong, you* † *tired.* ‡ *this.*

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inſtinct, the lion will not touch the true prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, and thou loueſt me.

Enter hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. O Ieſu, my lord the prince!

Prin. How now my lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? ſhall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falſ. Fayth, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true prince, no fie.

Bar. Fayth, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

Prince. Fayth, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* ſword ſo hackt?

Peto.

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Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeares before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Princ. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blows a man vp like a bladder. There's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you muſt goe to the court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a *Welch* hooke; what a plague call you him?

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Poin. O, *Glendower.*

Falſ. Owen, Owen *, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scottes Dowglas*, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtoll killes a ſparrow flying.

Falſ. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why what a raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as ſtinking mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hot *funne* †, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy mayden-heads as they buy hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou *horrible* ‡ afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? art not thou horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

* *Owen Glendower.* † *Iune.* ‡ *horribly.*

Falſ.

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Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chaire ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhin my crowne.

Prin. Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtole, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pittifull bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of ſacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in king *Cambiſes* vaine.

Prince. Well, here is my legge.

Falſ. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfayth.

Fal. Weepe not ſweete queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake lords, conuey my truſtfull qeene:
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry. I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: for though the cammomile the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; *yet* * youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: *thou* † art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly *my* ‡ opinion; but chiefly a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the point; why, being

* *ſo.* † *that thou.* ‡ *my owne.*

ſonne

ſonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſkt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſkt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of pitch; this pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares? not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in wordes onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your maieſtie?

Fal. A good portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble cariage, and as I thinke, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he *deceiues* * me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell mee now, thou naughty varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou been this month?

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? doe thou ſtand for mee, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gruely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulters hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Fal. And heere I ſtand, iudge my maiſters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

* *deceiueth.*

Fal.

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Falſ. Zbloud my lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle ye for a young prince yfaith.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth nere looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a diuell hauntes thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloke-bag of guttes, that roſted *Manning tree* oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taſte ſacke and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded *Sathan*.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing your reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſacke and ſugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, then many an hold *hoſt* * that I know, is damn'd: if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaos* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poines*; but for ſweete *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe*, true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, ba-

* *coſt.*

niſh

niſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardoll *running.*

Bar. O, my lord, my lord, the ſhriefe, with a moſt monſtrous watch is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe.*

Enter the hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The ſherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of gold a counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou a naturall coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your maior; if you will deny the ſherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a halter as an other.

Prin. Go hide thee behinde the arras, the reſt walke vp a boue. Now my maiſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the ſherife.

Enter ſherife and the carrier.

Prin. Now maiſter ſherife, what is your will with me?

Sher.

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Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious lord, a groſſe fatte man.

Car. As fatte as butter.

Prin. The man, I doe aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imployed him:
And ſheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe.

Sher. I will my lord, there are two gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300 *. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he have rob'd theſe men
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night my noble lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my lord, I thinke it be two a clock. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as *Poules*: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaffe? faſt a ſleepe behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto Nothing but papers my lord.

Prin. Lets ſee what be they: reade them.

Item a capon	ii. s. ii. d.
Item ſawce	iiii. d.
Item, ſacke, two gallons.	v. s. *viii* †. d.

* 3000. † *vii.*

Item

Item anchoues and ſacke after ſupper ii. s. *vi* *. d.
Item bread. ob

Oh monſtrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of ſacke? what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him ſleep till day; ile to the court in the morning, we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall bee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue ſcore; the mony ſhall be paide backe againe with aduantage? be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

- *Peto*. Good morrow, good my lord. *Exeunt*.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, *lord* Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and coſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is; ſit coſin *Percy*, ſit good coſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as *oft* † as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of heauen was full of firie ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers cat had but kitened, though your ſelfe had neuer bin borne.

* *vii.* † *often.*

Glen.

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Glen. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was borne.
Hot. And I ſay the earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.
Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh! then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie:
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes foorth
In ſtrange eruptions, *and* * the teeming earth,
Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and toples downe
Steeples, and moſ-growne towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.
Glen. Coſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines; and the heardes
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fieldes,
Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the ſea,
That chides the bankes of *England, Scotland, and* † *Wales*,
Which cals me pupil, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of art,
And holde me pace in deepe experiments.
Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better *Welſh*;
Ile to dinner.
Mor. Peace cooſen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

* *oft.* † *and omitted.*

Glen.

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Glen. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deepe.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glen. Why, I can teach thee cooſen, to command the diuell.
Hot. And I can teach thee *cooſen* *, to ſhame the diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſhame the diuell.
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the diuell.
Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.
Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue I *hent* † him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.
Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?
Glen. Come, here is the map, ſhall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?
Mor. The arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All weſtward, *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare cooſe, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*,
And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen *Percy* you and I
And my good lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the *Scottiſh* power,
As is appointed vs at *Shrewſbury*.

* *cooſe.* † *ſent.*

My

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My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee need his helpe theſe fourteene dayes;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together,
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moity north from *Burton* here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a mõſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this northſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen.

Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.

Glen. Ile not haue it altred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in *Welſh.*

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Glen. I can ſpeake *Engliſh*, lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the *Engliſh* court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an *Engliſh* dittie, louly well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſtick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.

Gleu. Come you ſhall haue *Trent* turnd.

Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?

Glen. The moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*

Mor. Fie, coſen *Percy*, how you croſſe my father.

Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd griffin and a moulten rauen,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And ſuch a deale of ſkimble ſkamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,

He

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He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall diuels names.
That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a rayling wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie houſe. I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlicke in a windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in *Chriſtendome*.

Mor. In fayth he *was* * a worthy gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, cooſen,
He holdes your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humour, fayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In fayth, my lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth mens heartes, and leaues behind a ſtaine

* *is.*

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Vpon the beautie of all partes beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladyes.*

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,
Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower *ſpeakes to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.*

Glen. She is deſperat heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety *Welſh*,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am *to* * perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweet as ditties highly pend,

* *too.*

Sung

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Sung by a faire queene in a ſummers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the eaſt.

Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from *thence* *,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy gooſe.

The muſicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderſtands *Welſh*,
And t'is no maruell he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſition.

La. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether *gouerned* † by humors:
Lie ſtill ye thiefe, and heare the lady ſing in *Welſh*.

Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Iriſh*.

La. Would'ſt *haue* ‡ thy head broken?

* *hence.* † *governed* omitted. ‡ *thou haue.*

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Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

Here the lady ſings a Welſh *ſong.*

Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? hart you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkſt further then *Finsburie:*
Sweare me *Kate*, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and ſunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red-breſt teacher; and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within theſe 2. houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are ſlow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this our booke is drawne, weele but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the king, prince of Wales, *and other.*

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the prince of *Wales* and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For

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For we ſhall preſently haue need of you. *Exeunt lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To puniſh my miſtreadinges. Tell me elſe
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So pleaſe your maieſtie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes muſt heare
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

King. God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors:
Thy place in counſell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupplide;
And art almoſt an alien to the heartes
Of all the court and princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,

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Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment.
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, this is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft * himſelfe to popularity,

* *Enforc'd.*

That

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That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taſt of ſweetnes, whereof a little.
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to bee ſeene,
He was, but as the cuckow is in *Iune*,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like maieſty,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to *do to* * their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorgde and full.
And in that very line, *Harry* ſtandeſt thou
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely priuiledge,
With vile participation, not an eye
But is awery of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it *doe* †
Make blind it ſelfe with fooliſh tendernes.

Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gratious lord
Be more my ſelfe.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* ſet foot at *Rauenſpurgh*,
And euen as I was then is *Percy* now:
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harnes in the realme,

* *do to* omitted. † *done*.

Turns

Turns head againſt the lions armed iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient lords, and reuerent biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruſing armes,
What neuer dying honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas?* whoſe high deedes,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall.
Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge *Chriſt*,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The archbiſhops grace of *Yorke*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deereſt enemy?
Thou that * art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percyes* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayde
Your maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percyes* head:
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,

* *That thou.*

When

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When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloudy maſke,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor *fitting* * on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my factor, good my lord
To engroſſe my glorious deedes on my behalfe.
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promiſe here,
The which if he be pleas'd I ſhall performe
I do beſeech your maieſty may ſaue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good *Blunt?* thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,

* *fitting.*

That

That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
The eleuenth of this month at *Shrewsburie:*
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a ſtate.

King. The earle of *Weſtmerland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſoone lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
For this aduertiſement is fiue daies old,
On *Wedneſday* next *Harry thou ſhalt* * ſet forward
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you ſhall march
Through *Gloceſter-ſhire*, by which account
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe *and* Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? why my ſkin hangs about me like an old ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like an olde apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that ſodainely, while I am in ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure

* *you ſhall.*

times,

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times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out *of* * compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, ſir *Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our admirall, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but t'is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir *Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuē to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, by this fire that's Gods angel: but thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſunne of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire there's no purchaſe in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand markes in linkes and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne and tauerne: but the ſacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, as the deareſt chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that ſalamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Falſ. God amercy, ſo ſhould I be *ſure to be* † heart-burnd. How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my pocket?

* *of all.* † *ſure to be* omitted.

Enter

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Enter Hoſt.

Hoſ. Why ſir *Iohn*, what do you thinke, ſir *Iohn?* do you thinke I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie hoſteſſe, *Bardoll* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a haire: and Ile be ſworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? *I** defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, ſir *Iohn*, you do not know me, ſir *Iohn*; I know you ſir *Iohn*, you owe me money ſir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas: I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now at I am a true woman, holland of viii. s. an ell: you owe money heere beſides, ſir *Iohn*, for your diet, and bydrinkings, and money lent you, xxiiii. pound.

Fal. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How; poore? looke vpon his face: what call you rich? let them coine his noſe, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of mee? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale ring of my grandfathers worth fourty marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, I haue heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the prince is a iacke, a ſneak-cup: zbloud and he were here, would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

* no I,

Enter

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Enter the prince marching, and Falſtaffe *meetes him playing on his trunchion like a fife.*

Fal. How now lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith: Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; *Newgate* faſhion.

Hoſ. My lord, I pray you heare mee.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, miſtris *Quickly?* how *dow* * thy huſband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke?*

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a ſeale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my lord, and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and my lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne foxe: and for womanhood, *Mayd-marian* may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

* *doth.*

Hoſ.

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Hoſ. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it; I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſ. What beaſt? why an otter.

Prin. An otter, ſir *Iohn?* why an otter?

Falſ. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true hoſteſſe, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my lord, and ſayd this other day, You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound *Hal?* a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and ſaid hee would cudggell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardol?*

Bar. Indeed, ſir *Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my ring was copper.

Prin. I ſay tis copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal?* thou knoweſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himſelfe, is to be feared as the lyon: doeſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin.

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Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? but ſirra, there's no roome for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſome of thine; it is all filde vp with guttes, and midriffe: charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? why thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houſes, and one poor peniworth of ſugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* thou knowſt in the ſtate of innocencie, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtalffe* do in the daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy huſband, looke to thy ſeruants, cheriſh thy gheſtes, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit hoſteſſe.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet beeffe, I muſt ſtill be good angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke* a charge of foot.

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Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I finde one that can ſteale wel? O, for a fine theefe of the age of xxii, or ther about; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

Princé. Bardoll.

Bar. My lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*.
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my lord of *Weſtmerland*,
Go, *Peto*, *to horſe* * for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. Hoſtes, my breakefaſt come
Oh, I could wiſh this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter *and* Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not *though* † flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a ſouldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my harts loue hath no man then your ſelfe.
Nay, taſke me to my word, approue me lord.

* *to horſe, to horſe.* † *thought* or *through.*

Dow

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Dow. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: what letters *haſt** thou there?
I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord, he is grieuous ſick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernment come they along?

Meſſ. His litters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his phiſitions.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this ſicknes doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterpriſe,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
Or any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:

* *haſt.*

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For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the king is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?
Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall find it were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read
The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been heere;
The qualitie and *heire* * of our attempt
Brookes no deuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence

* *haire.*

The

The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your father draws a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lendes a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to *your* * great enterprize,
Then if the earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, at this deame of feare.

Enter ſir Rih. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, lord.
The earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeauen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with prince *Iohn*.

Hot. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further, I haue learnd,
The king himſelſe in perſon hath ſet foorth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; where is his ſonne,
The nimble-footed mad cap, prince of *Wales*,
And his cumrades, that daft the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?

Ver. All furniſht? all in armes?
All *plumde* † like eſtriges, that with the winde

* *our.* † *plumpe.*

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Bayted like eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coates like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgious as the ſunne at midſommer;
Wanton as youthfull goates, wilde as young buls:
I ſaw young *Harry* with his beuer on,
His cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble horſe-manſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe then the ſunne in *March*.
This prayſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come,
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the prince of *Wales*,
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall *not* * horſe to horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe †
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He *can* † draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. Thats the worſt tydinges, that I heare of *yet* ‡.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the kinges whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

* *bot.* † *might.* ‡ *it.*

Hot.

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Hot. Fourtie let it be.
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe *and* Bardoll.

Falſ. Bardoll, get thee before to *Coventry,* fill mee a bottle of ſacke, our ſouldiers ſhall march through; weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Falſ. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anſwere the coynage; bid my lieutenant *Peto* meete me a townes end.

Bar. I will captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I *be** aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſowſt gurnet; I haue miſuſed the kinges preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150 ſouldiers, 300 and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had been aſkt twice on the banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the diuell as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I preſt me none but ſuch toſts and butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruiſes: and now, my whole charge conſiſtes of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth where the gluttons dogs

* *be not.*

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licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt ſeruingmen, yonger ſonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapſters and oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an old faczde ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe and huſkes. A madd fellow met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch ſkar-crowes. Ile not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon; there's not a ſhirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two napkins tackt togeather, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a heralds coate without ſleeues; and the ſhirt to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my hoſt of S. *Albones*, or the red-noſe In-keeper of *Dauinntry* *: but that's all one, they'le finde linnen enough on euery hedge.

Enter the prince, and the lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke?* how now quilt?

Fal. What *Hal?* how now mad wag, what a diuell doſt thou in *Warwick ſhire?* my good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie.*

Weſt. Fayth, ſir *Iohn*, t'is more then time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the king I can *you* †, lookes for vs all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a cat, to ſteale creame.

* *Daintry.* † *tell you.*

Prin.

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Prin. I thinke to ſteale creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſ. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull raſcals.

Falſ. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food for powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir *Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that;
And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Pri. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers *on* * the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, ſir *Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Doe not, my lord.

Dow. You do not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

* *in.*

Ver.

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Ver. Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weak feare,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that this day lines:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea or to night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your vncle *Worceſters* horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours
For Gods ſake, cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruinges and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt.

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Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo.
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anoynted maieſtie:
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audacious crueltie. If that the king
Haue any way your good deſertes forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all ſpeed.
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt,
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind: and well we know, the king,
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, *my* * vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but *to the* † duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore *him* ‡ aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee.
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attend ‖ him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,

* *and my.* † *to his.* ‡ *his.* ‖ *Attended.*

Laid

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Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edects, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That *lie to* * heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his country wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, taſk't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman *March*,
(Who is, if euery owner *were* † plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my vncle from the counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my father from the court,
Broke othe on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out

* *lay too.* † *were well.*

This

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This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwere to the king?
Hot. Not ſo, ſir *Walter.* Weele withdraw a while:
Goe to the king, and let there be impaund
Some ſuretie for *a* * ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my vncle
Bring him our *purpoſe* †; and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.
Hot. *And* ‡ may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter archbiſhop of Yorke, *and ſir* Michell.

Arch. Hie, good ſir *Michell*, beare this ſealed briefe
With winged haſte to the lord *Marſhall*,
This to my coſen *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haſte.
Sir Mi. My good lord, I geſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good ſir *Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: for ſir, at *Shrewsburie*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The king with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meetes with lord *Harry*; and I feare, ſir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was *rated firmely* ‖ too,
And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,

* *the.* † *purpoſes.* ‡ *And't* ‖ *a rated finew.*

I feare

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I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglás*, and lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all this land togeather,
The prince of *Wales*, lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe? yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir *Michell*, ſpeed:
For if lord *Percy* thriue not ere the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friendes, and ſo farewell, ſir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the king, prince of Wales, *lord* Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *earle of* Weſtmerland, *ſir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the ſunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buſkie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The ſoutherne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.

King.

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King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſoundes. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my lord of *Worceſter?* tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,
As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our *old* * lims in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?

Wor. Heare mee, my liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: for I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.

King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?

Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, chewet peace.

Wor. It pleaſde your maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our houſe:
And yet I muſt remember you my lord:
Wee were the firſt and deareſt of your friendes,
For you, my ſtaffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,

* *old unſafe.*

When

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my brother, and his ſonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that oath at *Dancaſter*,
That you did nothing *of** purpoſe gainſt the ſtate
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeate of *Gaunt*, dukedome of *Lancaſter*,
To this, we *ſweare* † our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of greatneſſe fell on you.
What with our helpe, what with the abſent king,
What with the iniuries *of* ‡ wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the king
So long in the vnluckie *Iriſh* warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the cuckowes bird,
Vſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neere your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
Wee were inforſt for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,

* *of* omitted. † *ſwore*. ‡ *of a*.

And

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And violation of all fayth and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprise.
King. Theſe thinges indeed, you haue articulate,
Proclaymed at market croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation:
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor *moody* * beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pel-mell hauocke and confuſion.
Prin. In both your armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your nephew,
The prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world
In prayſe of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterpriſe ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer gentleman,
More actiue, *more* † valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant been to chiualrie,
And ſo I heare hee doth account mee too;
Yet this before my fathers maieſtie,
I am content that he ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Trie fortune with him *in* ‡ ſingle fight.
King. And prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite

* *muddy.* † *more* omitted. ‡ *in a.*

Doe make againſt it: no good *Worceſter*, no,
Wee loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your coſens part:
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his:
So tell your coſen, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gonn,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit* Worceſter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both togeather,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befrend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt.

Exeunt. *Manent prin.* Fal.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell
And beſtride me ſo, tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? well, tis no matter, honour pricks me on: yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then can honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honour hath no ſkill in ſurgerie then? no: what is honour? a word: what is that word honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a *Wedneſday?* doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible

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ſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; honour is a meere ſkutchion? and ſo ends my catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, *and ſir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir *Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the king.
Ver. T'were beſt he did.
Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſſible, it can not be,
The king would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in *others* * faultes;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like the foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how *he* † can, or ſad or merrily?
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs.
We as the ſpring of all, ſhal pay for all:
Therefore good cooſen, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the king.

* *other.* † *we.*

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Enter Hotſpur.

Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile ſay tis ſo. Here comes your cooſe

Hot. My vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my lord of *Weſtmerland*:
Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The king will bid you battell preſently.

Dowg. Defie him by the lord of *Weſtmerland.*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo.

Dowg. Marry and ſhall, *and* * very willingly.

Exit Dowg.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs rebels, traytors, and will ſcourge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowg.

Dowg. Arme gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which can not chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of *Wales* ſtept foorth before the king,
And nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth:* tell mee, tell mee,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,

* *and* omitted.

Vnleſſe

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Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your prayſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſprayſing prayſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a prince indeed,
Hee made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.

Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any prince ſo wilde at libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellow's ſouldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O, gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,

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And if we liue, we liue to treed on kinges,
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences, the armies *is* * faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another.

Meſſ My lord prepare, the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cnts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a ſword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,
For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

Here they embrace, the trumpets ſound, the king enters with his power, alarme to the battell: then enter Dowglas, *and ſir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dowg. The lord of *Stafflord* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, king *Harry*

* *are.*

This

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This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as *a* * priſoner.

Blunt. I was not borne *to yeeld* †, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They figt, Dowglas *kils* Blunt; *then enters* Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht *ouer* ‡ a *Scot*.

Dowg. Als done, als won, here breathles lyes the king.

Hot. Where?

Dowg. Heere.

Hot. This, *Dowglas?* no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furniſht like the king himſelfe.

Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare,
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.

Dowg. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coates,
Ile murder all his wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king.

Hot. Vp and away.
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.

Alarme. Enter Falſtalffe *ſolus.*

Falſ. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot here here's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you? ſir *Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, here's no vanitie, I am as hot as molten lead, and as heauie too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of muffins where they are peperd:

* *my.* † *a yielder.* ‡ *upon.*

theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the prince.

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword,
Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd; I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword; but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Falſ. I *Hal*, *tis hot* *, theres that will ſacke a citie.

The prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of ſacke.

Prin. What is it a time to ieſt and dally now.

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir *Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the king, the prince, lord Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *and earle of* Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

* *tis but, tis hot.*

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P. Ioh. Not I, my lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.
Prin. I beſeech your maieſtie make vp,
Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.
King. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland* lead him to his tent.
Weſt. Come, my lord, Ile lead you to your tent,
Prin. Lead me my lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtainde nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in maſſacres.
Iohn. Wee breath too long, come cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
Our dutie this way lies: for Gods ſake come.
Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiude me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee lord, of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before I lou'd thee as brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.
King. I ſaw him hold lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne warrier.
Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*
Dowg. Another king, they grow like *Hydras* heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a king?
King. The king himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the field?
But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.
Dowg. I feare thou art another counterfeit;
And yet in fayth thou beareſt thee like a king:

But

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But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the king being in danger, enter prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirites
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my armes,
It is the prince of *Wales*, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas *flyeth.*

Cheerely my lord, how fares your grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton:* Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breath a while,
Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewde thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſayd, I harkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your ſonne.

Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey*.

Exit.

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

Hen. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebell of that name.
I am the prince of *Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,

To

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To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtarres keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding honours on thy creſt
Ile crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtalffe, *he fals downe as if he were dead, the prince killeth* Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better broke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the *ſword* * my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlaue of life, and lifetimes foole;
And time, that takes ſuruay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the earth, and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for——

Prin. For wormes, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound;

* *ſword*,

But

But now two paces of the vileſt earth,
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy prayſe with thee to heauen,
Thy *ignomy* * ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtalffe *on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a litle life? poore *Iacke* farewell:
I could haue better ſpard a better man:
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falſtalffe *ryſeth vp.*

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, t'was time to counterfeite, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paide mee ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder

* *ignominy.*

Percie,

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Percie, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I *kilde* * him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur *on his backe. Enter prince and* Iohn *of* Lancaſter.

Prin. Come brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden ſword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a iacke: there is *Percy*; if your father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either earle or duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I *kild* † my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewſbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, zounds I would make him eate a peece of my ſword.

* *ſlew.* † *ſlew.*

Iohn.

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Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,
For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded,

Prin. The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come brother, *lets* * to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay for reward. He that rewardes me, God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow leſſe: for Ile purge, and leaue ſacke, and liue cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The trumpets ſound. Enter the king, prince of Wales, *lord* Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *earle of* Weſtmerland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of loue to all of you?
And wouldſt thou turn our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three knights vpon our partie ſlaine to day,
A noble earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafetie vrgde me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the field?

* *let us.*

Prin.

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Prin. The noble *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bountie ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free,
His valoure ſhowne vpon our creſtes to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deedes,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,
You ſonne *Iohn*, and my coſen *Weſtmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deereſt ſpeed,
To meete *Northumberland*, and the prelate *Scroope*,
Who, as we heare, are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, ſonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the earle of *March:*
Rebellion in this land ſhall looſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

* *Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curteſie*
Which I ſhall giue away immediately.

* Theſe two lines are in the edition in 1599, but omitted in all the others I have ſeen.

FINIS.

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The Second PART of

HENRIE the Fourth,

Continuing to his Death,

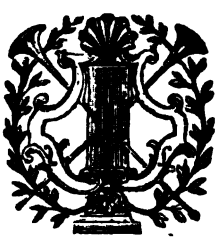
And Coronation of *Henrie* the Fift.

With the Humours of

Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, and ſwaggering *Piſtoll.*

As it hath been ſundrie Times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



London printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and *William Aſpley*. 1600.

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☞ This is the only Edition of this Play known to be extant before the Firſt Folio.

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The Second PART of HENRY the Fourth.

Continuing to his Death, and Coronation of HENRY the FIFT.

Enter Rumour *painted full of tongues.*

OPEN your eares; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when lowd *Rumor* ſpeaks?
I from the orient to the drooping weſt,
(Making the wind my poſte-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, woundes the world:
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefe,
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant warre?
And no ſuch matter. *Rumour* is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus

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(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is *Rumor* here?
I runne before king *Harries* victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by *Shrewsbury*,
Hath beaten downe yong *Hot-ſpurre* and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebel's bloud. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur's* ſword,
And that the king, before the *Douglas* rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant townes,
Betweene that royall field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged ſtone,
When *Hot-ſpur's* father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty-ſicke, the poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from *Rumor's* tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe then true wrongs.

Exit Rumours.

Enter the lord Bardolfe *at one doore.*

Bard. Who keepes the gate here, ho? where is the earle?

Porter. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earle,
That the lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.

Porter. His lordſhip is walkt forth into the orchard,
Pleaſe it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter the earle Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earle.

Earle.

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Earle. What newes lord *Bardolfe?* euery minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem;
The times are wild, contention like a horſe,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
Bard. Noble earle,
I bring you certaine newes from *Shrewsbury.*
Earle. Good, and God will.
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The king is almoſt wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord your ſonne,
Prince *Harry* ſlaine outright, and both the *Blunts*
Kild by the hand of *Dowglas,* yong prince *Iohn,*
And *Weſtmerland* and *Stafford* fled the field,
And *Harry Monmouthes* brawne, the hulke ſir *Iohn,*
Is priſoner to your ſonne: O ſuch a day!
So fought, ſo followed, and ſo fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since *Cæſar's* fortunes.
Earle. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury?*
Bar. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely rendred me theſe newes for true.

Enter Trauers.

Earle. Here comes my ſeruant *Trauers* who I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt to liſten after newes.
Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furniſht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.
Earle. Now *Trauers,* what good tidings comes with you?
Trauers. My lord, ſir *Iohn Vmfreuile* turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horſt,

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Out rode me, after him came ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with ſpeede,
That ſtopt by me to breathe his bloudied horſe,
He aſkt the way to *Cheſter*, and of him
I did demand what newes from *Shrewsbury*,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong *Harrie Percies* ſpur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horſe the head,
And bending forward, ſtrooke his armed heeles,
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

Earle. Ha? againe,
Said he, yong *Harry Percies* ſpur was cold,
Of *Hot-ſpurre*, *Cold-ſpurre*, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?

Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong lord your ſonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a ſilken point,
Ile giue my barony, neuer talke of it.

Earle. Why ſhould that gentleman that rode by *Trauers*,
Giue then ſuch inſtances of loſſe?

Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow that had ſtolne
The horſe he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more newes.

Enter Morton.

Earle. Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe,
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the ſtrond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witneſt vſurpation.
Say *Mourton*, didſt thou come from *Shrewsbury?*

Mour.

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Mour. I ranne from *Shrewsbury* my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt maſke,
To fright our partie.
Earle. How doth my ſonne and brother?
Thou trembleſt, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe begon,
Drew *Priams* curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his *Troy* was burnt:
But *Priam* found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my *Percies* death ere thou reportſt it.
This thou wouldſt ſay, your ſon did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: ſo fought the noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to ſtop my eare indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſonne, and all are dead.
Mour. *Dougłas* is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my lord your ſonne:
Earle. Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue ſuſpition hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by inſtinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet ſpeake *Mourton*,
Tell thou an earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a ſweete diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mour. You are too great to be by me gainſaid,
Your ſpirite is too true, your feares too certaine.
Earle. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percie's* dead,
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eie,
Thou ſhakſt thy head, and holdſt it feare, or ſinne,
To ſpeake a truth: if he be ſlaine,

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The tongue offends not that reports his death,
And he doth ſinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſaies the dead is not aliue,
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome newes
Hath but a looſing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a ſullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot thinke, my lord, your ſonne is dead.

Mour. I am ſory I ſhould force you to beleeue,
That which I would to God I had not ſeene,
But theſe mine eies ſaw him in bloudy ſtate,
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To *Harry Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few his death, whoſe ſpirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt peaſant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the beſt temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettal was his party ſteeled,
Which once in him abated, al the reſt
Turnd on themſelues, like dull and heauy lead.
And as the thing thats heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heauy in *Hot-ſpurs* loſſe,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſſe with their feare,
That arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Than did our ſouldiers aiming at their ſafetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble *Worceſter*,
So ſoone tane priſoner, and that furious *Scot*,
The bloudy *Douglas* whoſe well labouring ſword,
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the king,
Can vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turnd their backes, and in his flight,

Stumbling

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Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the ſumme of all
Is, that the king hath wonne, and hath ſent out,
A ſpeedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong *Lancaſter*,
And *Weſtmerland*: this is the news at ful.
Earle. For this I ſhall haue time enough to mourne,
In poiſon there is phiſicke, and theſe newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ſicke:
Being ſicke, haue (in ſome meaſure) made me wel:
And as the wretch whoſe feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe hinges buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: euen ſo my limbes,
Weakened with griefe, being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of ſteele
Muſt gloue this hand, and hence thou ſickly coife,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſht with conqueſt, ayme to hit:
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The raggedſt houre that time and ſpight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'inragde *Northumberland*,
Let heauen kiſſe earth, now let not natures hand
Keepe the wild flood confind, let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirite of the firſt borne *Cain*
Raigne in all boſomes, that ech heart being ſet
On bloudy courſes, the rude ſceane may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead.
Vmfr. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong my lord.
Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your honor,

Mour.

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Mour. The liues of all your louing complices,
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
To ſtormy paſſion muſt perforce decay.

Bard. We all that are ingaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventured on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
And yet we venturd for the gaine propoſde,
Choakt the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are oreſet, venture againe:
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

Mour. Tis more then time, and my moſt noble lord,
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpeake the truth.

North. I knew of this before, but to ſpeake truth,
This preſent griefe had wipte it from my mind,
Go in with me and counſell euery man,
The apteſt way for ſafety and reuenge,
Get poſtes and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſir Iohn *alone, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Iohn. Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water, but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diſeaſes then he knew for.

Iohn. Men of al ſorts take a pride to gird at me: the braine of this fooliſh compoũded clay-man is not able to inuent any thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuẽted on me, I am not only witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow that hath ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee into my ſeruice for any other reaſon then to ſett me off, why then I haue no iudgement, thou horeſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels

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heels I was neuer manned with an agot till now, but I wil inſet you, neither in golde nor ſiluer, but in vile apparell, and ſend you backe againe to your maſter for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your maſter, whoſe chin is not yet fledge, I will ſooner haue a beard grow in the palme of my hand, then he ſhal get one off his cheek, and yet he will not ſticke to ſay his face is a face royal, God may finiſh it when he will, tis not a haire amiſſe yet, he may keepe it ſtill at a face royall, for a barber ſhall neuer earne ſixpence out of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer ſince his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace, but hees almoſt out of mine I can aſſure him: what ſaid maſter *Dommelton* about the ſattin for my ſhort cloake and my ſloppes?

Boy. He ſaide ſir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance then *Bardolfe*, he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the ſecuritie.

Sir Iohn. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a horeſon *Achitophel!* a raſcall: yea forſooth knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then ſtand vpon ſecurity, the horſon ſmoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but hie ſhooes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honeſt taking vp, then they muſt ſtand vppon ſecurity, I had as liue they would put ratſbane in my mouth as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity, I lookt a ſhould haue ſent me two and twenty yards of ſattin (as I am a true knight) and he ſends me ſecurity: well he may ſleepe in ſecurity, for he hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightneſſe of his wife ſhines through it: wheres *Bardolf*, and yet can not he ſee though he haue his owne lantherne to light him.

Boy. Hees gone in *Smithfield* to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Sir Iohn. I bought him in *Paules*, and heele buy me a horſe in *Smithfield*, and I could get me but a wife in the ſtewes, I were man'd, horſde, and wiu'd.

Enter

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Enter lord chiefe iuſtice.

Boy. Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for ſtriking him about *Bardolfe.*

Sir Iohn. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Iuſtice. Whats hee that goes there?

Seru. Falſtaffe, and'tpleaſe your lordſhip.

Iuſt. He that was in queſtion for the rob'ry.

Seru. He my lord, but he hath ſince done good ſeruice at *Shrewsbury,* and (as I heare) is now going with ſome charge to the lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter.*

Iuſt. What to *Yorke?* call him backe againe.

Seru. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Iohn. Boy, tell him I am deafe.

Boy. You muſt ſpeake lowder, my maſter is deafe.

Iuſt. I am ſure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I muſt ſpeake with him.

Seru. Sir *Iohn.*

Falſt. What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lacke ſubiects? do not the rebels need ſouldiers, though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Seru. You miſtake me ſir.

Iohn. Why ſir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man, ſetting my knighthood and my ſouldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

Seru. I pray you ſir then ſet your knighthood, and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throate, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Iohn. I giue thee leaue to tell me, ſo I lay aſide that which growes to me, if thou getſt any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takſt leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt coũter, hence, auaunt.

Seru.

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Seru. Sir, my lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Falſt. My good lord, God giue your lordſhip good time of day, I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroade, I heard ſay your lordſhip was ſicke, I hope your lordſhip goes abroade by aduiſe, your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, haue yet ſome ſmack of an ague in you, ſome reliſh of the ſaltnes of time in you, and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iuſtice. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Sir Iohn. Andt pleaſe your lordſhip, I heare his maieſty is returnd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Iuſt. I talke not of his maieſty, you would not come when I ſent for you.

Falſt. And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this ſame horſon apoplexi.

Iuſt. Well, God mend him, I pray you let me ſpeake with you.

Falſt. This apoplexi as I take it? is a kind of lethergie, and't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the bloud, a horſon tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

Falſt. It hath it originall from much griefe, from ſtudy, and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*, it is a kind of deafenes.

Iuſt. I thinke you are falne into the diſeaſe, for you heare not what I ſay to you.

Old. Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't pleaſe you it is the diſeaſe of not liſtning the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, and I care not if I doe become your phiſitian.

Falſt.

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Falſt. I am as poore as *Iob* my lord, but not ſo patient, your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of pouerty, but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſom dramme of a ſcruple, or indeede a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you when there were matters againſt you for your life to come ſpeake with me.

Falſt. As I was then aduiſde by my learned counſail in the lawes of this land ſeruice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Wel, the truth is ſir *Iohn*, you liue in great infamy.

Falſt. He that buckles himſelfe in my belt cannot liue in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your meanes are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Falſt. I would it were otherwiſe, I would my meanes were greater and my waſte ſlender.

Iuſt. You haue miſled the youthfull prince.

Falſt. The yong prince hath miſled me, I am the felow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

Iuſt. Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies ſeruice at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on *Gadshill*, you may thanke th'vnquiet time, for your quiet orepoſting that action.

Falſt. My lord.

Iuſt. But ſince all is well, keepe it ſo, wake not a ſleeping wolfe.

Falſt. To wake a wolfe, is as bad as ſmell a fox.

Iuſt. What you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

Falſt. A waſſel candle my lord, al tallow, if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iuſt. There is not a white haire in your face, but ſhould haue his effect of grauity.

Falſt. His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

Iuſt.

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Iuſt. You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.

Falſt. Not ſo my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in ſome reſpects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſtar-mongers times, that true valour is turned berod, pregnancie is made a tapſter, and his quick wit waſted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age ſhapes the one not worth a gooſberry, you that are old conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe meaſure the heate of our liuers with the bitterneſſe of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe are wagges too.

Lo. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moiſt eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreaſing leg, an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde ſhort, your chinne double, your wit ſingle, and euery part about you blaſted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your ſelfe yong? fie, fie, fie, ſir *Iohn.*

Iohn. My lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and ſomething a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue loſt it with hallowing, and ſinging of anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thouſand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in aſhes and ſackloth, but in new ſilke, and old ſacke.

Lord. Well, God ſend the prince a better companion.

Iohn.

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Iohn. God ſend the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord. Well, the king hath ſeuerd you: I heare you are going with lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the archbiſhop and the earle of *Northumberland.*

Iohn. Yea, I thanke your prety ſweet witte for it: but looke you pray, all you that kiſſe my lady peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandiſh any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer ſpit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Wel, I cannot laſt euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our *Engliſh* nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs ſay I am an olde man, you ſhould giue me reſt: I would to God my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and God bleſſe your expedition.

Iohn. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound to furniſh me forth?

Lord. Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare croſſes: fare you well: commend mee to my cooſine *Weſtmerland.*

Iohn. If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: a man can no more ſeparate age and couetouſneſſe, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees preuent my curſes, boy.

Boy. Sir.

Iohn. What money is in my purſe?

Boy. Seuen groates and two pence.

Iohn.

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Iohn. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable: go beare this letter to my lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the prince, this to the earle of *Weſtmerland*, and this to olde miſtris *Vrſula*, whome I haue weekely ſworne to marry ſince I perceiud the firſt white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my penſion ſhal ſeeme the more reaſonable: a good wit will make vſe of any thing; I will turne diſeaſes to commoditie.

Enter th'archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (*earle marſhall*) *the lord* Haſtings, Fauconbridge, *and* Bardolfe.

Biſhop. Thus haue you heard our cauſe, and knowne our meanes,
And my moſt noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt lord marſhall, what ſay you to it?

Marſh. I well allow the occaſion of our armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How in our meanes we ſhould aduance our ſelues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puiſſance of the king.

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choiſe,
And our ſupplies liue largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The queſtion then lord *Haſtings* ſtandeth thus,
Whether our preſent fiue and twentie thouſand,
May hold vp head without *Northumberland*.

Haſt. With him we may.

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Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgment is we ſhould not ſtep too far.
Biſh. Tis very true lord *Bardolfe*, for indeede
It was young *Hot-ſpurs* cauſe at *Shrewsbury*.
Bard. It was my lord, who lined himſelfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promiſe of ſupplie,
Flattring himſelfe in proiect of a power,
Much ſmaller then the ſmalleſt of his thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into deſtruction.
Haſt. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.
Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vſing the names of men in ſteed of men,
Like on that drawes the model of an houſe,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created coſt,
A naked ſubiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waſte for churliſh winters tyrannie.
Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be ſtil-borne, and that we now poſſeſt
The vtmoſt man of expectation,
I thinke we are ſo, body ſtrong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the king.
Bard. What, is the king but fiue and twenty thouſand.
Haſt. To vs no more, nay not ſo much, lord *Bardolfe*,
For his diuiſions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower*, perforce a third
Muſt take vp vs, ſo is the vnfirme king
In three diuided, and his coffers ſound
With hollow pouertie and emptineſſe.

Biſh.

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Biſh. That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither,
And come againſt vs in full puiſſance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo, *French* and *Welch* he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles, neuer feare that.

Bar. Who is it like ſhould leade his forces hither?

Haſt. The duke of *Lancaſter* and *Weſtmerland:*
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth:*
But who is ſubſtituted againſt the *French*,
I haue no certaine notice.

Biſh. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are times ſubiects, and time bids be gone.

Ex.

Enter hoſteſſe of the tauerne, and an officer or two.

Hoſteſſe. Maſter *Phang*, haue you entred the action?

Phang. It is entred.

Hoſt. Wheres your yeoman? iſt a luſty yeoman? will a ſtand too't?

Phang. Sirra, wheres *Snare?*

Hoſt. O Lord I, good maſter *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Phang *Snare*, we muſt areſt ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Hoſt. Yea good maſter *Snare*, I haue entred him and all.

Snare. It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

Hoſt. Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

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Phang. And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

Hoſt. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore, good maiſter *Phang* holde him ſure, good maſter *Snare* let him not ſcape, a comes continually to *Pie* corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the lubbers head in *Lumbert ſtreete* to maſter *Smooths* the ſilk man, I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fubd off, and fubd off, and fubd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on, there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe, and a beaſt, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſienoſe knaue *Bardolfe* with him, do your offices, do your offices maſter *Phāg*, and maſter *Snare*, do me, do me, dò me your offices.

Enter ſir Iohn, *and* Bardolfe, *and the boy.*

Falſt. How now, whoſe mare's dead? whats the matter?

Phang. I arreſt you at the ſute of miſtris *Quickly*.

Falſt. Away varlets, draw *Bardolfe*, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channell, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou baſtardly rogue, murder, murder, a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the kings? a thou honiſeed rogue, thou art a honiſeed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falſt. Keepe them off *Bardolfe*.

Offic. A reſkew, a reſkew.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reſkew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempſeed.

Boy.

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Boy. Away you ſcullian, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian, Ile tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter lord chiefe iuſtice and his men.

Lord. What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

Hoſteſſe. Good my lord be good to me, I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Lord. How now ſir *Iohn*, what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe? You ſhould haue bin well on your way to *Yorke*: Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'ſt thou vpon him.

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, and't pleaſe your grace I am a poore widdow of *Eaſtcheape*, and he is arreſted at my ſute.

Lord. For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome my lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home, he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue ſome of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falſt. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord. How comes this ſir *Iohn*? what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation, are you not aſhamed to inforce a poore widdow, to ſo rough a courſe to come by her owne.

Falſt. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Mary if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelfe and the mony too: thou didſt ſweare to me vpon a parcell guilt goblet, ſitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a ſea cole fire, vpon *Wedneſday* in *Wheeſon* weeke, when the prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a ſinging man of *Winſor*, thou didſt ſweare to me thē, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canſt thou deny it, did not goodwife *Keech* the butchers wife come

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in then, and cal me goſſip *Quickly*, comming in to borow a meſſe of vinegar, telling vs ſhe had a good diſh of prawnes, whereby thou didſt deſire to eate ſome, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtayers, deſire me, to be no more ſo familiarity, with ſuch poore people, ſaying that ere long they ſhould cal me madam, and didſt thou not kiſſe me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie ſhillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canſt.

Falſt. My lord this is a poore made ſoule, and ſhe ſaies vp and downe the towne, that her eldeſt ſonne is like you, ſhe hath bin in good caſe and the trueth is pouerty hath diſtracted her, but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may haue redreſſe againſt them.

Lo. Sir *Iohn*, ſir *Iohn*, I am wel acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more then impudent ſawcines from you, can thruſt me from a leuel conſideration: you haue as it appeares to me practiſde vpon the eaſie yeelding ſpirite of this woman, and made her ſerue your vſes both in purſe and in perſon.

Hoſt. Yea in truth my lord.

Lo. Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with ſterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Falſt. My lord I will not vndergoe this ſnepe without reply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent ſawcineſſe, if a man wil make curtſie and ſay nothing, he is vertuous, no my lord my humble duty remembred, I will not bee your ſuter, I ſay to you I do deſire deliuerance from theſe officers, being vpon haſty imployment in the kings affayres.

Lord.

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Lord. You ſpeake as having power to do wrong, but anſwer in th'effect of your reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.

Falſt. Come hither hoſteſſe.

Enter a meſſenger.

Lord. Now maſter *Gower*, what newes.

Gower. The king my lord, and *Harry* prince of *Wales*, Are neare at hand, the reſt the paper tells.

Falſt. As I am a gentleman.

Hoſt. Faith you ſaid ſo before.

Falſt. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavnly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Falſt. Glaſſes glaſſes is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty ſleight drollery, or the ſtorie of the prodigal, or the *Iarman* hunting in waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangers, and theſe flie bitten tapeſtrie, let it be x. l. if thou canſt: come, and twere not for thy humors, there's not a better wench in *England*, goe waſh thy face and draw the action, come thou muſt not be in this humor with me, doſt not know me, come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pray thee ſir *John* let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith I am loath to pawne my plate ſo God ſaue me law.

Falſt. Let it alone, Ile make other ſhift, youle be a foole ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to ſupper, youle pay me altogether.

Falſt. Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on. *Exit hoſteſſe and ſergeant.*

Hoſt. Will you haue *Doll Tere-ſheet* meete you at ſupper.

Falſt. No more words, lets haue her.

Lord. I haue heard better newes.

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Falſt. Whats the newes my lord?

Lord. Where lay the king to night?

Meſſ. At *Billingſgate* my lord.

Falſt. I hope my lord al's well, what is the newes my lord?

Lord. Come all his forces backe?

Meſſ. No, fifteen hundred foot, fiue hundred horſe
Are marcht vp to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland*, and the archbiſhop.

Falſt. Comes the king back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Lord. You ſhall haue letters of me preſently,
Come, go along with me, good maſter *Gower*.

Falſt. My lord.

Lord. Whats the matter?

Falſtaffe. Maiſter *Gower*, ſhall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

Gower. I muſt waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you good ſir *Iohn*.

Lord. Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take ſouldiers vp
In counties as you go.

Falſtaffe. Will you ſuppe with mee maiſter *Gower?*

Lord. What fooliſh maiſter taught you theſe manners, ſir *Iohn?*

Falſtaffe. Maiſter *Gower*, if they become me not, hee was a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

Lord. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

Enter the prince, Poynes, *ſir* Iohn Ruſſel, *with other*.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poynes. Iſt come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attacht one of ſo hie bloud.

Prince,

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Prince. Faith it does me, though it diſcolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not ſhew vildly in me, to deſire ſmall beere?

Poynes. Why a prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a compoſition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature ſmal beere. But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to mee to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how many paire of ſilke ſtockings thou haſt with theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluitie, and another for vſe. But that the tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepeſt not racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of the low countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether thoſe that bal out the ruines of thy linnen ſhal inherite his kingdom: but the midwiues ſay, the children are not in the fault wherevpon the world increaſes, and kinreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poynes. How ill it followes, after you haue labored ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo ydely! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe ſo, their fathers being ſo ſicke, as yours at this time is.

Prince. Shall I tel thee one thing *Poynes?*

Poynes. Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poynes. Go to, I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I ſhould bee ſad now my father is ſicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one

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one it pleaſes me for a fault of a better to call my friend, I could be ſad, and ſad indeede too.

Poynes. Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkeſt me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and *Falſtaffe*, for obduracie and perſiſtancie, let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick, and keeping ſuch vile company as thou arte, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrowe.

Poynes. The reaſon.

Prince. What wouldſt thou thinke of me if I ſhould weep?

Poynes. I woulde thincke thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a bleſſed fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your moſt worſhipfull thought to thinke ſo?

Poynes. Why becauſe you haue been ſo lewd and ſo much engraffed to *Falſtaffe*.

Prince. And to thee.

Poynes. By this light I am well ſpoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares, the worſt that they can ſay of me is that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot helpe: by the maſſe here comes *Bardolfe*.

Enter Bardolfe *and boy.*

Prince. And the boy that I gaue *Falſtaffe*, a had him from me chriſtian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him ape.

Bard. God ſaue your grace.

Prince. And yours moſt noble *Bardolfe*.

Poynes. Come you vermous aſſe, you baſhfull foole, muſt you be bluſhing, wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man

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man at armes are you become? iſt ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy. A calls me enow my lord through a red lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window, at laſt I ſpied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and ſo peept through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horſon vpright rabble, away.

Boy. Away you raſcally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prince. Inſtruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy. Mary my lord, *Althear* dreampt ſhe was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince. A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poines. O that this bloſſome could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſixpence to preſerue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes ſhall haue wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy maſter *Bardolfe?*

Bard. Well my lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes. Deliuerd with good reſpect, and how doth the *Martlemaſſe* your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health ſir.

Poynes. Mary the immortall part needes a phiſitian, but that moues not him, though that be ſicke, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

Poynes. Iohn Falſtaffe knight, euery man muſt know that as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelfe: euen like thoſe that are kin to the king for they neuer pricke their finger, but they ſaye, theres ſome of the kings bloud ſpilt: how comes that

(ſaies

(ſaies he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the anſwer is as ready as a borowed cap: I am the kings poore coſin, ſir.

Prince. Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from *Iaphet*, but the letter, ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe* knight, to the ſonne of the king, neareſt his father, *Harry* prince of *Wales*, greeting.

Poynes. Why this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable *Romanes* in breuitie.

Poynes. He ſure meanes breuity in breath, ſhort winded, I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with *Poynes*, for he miſuſes thy fauours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to mary his ſiſter *Nel*, repent at idle times as thou maiſt, and ſo farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to ſay, as thou vſeſt him, *Iacke Falſtaffe* with my family, *Iohn* with my brothers and ſiſters, and ſir *Iohn* with all *Europe*.

Poynes. My lord, Ile ſteep this letter in ſacke and make him eate it.

Prince. Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do you vſe me, thus *Ned?* muſt I marrie your ſiſter?

Poynes. God ſend the wench no worſe fortune, but I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prince. Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yea my lord.

Prince. Where ſups he? doth the old boare feede in the old franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eaſtcheape*.

Prince. What companie?

Boy. *Epheſians*, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Boy.

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Boy. None my lord, but old miſtris *Quickly*, and miſtris *Doll Tere-ſheet.*

Prince. What *Pagan* may that be?

Boy. A proper gentlewoman ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſters.

Prince. Euen ſuch kinne as the pariſh heicfors are to the towne bull, ſhall we ſteale vpon them *Ned* at ſupper?

Poynes. I am your ſhadow my lord, Ile follow you.

Prince. Sirra, you boy and *Bardolfe*, no worde to your maſter that I am yet come to towne; theres for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue ſir.

Boy. And for mine ſir, I will gouerne it.

Prince. Fare you well: go, this *Doll Tere-ſheete* ſhould be ſome rode.

Poyns. I warrant you, as common as the way between S. *Albons* and *London.*

Prince. How might we ſee *Falſtaffe* beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poynes. Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bul, a heauy deſcenſion, it was *Ioues* caſe, from a prince to a prentiſe, a low transformation, that ſhal be mine, for in euery thing the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly, follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Northumberland *his wife, and the wife to* Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee loning wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy* troubleſome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeake no more,
Do what you wil, your wiſedome be your guide.

North. Alas ſweete wife, my honour is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

Kate.

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Kate. O yet for Gods ſake, go not to theſe wars,
The time was father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeere to it then now,
When your owne *Percie*, when my hearts deere *Harry*,
Threw many a northward looke, to ſee his father,
Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honors loſt, yours, and your ſonnes,
For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
For his, it ſtucke vpon him as the ſunne
In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
Did all the cheualry of *England* moue
To do braue acts, he was indeede the glaſſe
Wherein the noble youth did dreſſe themſelues.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my ſpirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouerſights,
But I muſt go and meete with danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in another place,
And find me worſe prouided.

Wife. O flie to *Scotland*,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

Kate. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of ſteele,
To make ſtrength ſtronger: but for al our loues,
Firſt let them trie themſelues, ſo did your ſonne,
He was ſo ſuffred, ſo came I a widow,
And neuer ſhall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, ſweld vp vnto his height,

That

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That makes a ſtil ſtand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me backe,
I will reſolue for *Scotland*, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Enter a drawer or two.

Francis. What the diuel haſt thou brought there apple *Iohns?* thou knoweſt ſir *Iohn* cannot indure an apple *Iohn.*

Draw Mas thou ſaiſt true, the prince once ſet a diſh of apple *Iohns* before him, and told him there were fiue more ſir *Iohns*, and putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leaue of theſe ſix drie, round, old, withered knights, it angred him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and ſet them downe, and ſee if thou canſt find out *Sneakes* noiſe, miſtris *Tere-ſheet* would faine heare ſome muſique.

Dra. Diſpatch, the roome where they ſupt is too hot, theile come in ſtraight.

Francis. Sirra, here wil be the prince and maſter *Poynes* anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and ſir *Iohn* muſt not know of it, *Bardolfe* hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be old vtis, it wil be an excellent ſtratagem.

Francis. Ile ſee if I can find out *Sneake.* *Exit.*

Enter miſtris Quickly, *and* Doll Tere-ſheet.

Quickly. Yfaith ſweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie. Your pulſidge beates as extraordinarily as heart would deſire, and your colour I warrant you is as red as any roſe, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue drunke

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drunke too much cannaries, and thats a maruelous ſearching wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can ſay, whats this, how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well ſaid, a good heart's worth gold: loe here comes ſir *Iohn.*

Enter ſir Iohn.

Sir Iohn. When *Arthur* firſt in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy king: how now miſtris *Doll?*

Hoſt. Sicke of a calme, yea and good faith.

Falſt. So is all her ſect, and they be once in a calme they are ſicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie raſcall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falſt. You make fat raſcals miſtris *Dol.*

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diſeaſes make, I make them not.

Falſt. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diſeaſes *Doll,* we catch of you *Doll,* we catch of you graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

Doll. Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, and ouches for to ſerue braue-ly, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to ſurgerie brauely, to ven-ture vpon the chargde chambers brauely.

Doll. Hang your ſelfe, you muddie cunger, hang your ſelfe.

Hoſt. By my troth this is the old faſhion, you two neuer meet but you fall to ſome diſcord, you are both ygood truth as rewmatique as two dry toſts, you cannot one beare with anothers cõfirmities, what the goodyere one muſt beare, and that muſt be you, you are the weaker veſſell, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

Dorothy.

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Dorothy. Can a weake empty veſſell beare ſuch a huge full hogſhead? theres a whole marchāts venture of *Burdeux* ſtuffe in him, you haue not ſeene a hulke better ſtuft in the hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*, thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, antient *Piſtol's* belowe, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd'ſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I muſt liue among my neighbours, Ile no ſwaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue ſwaggering now, ſhut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou heare hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. Pray ye pacifie your ſelfe ſir *Iohn*, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou heare? it is mine ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, ſir *Iohn*, nere tel me: and your ancient ſwaggrer comes not in my doores: I was before maiſter *Tiſicke* the debuty tother day, and (as he ſaid to me) twas no longer ago than *Wedſday* laſt, I good faith, neighbor *Quickely*, ſayes he, maiſter *Dumbe* our miniſter was by then, neighbor *Quickly* (ſaies he) receiue thoſe that are ciuil, for (ſaide he) you are in an ill name: now a ſaide ſo, I can tell whereupon. For (ſaies he) you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what gheſts you receiue, receiue (ſaies he) no ſwaggering companions: there comes none here: you would bleſſe you to heare what he ſaid: no, Ile no ſwaggrers.

Falſt. Hees no ſwaggrer hoſteſſe, a tame cheter yfaith, you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not

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ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance, call him vp drawer.

Hoſt. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheter, but I do not loue ſwagering by my troth, I am the worſe when one ſaies ſwagger: feele maiſters, how I ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

Tereſh. So you do hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aſpen leafe, I cannot abide ſwaggrers.

Enter antient Piſtol, *and* Bardolfes *boy.*

Piſtol. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn.*

Fal. Welcome ancient *Piſtoll*, heere *Piſtoll*, I charge you with a cuppe of ſacke, do you diſcharge vpon mine hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her ſir *Iohn*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtoll proofe: ſir, you ſhall not hardely offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then, to you miſtris *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Doro. Charge me? I ſcorne you, ſcuruy companion: what you poore baſe raſcally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maiſter.

Piſt. I know you miſtris *Dorothy.*

Doro. Away you cutpurſe raſcall, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thruſt my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the ſawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale raſcall, you baſket hilt ſtale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you ſir: Gods light, with two points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for this.

Sir Iohn. No more *Piſtol*, I would not haue you go off here, diſcharge your ſelfe of our company, *Piſtoll.*

Hoſt.

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Hoſt. No, good captaine *Piſtoll*, not here, ſweete captaine.

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not aſhamed to be called captaine? and captaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy houſe: hee a captaine! hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy ſtewd pruins, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light theſe villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was il ſorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither miſtris *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I, I tell thee what corporall *Bardolfe*, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy. Pray thee go downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damnd firſt, to *Plutoes* damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo: holde hooke and line, ſay I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſell* be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beſeeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Piſt. Theſe be good humors indeede, ſhal pack-horſes, and hollow pamperd iades of *Aſia* which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with *Cæſars* and with *Canibals*, and *Troiant Greekes?* nay rather damne them with king *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roare, ſhall we fall foule for toies?

Hoſt. By my troth captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Piſt. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not *Hiren* here?

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Hoſt. A my word captaine, theres none ſuch here, what the goodyeare do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods ſake be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed and be fat, my faire *Calipolis*, come giues ſome ſacke, *ſi fortune me tormente ſperato me contento*, feare we brode ſides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me ſome ſacke, and ſweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falſt. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſſe thy neaffe, what, we haue ſeene the ſeuen ſtarres.

Dol. For Gods ſake thruſt him down ſtaires, I cannot indure ſuch a fuſtian raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtaires, know we not *Galloway* nagges?

Falſt. Quaite him downe *Bardolfe* like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling, nay, and a doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, a ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtaires.

Piſt. What ſhall we haue inciſion? ſhall we imbrew? then death rocke me a ſleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuous gaſtly gaping wounds vntwinde the ſiſters three, come *Atropoſe* I ſay.

Hoſt. Heres goodly ſtuffe toward.

Falſt. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee *Iacke*, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe ſtaires.

Hoſt. Heres a goodly tumult, Ile forſweare keeping houſe afore Ile be in theſe tirrits and frights, ſo, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee *Iacke* be quiet, the raſcal's gone, ah you horſon little vliaunt villaine you.

Hoſt.

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Hoſt. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea ſir, the raſcal's drunke, you haue hurt him ſir i'th ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcall to braue me?

Dol. A you ſweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou ſweatſt, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horſone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, woorth fiue of *Agamemnon*, and ten times better then the nine worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah raſcally ſlaue! I will toſſe the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do and thou darſt for thy heart, and thou doſt, Ile canuas thee betweene a payre of ſheetes.

Boy. The muſique is come ſir.

Enter muſicke.

Fal. Let them play, play ſirs, ſit on my knee *Doll*, a raſcall bragging ſlaue! the rogue fled from me like quickſiluer.

Dol. Yfaith and thou followdſt him like a church, thou horſon little tydee *Bartholemew* borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter prince and Poynes.

Fal. Peace good *Doll*, do not ſpeake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as *Tewksbury* muſtard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

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Dol. Why does the prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very ſmoothe like vnto the ſigne of the legge, and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories, and ſuch other gambole faculties a has that ſhow a weake minde, and an able bodie, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another, the weight of a haire wil turne ſcales between their haber de poiz.

Prince. Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes. Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince. Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes. Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out liue performance.

Falſt. Kiſſe me *Doll.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in coniunction? what ſaies th'almanacke to that?

Poyns. And look whether the fierie *Trigon* his man be not liſping to his maſter, old tables, his note booke, his counſel keeper?

Falſt. Thou doſt giue me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Falſt. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a ſcuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I ſhall receiue mony a *Thurſday*, ſhalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry ſong, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol.

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Dol. By my troth thou't ſet me a weeping and thou ſaiſt ſo, proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some ſacke *Francis*.

Prince. Poynes. Anon anon ſir.

Falſt. Ha? a baſtard ſonne of the kings? and arte not thou *Poynes* his brother?

Prince. Why thou globe of ſinfull continents, what a life doſt thou leade?

Falſt. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true ſir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Hoſt. O the lord preſerue thy grace: by my troth welcom to *London*, now the Lord bleſſe that ſweete face of thine, O Ieſu, are you come from *Wales?*

Falſt. Thou horſon madde compound of maieſtie, by this light, fleſh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Doll. How? you fat foole I ſcorne you.

Poynes. My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment if you take not the heate.

Prince. You horſon candlemine you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

Hoſt. Gods bleſſing of your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Falſt. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by *Gadſhil*, you knew I was at your backe, and ſpoke it, on purpoſe to trie my patience.

Falſt. No, no, no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within hearing.

Prince. I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

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Falſt. No abuſe *Hall* a mine honour, no abuſe.

Prince. Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe *Hall.*

Poynes. No abuſe?

Falſt. No abuſe *Ned* i'th worlde, honeſt *Ned*, none, I diſpraiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true ſubiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuſe *Hall*, none *Ned*, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince. See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honeſt *Bardolfe* whoſe zeal burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

Poines. Anſwer thou dead elme, anſwer.

Falſt. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolfe* irrecouerable, and his face is *Lucifers* priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuell blinds him too.

Prince. For the weomen.

Falſt. For one of them ſhees in hell already, and burnes poore ſoules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether ſhe be damnd for that I know not.

Hoſt. No I warrant you.

Falſt. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. Al vitlars do ſo, whats a ioynt of mutton or twoo in a whole *Lent?*

Prince. You gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſaies your grace?

Fal.

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Fal. His grace ſaies that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Peyto *knockes at the doore.*

Hoſt. Who knockes ſo lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there *Francis.*

Prince. Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto. The king your father is at *Weſtminſter,*
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſtes,
Come from the *North,* and as I came along,
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, ſweating, knocking at the tauernes,
And aſking euery one for ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Prince. By heauen *Poines,* I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempeſt of commotion like the ſouth.
Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my ſword and cloke: *Falſtaffe* good night.

Exeunt prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now coms in the ſweeteſt morſell of the night, and we muſt hence, and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore, how now, whats the matter?

Bar. You muſt away to court ſir preſently,
A dozen captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the muſitions, ſirra, farewel hoſteſſe, farewel *Dol,* you ſee my good wenches how men of merrite are ſought after, the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of action is cald on, farewell good wenches, if I be not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe ere I goe.

Doll. I cannot ſpeake, if my hart be not ready to burſt: wel ſweete *Iacke,* haue a care of thy ſelfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Hoſt. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard.

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Bard. Miſtris *Tere-ſheete.*

Hoſt. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid miſtris *Tere-ſheete* come to my maiſter.

Hoſt. O runne *Doll*, runne, runne good *Doll*, come, ſhee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come *Doll?* *Exeunt.*

Enter iuſtice Shallow, *and iuſtice* Silens.

Sha. Come on, comè on, come on, giue me your hand ſir, giue me your hand ſir, an early ſtirrer, by the roode: and how doth my good cooſin *Silence?*

Si. Good morrow good cooſine *Shallow.*

Sha. And how doth my cooſin your bedfellow? and your faireſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Si. Alas, a blacke wooſel, cooſin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no, ſir, I dare ſay my cooſin *Wiliam* is become a good ſcholler, he is at *Oxford* ſtil, is he not?

Si. Indeede ſir to my coſt.

Sha. A muſt then to the innes a court ſhortly: I was once of *Clements* inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Si. You were calld luſty *Shallow* then, cooſin.

Sha. By the maſſe I was calld any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I and little *Iohn Doyt* of *Staffordſhire*, and blacke *George Barnes*, and *Francis Pickebone*, and *Will Squeele* a *Cotſole* man, you had not foure ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the innes a court againe, and I may ſay to you, wee knewe where the bona robes were, and had the beſt of them all at commaundement: then was *Iacke Falſtaffe*, now ſir *Iohn*, a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray* duke of *Norffolke.*

Si. This ſir *Iohn*, cooſin, that comes hither anone about ſouldiers?

Sha. The ſame ſir *Iohn*, the very ſame, I ſee him breake *Skoggins* head at the court gate, when a was a cracke, not thus

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thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Samſon Stockefiſh* a fruiterer behinde *Greyes Inne:* Ieſu, Ieſu, the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Si. We ſhal all follow, cooſin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very ſure, very ſure, death (as the pſalmiſt ſaith) is certaine to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at *Samforth* faire?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine: is old *Dooble* of your towne liuing yet?

Si. Dead ſir.

Sha. Ieſu, Ieſu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a ſhot a fine ſhoote? *Iohn* a *Gaunt* loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead? a woulde haue clapt ith clowt at twelue ſcore, and carried you a forehand ſhaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of ewes now?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a ſcore of good ewes may bee worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is old *Dooble* dead?

Si. Here come two of ſir *Iohn Falſtaffes* men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe. *and one with him.*

Bardolfe. Good morrow honeſt gentlemen.

Bardolfe. I beſeech you, which is iuſtice *Shallow?*

Sha. I am *Robart Shallowe*, ſir, a poore eſquier of this countie, and one of the kings iuſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captaine, ſir, commends him to you, my captain ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a moſt gallant leader.

Sha.

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Sha. He greetes me wel, ſir, I knew him a good backſword man: how doth the good knight? may I aſke how my ladie his wife doth.

Bar. Sir, pardon, a ſouldiour is better accommodate then with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid infaith ſir, and it is well ſaid indeed too, better accomodated, it is good, yea indeede is it, good phraſes are ſurely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated, it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phraſe.

Bar. Pardon ſir, I haue heard the word, phraſe call you it? by this daye I knowe not the phraſe, but I will maintaine the word with my ſword to be a ſouldier like word, and a word of exceeding good command by heauen, accommodated, that is when a man is as they ſay, accommodated, or when a man is being whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Iuſt. It is very iuſt, look, here comes good ſir *Iohn*, giue me your good hand, giue me your worſhippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good ſir *Iohn*.

Falſt. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow*, maſter *Soccard* (as I thinke)

Shal. No ſir *Iohn*, it is my coſen *Scilens* in commiſſion with me.

Falſt. Good maſter *Scilens*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Scil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie this is hot weather gentlemen, haue you prouided me here halfe a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we ſir, wil you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them I beſeech you.

Shal.

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Shal. Wheres the roule? wheres the roule? wheres the roule? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, (ſo, ſo) yea mary ſir, *Rafe Mouldy* let them appeare as I cal, let them do, ſo, let them do, ſo, let me ſee, where is *Mouldy?*

Mouldy. Here, and't pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you ſir *Iohn*, a good limbde, felow, yong, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie?*

Moul. Yea, and't pleaſe you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wert vſde.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vſe: very ſingular good, infaith well ſaid ſir *Iohn*, very well ſaid. Iohn *prickes him.*

Moul. I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe her huſbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Fal. Go to, peace *Mouldy*, you ſhall go, *Mouldy* it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace fellow, peace, ſtand aſide, know you where you are? for th'other ſir *Iohn:* let me ſee *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. Yea mary, let me haue him to ſit vnder, hees like to be a cold ſoldiour.

Shal. Wheres *Shadow?*

Shad. Here ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My mothers ſonne ſir.

Fal. Thy mothers ſonne! like enough, and thy fathers ſhadow, ſo the ſonne of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo indeede, but much of the fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him ſir *Iohn?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerue for ſummer, pricke him, for we haue a number of ſhadowes fill vp the muſter booke.

Shal.

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Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Wheres he?

Wart. Here ſir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him ſir *Iohn?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous, for apparell is built vpon his back, and the whole frame ſtands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it ſir, you can do it, I commend you well: *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here ſir.

Shal. What trade art thou *Feeble?*

Feeble. A womans tailer ſir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him ſir?

Fal. You may, but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou haſt done in a womans peticoate.

Feeble. I will do my good will ſir, you can haue no more.

Fal. Well ſaide good womans tailer, well ſaid couragious *Feeble*, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or moſt magnanimous mouſe, pricke the womans tailer: wel M. *Shallow*, deepe M. *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone ſir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightſt mend him and make him fit to goe, I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands, let that ſuffice moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice ſir.

Fal. I am bound to thee reuerend *Feeble*, who is next?

Shal. Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

Fal. Yea mary, lets ſee *Bul-calfe.*

Bul. Here ſir.

Fal.

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Fal. Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke *Bul-calfe* till hee roare againe.

Bul. O Lord, good my lord captaine.

Fal. What doſt thou roare before thou art prickt?

Bul. O Lord ſir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A horſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I cought with ringing in the kings affaires vpon his coronation day ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the warres in a gowne, we wil haue away thy cold, and I wil take ſuch order that thy friendes ſhal ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more cald then your number, you muſt haue but foure here ſir, and ſo I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

Fa. Come, I wil go drink with you, but I cānot tary dinner: I am glad to ſee you, by my troth maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O ſir *Iohn*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the windmil in ſaint *Georges* field?

Fal. No more of that maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Ha, twas a merry night, and is *Iane Night-worke* aliue.

Falſt. She liues maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fa. Neuer neuer, ſhe wold alwaies ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow*.

Sha. By the maſſe I could anger her too'th heart, ſhe was then a *bona roba*, doth ſhe hold her owne wel?

Fal. Old old maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old, certain ſhees old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clemham*.

Scilens. Thats fiftie fiue yeare ago.

Shal. Ha couſen *Scilens* that thou hadſt ſeene that that this knight and I haue ſeene, ha ſir *Iohn*, ſaid I wel?

Fal.

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Fal. We haue heard the chimes at midnight M. *Shallow.*

Shal. That we haue that we haue, that we haue, in faith ſir *Iohn* we haue, our watch-worde was hemboies, come lets to dinner, come lets to dinner, Ieſus the daies that wee haue ſeene, come, come. *Exeunt.*

Bul. Good maiſter corporate *Bardolfe*, ſtand my friend, and heres foure *Harry* ten ſhillings in *French* crowns for you, in very truth ſir, I had as liue be hangd ſir as go, and yet for mine owne part ſir I do not care, but rather becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends, elſe ſir I did not care for mine owne part ſo much.

Bard. Go to, ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporall captaine, for my dames ſake ſtand my friend, ſhe has no body to doe any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe, you ſhall haue forty ſir.

Bar. Go to, ſtand aſide.

Feeble. By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, Ile nere beare a baſe mind, and't bee my deſtny: ſo, and't be not, ſo, no man's too good to ſerue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar. Well ſaid, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith Ile beare no baſe mind.

Enter Falſtaffe *and the iuſtices.*

Fal. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bar. Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalfe.*

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come ſir *Iohn*, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Mary then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalfe*, *Feeble*, and *Sadow.*

Fal.

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Fal. Mouldy and *Bulcalfe*, for you *Mouldy* ſtay at home, til you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part *Bulcalfe*, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, ſir *Iohn*, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would haue you ſerude with the beſt.

Fal. Wil you tel me (maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the ſtature, bulke and big aſſemblance of a man: giue me the ſpirit M *Shalow:* heres *Wart*, you ſee what a ragged apparance it is, a ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on ſwifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this ſame halfe facde fellow *Shadow*, giue me this man, he preſents no marke to the enemy, the ſo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how ſwiftly wil this *Feeble* the womans tailer runne off? O giue mee the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer into *Warts* hand *Bardolfe*.

Bar. Hold *Wart*, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuer: ſo, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt ballde, ſhot: well ſaid yfaith *Wart*, th'art a good ſcab, hold, theres a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-maſter, he doth not do it right; I remember at *Mile-end* greene, when I lay at *Clements* inne, I was then ſir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* ſhow, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a ſay, bounce would a ſay, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I ſhall nere ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellowes wooll doe well M. *Shallow*, God keep you M. *Scilens*, I will not vſe many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I muſt a doſen mile to night: *Bardolfe*, giue the ſouldiers coates.

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Shal. Sir *Iohn*, the Lord bleſſe you, God proſper your affaires, God ſend vs peace at your returne, viſit our houſe, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue ſpoke at a word, God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen. *Exit.*

Shal. On *Bardolfe*, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off theſe iuſtices, I do ſee the bottome of iuſtice *Shallow*, Lord, Lord, how ſubiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this ſame ſtaru'd iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildneſſe of his youth, and the feates he hath done about *Turne-bull* ſtreet, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the *Turkes* tribute, I doe remember him at *Clements* inne, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forkt reddiſh, with a head fantaſtically carued vpon it with a knife, a was ſo forlorne, that his demenſions to any thicke ſight were inuincible, a was the very gemies of famine, yet lecherous as a monkie, and the whores cald him mandrake, a came ouer in the rereward of the faſhion, and ſung thoſe tunes to the ouer-ſchutcht huſwiues, that he heard the car-men whiſtle, and ſware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is this vices dagger become a ſquire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn a Gaunt*, as if he had bin ſworne brother to him, and Ile be ſworne a nere ſaw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then he burſt his head for crowding among the marſhalles men, I ſaw it, and told *Iohn a Gaunt* he beate his owne name, for you might haue thruſt him and all his aparell into an eele-ſkin, the caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him a court, and now has he land and beefes. Well, Ile be acquainted with him if I returne, and t'ſhal go hard, but Ile make him a philoſophers two ſtones to me, if the yong daſe be

a baite

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a baite for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature_ but I may ſnap at him: let time ſhape, and there an end.

Enter the archbiſhop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Haſtings, *within the forreſt of* Gaultree.

Biſh. What is this forreſt calld?

Haſt. Tis *Gaultree* forreſt, and't ſhal pleaſe your grace.

Biſh. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We haue ſent forth already.

Biſhop. Tis well done,
My friends and brethren (in theſe great affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New dated letters from *Northumberland*,
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers,
As might hold fortance with his quallitie,
The which he would not leuy: whereupon
He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*, and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may ouer-liue the hazard
And fearefull meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we haue in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelues to peeces.

Enter meſſenger.

Haſtings. Now, what newes?

Meſſenger. Weſt of this forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowbray. The iuſt proportion that we gaue them out,
Let vs ſway on, and face them in the field.

Biſhop. What wel appointed leader fronts vs heere?

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Enter Weſtmerland.

Mowbray. I thinke it is my lord of *Weſtmerland.*
Weſt. Health and faire greeting from our generall,
The prince lord *Iohn* and duke of *Lancaſter.*
Biſhop. Say on my lord of *Weſtmerland* in peace,
What doth concerne your comming?
Weſt. Vnto your grace doe I in chiefe addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech: if that rebellion
Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abiect rowtes,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenaunſt by boyes and beggary.
I ſay, if damnd commotion ſo appeare,
In his true, natiue, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reuerend father, and theſe noble lordes,
Had not beene heere to dreſſe the owgly forme
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your faire honours. You (lord archbiſhop)
Whoſe ſea is by a ciuile peace maintainde,
Whoſe beard the ſiluer hand of peace hath toucht,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutord,
Whoſe white inueſtments figures innocence,
The doue, and very bleſſed ſpirite of peace.
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe
Out of the ſpeech of peace that beares ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous tongue of warre?
Turning your bookes to graues, your incke to bloud,
Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?
Biſh. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands:
Briefly, to this end we are all diſeaſde:
The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
Whoſe memorie is written on the earth,
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes inſtance (preſent now,)

Hath

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Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming armes,
Not to breake peace, or any braunch of it,
But to eſtabliſh heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and quallitie.

Weſt. When euer yet was your appeale denied
Wherein haue you been galled by the king?
What peere hath beene ſubornde to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody booke
Of forgde rebellion with a ſeale diuine,
And conſecrate commotions bitter edge.

Biſhop. My brother generall, the common wealth
To brother borne an houſhold cruelty,
I make my quarrell in particular.

Weſt. There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowbray. Why not to him in part, and to vs all
That feele the bruiſes of the daies before?
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times,
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
Vpon our honors.

Weſt. But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our princely generall,
To know your griefes, to tell you from his grace,
That he will giue you audience, and wherein
It ſhall appeere that your demaunds are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off
That might ſo much as thinke you enemies.

Mowbray. But he hath forcde vs to compel this offer,
And it proceedes from policie, not loue.

Weſt. Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
For loe, within a ken our army lies:
Vpon mine honour, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare:

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Our battell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the vſe of armes,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt:
Then reaſon will our hearts ſhould be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compelld.

Mow. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parlee.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence,
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſtings. Hath the prince *Iohn* a full commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand vpon?

Weſt. That is intended in the generalles name,
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

Biſhop. Then take, my lord of *Weſtmerland*, this ſcedule,
For this containes our generall grieuances,
Each ſeuerall article herein redreſt.
All members of our cauſe both here and hence,
That are enſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our willes,
To vs and our purpoſes confinde,
We come within our awefull bancks againe,
And knit our powers to the arme of peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the generall, pleaſe you lords,
In ſight of both our battells we may meete,
At either end in peace, which God ſo frame,
Or to the place of diffrence call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it. *Exit* Weſtmerland.

Biſhop. My lord, we will doe ſo.

Mow. There is a thing within my boſome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.

Haſtings. Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,

As

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As our conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Moub. Yea but our valuation ſhal be ſuch,
That euery ſlight and falſe deriued cauſe,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the king taſte of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We ſhall be winow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That euen our corne ſhall ſeeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no, my lord, note this, the king is weary
Of daintie and ſuch picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion,
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend,
So that this land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the king hath waſted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very inſtruments of chaſticement,
So that his power, like to a phangleſſe lion,
May offer, but not hold.

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Biſhop. Tis very true,
And therefore be aſſurde, my good lord marſhall.
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mow. Be it ſo, here is returnd my lord of *Weſtmerland.*

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The prince is here at hand, pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his grace iuſt diſtance tweene our armies.

Enter prince Iohn *and his armie.*

Mow. Your grace of *York*, in Gods name then ſet forward.

Biſhop. Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.

Iohn. You are well incountred here, my couſen *Mowbray*,
Good day to you, gentle lord archbiſhop,
And ſo to you lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *Yorke*, it better ſhewed with you,
When that your flocke aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your expoſition on the holy text,
That now to ſee you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man that ſits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his fauor,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the king:
Alacke what miſcheefes might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſſe? with your lord biſhop
It is euen ſo, who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the ſpeaker in his parliament,
To vs th'imagine voice of God himſelfe,

The

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The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the ſanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who ſhal beleeue,
But you miſuſe the reuerence of your place,
Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a falſe fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes diſhonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The ſubiects of his ſubſtitute my father,
And both againſt the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpſwarmd them.

Biſhop. Good my lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of *Weſtmerland*,
The time miſordred doth in common ſenſe,
Crowd vs and cruſh vs to this monſtrous forme,
To hold our ſafety vp: I ſent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,
The which hath beene with ſcorne ſhoued from the court,
Whereon this *Hidra*, ſonne of warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eies may well be charmd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt, and right deſires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maieſtie.

Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fal downe,
We haue ſupplies to ſecond our attempt,
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhal ſecond them,
And ſo ſucceſſe of miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And heire from heire ſhall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles *England* ſhall haue generation.

Prince. You are too ſhallow *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after times.

Weſt.

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Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace to anſwere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.
Prince. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome about him haue too lauiſhly,
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My lord, theſe griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt,
Vppon my ſoule they ſhal, if this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers vnto their ſeuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored loue and amitie.
Biſhop. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.
Prince. Go captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well pleaſe them, hie thee captaine.
Biſhop. To you my noble lord of *Weſtmerland.*
Weſt. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue beſtowed to breed this preſent peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.
Biſhop. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it,
Health to my lord, and gentle coſin *Mowbray.*
Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſodaine ſomething ill.
Biſhop. Againſt ill chaunces men are euer mery,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.
Weſt. Therefore be mery coze, ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus, ſome good thing comes to morow.

Biſhop.

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Biſhop. Beleeue me I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mow. So much the worſe if your owne rule be true.
Shout.
Prin. The word of peace is rendred, heark how they ſhowt.
Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victory.
Biſhop. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt,
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party looſer.
Prince. Go my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too,
And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our traines
March by vs, that we may peruſe the men,
We ſhould haue coap't withall.
Biſhop Go, good lord *Haſtings*,
And ere they be diſmiſt, let them march by.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Prince. I truſt lords we ſhal lie to night togither:
Now cooſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtil?
Weſt. The leaders hauing charge from you to ſtand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you ſpeake.
Prince. They know their dueties.

Enter Haſtings.

Haſtings. My lord, our army is diſperſt already,
Like youthfull ſteeres vnyoakt they take their courſes,
Eaſt, weaſt, north, ſouth, or like a ſchoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and ſporting place.
Weſt. Good tidings my lord *Haſtings*, for the which
I do areſt thee traitor of high treaſon,
And you lord archbiſhop, and you lord *Mowbray*,
Of capitall treaſon I attach you both.
Mowbray. Is this proceeding iuſt and honorable?
Weſt.

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Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?

Biſhop. Will you thus breake your faith?

Prince. I pawnde thee none,
I promiſt you redreſſe of theſe ſame grieuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe, with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taſte the due
Meete for rebellion:
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe armes commence,
Fondly brought heere, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike vp our drummes, purſue the ſcattred ſtray:
God, and not we, hath ſafely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treaſons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Alarum. Enter Falſtaffe. *Excurſions.*

Fal. Whats your name ſir, of what condition are you, and of what place?

Cole. I am a knight ſir, and my name is *Coleuile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colleuile* is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: *Coleuile* ſhall be ſtill your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough, ſo ſhall you be ſtil *Colleuile* of the dale.

Colle. Are not you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe?*

Fal. As good a man as he ſir, who ere I am: doe ye yeelde ſir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I doe ſweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obſeruance to my mercie.

Colle. I think you are ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, and in that thought yeelde me.

Fal. I haue a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeakes any other word but my name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were ſimply the

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the moſt actiue fellow in *Europe:* my womb, my wombe, my womb vndoes me, heere comes our generall.

Enter Iohn Weſtmerland, *and the reſt. Retraite.*

Iohn. The heate is paſt, follow no further now,
Call in the powers good coſin *Weſtmerland.*
Now *Falſtaffe,* where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come:
Theſe tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake ſome gallowes backe.

Fal. I would bee ſory my lord, but it ſhoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but rebuke and checke, was the rewarde of valor: do you thinke me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility, I haue foundred nineſcore and od poſtes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir *Iohn Colleuile* of the dale, a moſt furious knight and valorous enemy, but what of that? he ſawe me, and yeelded, that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-noſde fellow of *Rome,* there coſin, I came, ſaw, and ouercame.

Iohn. It was more of his curteſie then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beſeech your grace let it be bookte with the reſt of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I will haue it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (*Coleuile* kiſſing my foote) to the which courſe, if I bee enforſt, if you doe not all ſhew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere ſkie of fame, ore-ſhine you as much as the full moone doth the cindars of the element, (which ſhew like pinnes heads to her) beleeue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let deſert mount.

Prince. Thine's too heauy to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Prince.

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Prince. Thines too thicke to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it doe ſome thing, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Prince. Is thy name *Colleuile?*

Col. It is my lord.

Prince. A famous rebell art thou *Colleuile.*

Falſt. And a famous true ſubiect tooke him.

Col. I am my lord but as my betters are,
That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kind fellow ganeſt thy ſelfe away *gratis*, and I thanke thee for thee.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Prince. Now, haue you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retraite is made, and execution ſtayd.

Prince. Send *Colleuile* with his confederates
To *Yorke*, to preſent execution,
Blunt leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
And now diſpatch we toward the court my lordes,
I heare the king my father is ſore ſick,
Our newes ſhall go before vs to his maieſtie,
Which coſin you ſhal beare to comfort him,
And we with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My lord, I beſeech you giue me leaue to go through *Gloſterſhire*, and when you come to court, ſtand my good lord in your good report.

Prince. Fare you wel *Falſtaffe*, I, in my condition, ſhal better ſpeake of you then you deſerue.

Fal. I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedome, good faith this ſame yong ſober blouded boy doth not loue me, nor a mā cānot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinkes no wine, theres neuer none of theſe demure boyes

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boyes come to any proofe, for thin drinke doth ſo ouer-coole theyr blood, and making many fiſh meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene ſicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflammation: a good ſherris ſacke hath a two fold operation in it, it aſcendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapors which enuirone it, makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold and ſetled) left the lyuer white and pale, which is the badge of puſilanimitie and cowardize: but the ſherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to al the reſt of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captaine, the heart: who great and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of ſherris, ſo that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſacke, (for that ſets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till ſacke commences it, and ſets it in act and vſe. Hereof comes it, that prince *Harry* is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, ſterile, and bare land, manured, huſbanded and tilld, with excellent endeuour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſonnes, the firſt humane principle I would teach them, ſhould be, to forſweare thin potations, and to addict themſelues to ſacke. How now *Bardolfe?*

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal.

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Fal. Let them goe, Ile through *Gloſterſhire*, and there will I viſit M. *Robert Shallow* eſquire, I haue him already tempring betweene my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him, come away.

Enter the king, Warwike, Kent, Thomas *duke of* Clarence, Humphrey *of* Glouceſter.

King. Now lords, if God doth giue ſucceſſefull end,
To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctified:
Our nauie is addreſt, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence wel inueſted,
And euery thing lies leuell to our wiſh,
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pawſe vs til theſe rebels now afoote,
Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your maieſty
Shal ſoone enioy.

King. *Humphrey* my ſonne of *Gloſter*, where is the prince your brother?

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at *Winſor*.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother *Thomas* of *Clarence* with him?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

Kin. Nothing but well to thee *Thomas* of *Clarence*,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loues thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*,
Thou haſt a better place in his affection
Then all thy brothers, cherriſh it my boy:
And noble offices thou maiſt effect
Of mediation after I am dead,

Betweene

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Betweene his greatneſſe and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
Nor looſe the good aduantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will,
For he is gracious if he be obſeru'de,
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
Open as day for meeting charitie,
Yet notwithſtanding being incenſt, he is flint,
As humorous as winter, and as ſodaine
As flawes congealed in the ſpring of day:
His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd,
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
When you perceiue his bloud inclind to mirth:
But being moody, giue him time and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground
Confound themſelues with working, learne this *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
That the vnited veſſell of their bloud,
(Mingled with venome of ſuggeſtion,
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong,
As aconitum, or raſh gunpowder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerue him with all care and loue.

King. Why art thou not at *Winſore* with him *Thomas*?

Tho. He is not there to day, he dines in *London*.

King. And how accompanied?

Tho. With *Poines*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt ſoyle to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is ouerſpread with them, therefore my griefe
Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death:
The bloud weepes from my heart when I do ſhape,
In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,

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And rotten times that you ſhall looke vpon,
When I am ſleeping with my aunceſtors:
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curbe,
When rage and hot bloud are his counſellors,
When meanes and lauiſh manners meete together,
Oh with what wings ſhall his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppoſde decay?

War. My gracious lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the moſt immodeſt word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highneſſe knowes comes to no further vſe,
But to be knowne and hated: ſo, like groſſe termes,
The prince will in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a meaſure liue,
By which his grace muſt mete the liues of other,
Turning paſt-euils to aduantages.

King. Tis ſeldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, *Weſtmerland?*

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. Health to my ſoueraigne, and new happineſſe
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince *Iohn* your ſonne doth kiſſe your graces hand.
Mowbray, the biſhop, *Scroope*, *Haſtings*, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels ſword vnſheathd,
But peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leiſure may your highneſſe reade,
With euery courſe in his particular.

King.

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King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which euer in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes.

Enter Harcor.

Harc. From enemies, heauens keep your maieſty,
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of:
The earle *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great power of *Engliſh*, and of *Scots*,
Are by the ſhrieue of *Yorkſhire* ouerthrowne,
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, containes at large.

Ki. And wherfore ſhould theſe good news make me ſicke?
Will fortune neuer come with both hands full.
But wet her faire words ſtil in fouleſt termes?
She either giues a ſtomach, and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach, ſuch are the rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
I ſhould reioyce now at this happy newes,
And now my ſight failes, and my braine is giddy,
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

Hum! Comfort your maieſty.

Clar. O my royall father!

Weſt. My ſoueraigne lord, cheere vp your ſelfe, look vp,

War. Be patient princes, you do know theſe fits
Are with his highneſſe very ordinary.
Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel ſtraight be wel.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs,
Th'inceſſant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the mure that ſhould confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through.

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Hum. The people feare me, for they do obſerue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the yeere
Hath found ſome moneths a ſleepe, and leapt them ouer.
Clar. The riuer hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (times doting chronicles,)
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire *Edward*, ſickt and died.
War. Speake lower, princes, for the king recouers.
Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into ſome other chamber.
Let there be no noyſe made, my gentle friends,
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper muſique to my weary ſpirite.
War. Call for the muſique in the other roome.
King. Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe.

Enter Harry.

Prince. Who ſaw the duke of *Clarence?*
Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauineſſe.
Prince. How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the king?
Hum. Exceeding ill.
Prince. Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
Hum. He altred much vpon the hearing it.
Prince. If he be ſicke with ioy, heele recouer without phiſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe my lords, ſweete prince, ſpeake lowe, the king your father is diſpoſde to ſleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
War. Wilt pleaſe your grace to go along with vs?

Prince.

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Prince. No, I wil ſit and watch heere by the king.
Why doth the crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſht perturbation! golden care!
That keepſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, ſleepe with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deeply ſweete,
As he whoſe brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maieſtie!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That ſcaldſt with ſafty (by his gates of breath)
There lies a downy feather which ſtirs not,
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue my gracious lord my father:
This ſleepe is ſound indeede, this is a ſleepe,
That from this golden rigoll hath diuorſt
So many *Engliſh* kings, thy deaw from me,
Is teares and heauy ſorowes of the blood,
Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneſſe
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteouſly:
My due from thee is this imperiall crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it ſelfe to me: loe where it ſits,
Which God ſhal guard, and put the worlds whole ſtrength
Into one giant arme, it ſhal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.
Clar. Doth the king cal?
War. What would your maieſtie?
King. Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?

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Cla. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.

King. The prince of *Wales*, where is he? let me ſee him: he is not here.

War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.

Hum. He came not through the chamber where we ſtaide.

King. Where is the crowne? who tooke it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath tane it hence, go ſeeke him out:
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe my ſleepe my death?
Finde him, my lord of *Warwicke*, chide him hither.
This part of his conioynes with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me: ſee, ſonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiect?
For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exercifes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me,

Enter Warwicke.

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,

That

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That tyranny, which neuer quaſt but bloud,
Would by beholding him, haue waſht his knife,
With gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither.

Enter Harry.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes, come hither to me *Harry*,
Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *Exeunt.*

Harry. I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.

King. Thy wiſh was father (*Harry*,) to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe! O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few houres,
Were thine, without offence, and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,
Thy life did manifeſt thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me die, aſſurde of it,
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Whom thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at halfe an hower of my life.
What, canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an hower?
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the mery bells ring to thine eare,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
Let all the teares that ſhould bedew my hearſe
Be drops of balme, to ſanctifie thy head,
Only compound me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,

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Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at forme:
Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,
Downe royall ſtate, all you ſage counſailers, hence,
And to the *Engliſh* court aſſemble now
From euery region, apes of idleneſſe:
Now neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcumme
Haue you a ruffin that will ſweare, drinke, daunce,
Reuell the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kind of waies?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England ſhal double gild his trebble gilt,
England ſhall giue him office, honour, might:
From the fift *Harry*, from curbd licence, plucks
The muſſel of reſtraint, and the wild dogge
Shal fleſh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdome! ſicke with ciuill blowes:
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moiſt impediments vnto my ſpeech,
I had foreſtald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far: there is your crowne:
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt inward true and duteous ſpirit,
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending,
God witneſſe with me. When I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your maieſty,

How

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How cold it ſtrooke my heart! if I do faine,
O let me in my preſent wildneſſe die,
And neuer liue to ſhew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almoſt, my liege, to thinke you were,
I ſpake vnto this crowne as hauing ſence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold, art worſe then gold,
Other leſſe fine, in karrat more precious,
Preſeruing life in medcine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honourd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eate thy bearer vp: thus my moſt royall liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtraine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſaile is,
That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.

King. God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightſt win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it:
Come hither *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very lateſt counſaile
That euer I ſhal breathe. God knowes (my ſonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my ſelfe know well,

How

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How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the ſoyle of the atchieuement goes,
With me into the earth, it ſeemd in me,
But as an honor ſnatcht with boiſtrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all theſe bold feares
Thou ſeeſt with perill I haue anſwerd:
For all my raigne hath beene but as a ſcene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchaſt,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer ſort.
So thou the garland wearſt ſucceſſiuely,
Yet though thou ſtandſt more ſure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou muſt make thy friends,
Haue but their ſtings and teeth newly tane out:
By whoſe fell working I was firſt aduaunſt,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe diſplacde: which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe, now
To leade out manie to the *Holy Land*,
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtil, might make them looke,
Too neare vnto my ſtate: therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is vtterly denied me:
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince.

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Prince. You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lancaſter.

King. Looke, looke, here comes my *Iohn of Lancaſter,*
Lanc. Health, peace, and happineſſe to my royall father.
King. Thou bringſt me happineſſe and peace ſonne *Iohn,*
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare witherd trunke: vpon thy ſight,
My worldly buſines makes a period:
Where is my lord of *Warwicke?*
Prince. My lord of *Warwicke.*
King. Doth any name perticular belong
Vnto the lodging where I firſt did ſwound?
War. Tis cald *Ieruſalem,* my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God, euen there my life muſt end,
It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
I ſhould not die, but in *Ieruſalem,*
Which vainely I ſuppoſde the *Holy Land:*
But beare me to that chamber, there Ile lie,
In that *Ieruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die.

Enter Shallow, Falſtaffe, *and* Bardolfe.

Shal. By cock and pie ſir, you ſhal not away to night, what *Dauy* I ſay?
Falſt. You muſt excuſe me maſter *Robert Shallow.*
Shal. I will not excuſe you, you ſhall not be excuſde, excuſes ſhall not be admitted, there is no excuſe ſhall ſerue, you ſhall not be excuſde: why *Dauy.*
Dauy. Here ſir.

Shal.

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Shal. *Dauy*, *Dauy*, *Dauy*, *Dauy*, let me ſee *Dauy*, let me ſee *Dauy*, let me ſee, yea mary *William* cooke, bid him come hither, ſir *Iohn*, you ſhal not be excuſed.

Dauy. Mary ſir thus, thoſe precepts can not be ſerued, and againe ſir, ſhal we ſow the hade land with wheate?

Shal. With red wheat *Dauy*, but for *William* cooke are there no yong pigeons?

Dauy. Yes ſir, here is now the ſmiths note for ſhooing and plow-yrons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and payed: ſir *Iohn*, you ſhal not be excuſed.

Dauy. Now ſir, a new lincke to the bucket muſt needes be had: and ſir, do you meane to ſtop any of *Williams* wages, about the ſacke he loſt at *Hunkly* faire?

Shal. A ſhall anſwer it: ſome pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of ſhort legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie kick-ſhawes, tell *William* cooke.

Dauy. Doth the man of warre ſtay all night ſir?

Shal. Yea *Dauy*, I will vſe him well, a friend i'th court is better then a penie in purſe: vſe his men wel *Dauy*, for they are arrant knaues, and will backbite.

Dauy. No worſe then they are back-bitten ſir, for they haue maruailes foule linnen.

Shal. Well conceited *Dauy*, about thy buſineſſe *Dauy*.

Dauy. I beſeech you ſir to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncote* againſt *Clement Perkes* a'th hill.

Sha. There is many complaints *Dauy* againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

Dany. I graunt your worſhip that he is a knaue ſir: but yet God forbid ſir, but a knaue ſhould haue ſome countenance at his friends requeſt, an honeſt man ſir is able to ſpeake for himſelfe, when a knaue is not: I haue ſerude your worſhip truly ſir this eight yeares, and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare out a knaue againſt an honeſt man, I haue litle credit

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credit with your worſhip: the knaue is mine honeſt friend ſir, therfore I beſeech you let him be countenaunſt.

Shal. Go to I ſay, he ſhal haue no wrong, look about *Dauy:* where are you ſir *Iohn?* come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maſter *Bardolfe.*

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thanke thee with my heart kind maſter *Bardolfe,* and welcome my tall fellow, come ſir *Iohn.*

Falſt. Ile follow you good maiſter *Robert Shallow: Bardolfe,* looke to our horſes: if I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch berded hermites ſtaues as maiſter *Shallow:* it is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his, they, by obſeruing him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh iuſtices: hee, by conuerſing with them, is turned into a iuſtice-like ſeruingman, their ſpirits are ſo married in coniunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuite to maſter *Shallow,* I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maiſter: if to his men, I would curry with maiſter *Shallow,* that no man could better commaund his ſeruants. It is certaine, that eyther wiſe bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diſeaſes one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this *Shallow,* to keepe prince *Harry* in continuall laughter, the wearing out of ſixe faſhions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a ſhal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a ſlight oathe, and a ieſt, with a ſad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his ſhoulders: O you ſhall ſee him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir *Iohn.*

Falſt. I come maiſter *Shallow,* I come maſter *Shallow.*

Enter

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Enter Warwike, *duke* Humphrey, *L. chiefe iuſtice*, Thomas Clarence, *prince* Iohn, Weſtmerland.

War. How now, my lord chiefe iuſtice, whither away?
Iuſt. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.
Iuſt. I hope not dead.
War. Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purpoſes he liues no more.
Iuſt. I would his maieſtie had calld me with him:
The ſeruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.
War. Indeede I thinke the yong king loues you not.
Iuſt. I know he doth not, and do arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantaſie.

Enter Iohn, Thomas, *and* Humphrey.

War. Heere come the heauy iſſue of dead *Harry*:
O that the liuing *Harry* had the temper
Of he, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!
How many nobles then ſhould holde their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile to ſpirites of vile ſort?
Iuſt. O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.
Iohn. Good morrow cooſin *Warwicke*, good morrow.
Prin. Ambo. Good morrow cooſin.
Iohn. We meete like men that had forgot to ſpeake.
War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.
Iohn. Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.
Iuſt. Peace be with vs, leſt we be heauier.

Humph.

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Humph. O good my lord, you haue loſt a friend indeede,
And I dare ſweare you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.
Iohn. Though no man be aſſurde what grace to finde,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation,
I am the ſorier, would twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeake ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe* faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of quallitie.
Iuſt. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my ſoule.
And neuer ſhall you ſee that I will begge
A ragged and foreſtald remiſſion,
If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the king my maiſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

Enter the prince and Blunt.

War. Here comes the prince.
Iuſt. Good morrow, and God ſaue your maieſtie.
Prince. This new and gorgeous garment maieſty
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your ſadneſſe with ſome feare,
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* court,
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceedes,
But *Harry Harry:* yet be ſad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be aſſurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:

Yet

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Yet weepe that *Harries* dead, and ſo will I,
But *Harry* liues, that ſhal conuert thoſe teares
By number into howres of happineſſe.
Bro. We hope no otherwiſe from your maieſty.
Prince. You al looke ſtrangely on me, and you moſt,
You are I thinke aſſurde I loue you not.
Iuſt. I am aſſurde, if I be meaſurde rightly,
Your maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate me.
Prince. No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon,
Th'immediate heire of *England?* was this caſie?
May this be waſht in lethy and forgotten?
Iuſt. I then did vſe the perſon of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his law,
Whiles I was buſie for the common wealth,
Your highneſſe pleaſed to forget my place,
The maieſtie and power of law and iuſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented,
And ſtrooke me in my very ſeate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a ſonne ſet your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe iuſtice from your awful bench?
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword,
That guards the peace and ſafetie of your perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt royall image,
And mocke your workings in a ſecond body?
Queſtion your royall thoughts, make the caſe yours,
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſonne,
Heare your owne dignity ſo much prophan'd,

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See your moſt dreadfull lawes ſo loofely ſlighted,
Behold your ſelfe ſo by a ſonne diſdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power ſoft ſilencing your ſonne,
After this cold conſiderance ſentence me,
And as you are a king ſpeake in your ſtate,
What I haue done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liedges ſoueraignſie.

Prince. You are right iuſtice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore ſtill beare the ballance and the ſword,
And I do wiſh your honors may encreaſe,
Til you do liue to ſee a ſonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So ſhall I liue to ſpeake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man ſo bold,
That dares do iuſtice on my proper ſonne:
And not leſſe happie, hauing ſuch a ſonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatneſſe ſo,
Into the hands of iuſtice you did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained ſword that you haue vſde to beare,
With this remembrance, that you vſe the ſame,
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you haue done gainſt me: there is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine eare,
And I wil ſtoope and humble my intents,
To your well practizde wiſe directions.
And princes all, beleeue me I beſeech you,
My father is gone wild into his graue:
For in his toomb lie my affections,
And with his ſpirites ſadly I ſurviue,
To mocke the expectation of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to race out,

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Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my seeming, the tide of bloud in me
Hath prowdely flowd in vanitie till now:
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formall maiestie.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let vs chuse such limbs of noble counsaile,
That the great bodie of our state may goe,
In equall ranke with the best governd nation,
That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you father shall haue foremost hand:
Our coronation done, we wil accite,
(As I before remembred) all our state,
And (God consigning to my good intents,)
No prince nor peere shall haue iust cause to say,
God shorten *Harries* happy life one day. *Exit.*

Enter sir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, *page*.

Shal. Nay you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour we will eate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a dish of carrawaies and so forth: come cosin *Scilens*, and then to bed.

Falst. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all sir *Iohn*, mary good ayre: spread *Dauy*, spread *Dauy*, well saide *Dauy*.

Fal. This *Dauy* serues you for good vses, hee is your seruing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet sir *Iohn*: by the mas I haue drunke too much sacke at supper: a good varlet: now sit downe, now sit downe, come cosin. *Scilens.*

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Scilens. A ſirra quoth a, we ſhall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praiſe God for the merry yeere, when fleſh is cheape and females deare, and luſty laddes roame here and there ſo merely, and euer among ſo merily.

Sir Iohn. Theres a merry heart, good M. *Silens*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Giue maſter *Bardolfe* ſome wine, *Dauy*.

Dauy. Sweet ſir ſit, Ile be with you anon, moſt ſweet ſir ſit, maſter page, good maſter page ſit: proface, what you want in meate, weele haue in drink, but you muſt beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be mery maſter *Bardolfe*, and my litle ſouldier there, be merry.

Scilens. Be merry, be mery, my wife has all, for women are ſhrowes both ſhort and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery *Shrouetide*, be mery, be mery.

Falſt. I did not thinke maſter *Scilens* had bin a man of this mettall.

Scilens. Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dauy.

Dauy. Theres a diſh of lether-coates for you.

Shal. Dauy?

Dauy. Your worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight, a cup of wine ſir.

Scilens. A cup of wine thats briſke and fine, and drinke vnto the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falſt. Well ſaid maſter *Scilens*.

Scilens. And we ſhall be mery, now comes in the ſweete a'th night.

Falſt. Health and long life to you maſter *Scilens*.

Scilens. Fill the cuppe, and let it come, Ile pledge you a mile too'th bottome.

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Shal. Honeſt *Bardolfe*, welcome, if thou wantſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drinke to maſter *Bardolfe*, and to all the cabileros about *London*.

Davy. I hope to ſee *London* once ere I die.

Bar. And I might ſee you there *Davy*.

Shal. By the mas youle cracke a quarte together, ha will you not maſter *Bardolfe?*

Bar. Yea ſir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And Ile ſticke by him ſir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there ſpoke a king: lacke nothing, be mery, Looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falſt. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens. Do me right, and dub me knight, ſaminго: iſt not ſo?

Falſt. Tis ſo.

Silens. Iſt ſo, why then ſay an olde man can do ſomewhat.

Davy. And't pleaſe your worſhip, theres one *Piſtoll* come from the court with newes.

Enter Piſtol.

Falſt. From the court? let him come in, how now *Piſtol?*

Piſtol. Sir *Iohn*, God ſaue you.

Falſt. What wind blew you hither *Piſtol?*

Piſtol. Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: ſweete knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in this realme.

Silens. Birlady I thinke a be, but goodman *Puffe* of *Barſon*.

Piſto, Puffe? puffe ith thy teeth, moſt recreant coward, baſe, ſir *Iohn*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy frend, and helter ſkelter, haue

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haue I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

Iohn. I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

Piſtol. A footre for the world and worldlings baſe, I ſpeake of *Affrica* and golden ioyes.

Iohn. O baſe *Aſſirian* knight! what is thy newes? let king *Couetua* know the truth thereof.

Scilens. And *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*.

Piſtol. Shal dunghill curs confront the *Helicons?* and ſhall good newes be baffled? then *Piſtoll* lay thy head in furies lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſtol. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon ſir, if ſir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am ſir vnder the king in ſome authoritie.

Piſtol. Vnder which king, *Beſonian?* ſpeake, or die.

Shal. Vnder king *Harry*.

Piſtol. *Harry* the fourth, or fift?

Shal. *Harry* the fourth.

Piſt. A fowtre for thine office: ſir *Iohn*, thy tender lambkin now is king: *Harry* the fifts the man: I ſpeake the truth: when *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging *Spaniard*.

Falſt. What is the old king dead?

Piſt. As nayle in doore, the things I ſpeake are iuſt.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, ſaddle my horſe, M. *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a knight for my fortune.

Piſtol. What? I do bring good newes.

Falſt. Carry maſter *Scilens* to bed: maſter *Shallow*, my lord *Shalow*, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes ſteward, get

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on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô ſweet *Piſtol*, away *Bardolf*, com *Piſtol*, vtter more to me, and withall, deuiſe ſomething to doe thy ſelfe good, boote, boote maſter *Shallow*, I know the yong king is ſicke for me: let vs take any mans horſes, the lawes of *England* are at my commandement, bleſſed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my lord chiefe iuſtice.

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo: where is the life that late I led, ſay they, why here it is, welcome theſe pleſant dayes. *Exit.*

Enter Sincklo *and three or foure officers.*

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo. The conſtables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and ſhee ſhall haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe viſagde raſcall, and the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou wert better thou hadſt ſtrook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that ſir *Iohn* were come! I would make this a bloody day to ſome body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miſcarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you ſhall haue a dozzen of cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and *Piſtoll* beat amongſt you.

Whoore. Ile tell you what, you thin man in a cenſor, I will haue you as ſoundly ſwingde for this, you blewbottle rogue, you filthy famiſht correctioner, if you be not ſwingde, Ile forſweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you ſhee-knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt.

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Hoſt. O God, that right ſhould thus ouercom might! wel, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Whoore. Come you rogue, come bring me to a iuſtice.

Hoſt. I come, you ſtarude blood-hound.

Whoore. Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hoſt. Thou atomy, thou.

Whoore. Come you thinne thing, come you raſcall.

Sinck. Very well.

Enter ſtrewers of ruſhes.

1 More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 The trumpets haue ſounded twice.

3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, diſpatch, diſpatch.

Trumpets ſound, and the king, and his traine paſſe ouer the ſtage: after them enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolfe, *and the boy.*

Falſt. Stand heere by me maiſter *Shallow*, I will make the king doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

Piſt. God bleſſe thy lungs good knight.

Falſt. Come heere *Piſtoll*, ſtand behindemee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore ſhew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Falſt. My deuotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to ſhift me.

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Shal. It is beſt certain: but to ſtand ſtained with trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires elſe in oblition, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. Tis *ſemper idem*, for, *obſque hoc nihil eſt*, tis in euery part.

Shal. Tis ſo indeede.

Piſt. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts, is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon, halde thither by moſt mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from ebon den, with fell *Alecktoes* ſnake, for *Doll* is in: *Piſtoll* ſpeakes nought but truth.

Falſt. I will deliuer her.

Piſt. There roared the ſea, and trumpet clangor ſounds.

Enter the king and his traine.

Falſt. God ſaue thy grace king *Hall*, my royall *Hall*.

Piſt. The heauens thee gard and keep, moſt royal impe of fame.

Falſt. God ſaue thee, my ſweet boy.

King. My lord chiefe iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.

Iuſt. Haue you your wits? know you what tis you ſpeake?

Falſt. My king, my *Ioue*, I ſpeake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,
How ill white heires becomes a foole and ieſter,
I haue long dreampt of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfet-ſweld, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awakt, I do deſpiſe my dreame,
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men,
Reply not to me with a foole-borne ieſt,

Preſume

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Preſume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceiue,
That I haue turnd away my former ſelfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me company:
When thou doſt heare I am as I haue bin,
Approch me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my miſleaders,
Not to come neare our perſon by ten mile:
For competence of life, I wil allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualitie,
Giue you aduauncement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To ſee performd the tenure of my word: ſet on.

Iohn. Maſter *Shallow* I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Yea mary ſir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Iohn. That can hardly be, maſter *Shallow*: do not you grieue at this, I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him, looke you, hee muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduauncements, I will be the man yet that ſhal make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceiue how, vnleſſe you giue me your dublet, and ſtuffe me out with ſtraw: I beſeech you good ſir *Iohn* let me haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Iohn. Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colder that I feare you will die in ſir *Iohn*.

Iohn. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come lieftenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night.

Enter

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Enter iuſtice and prince Iohn.

Iuſtice. Go cary ſir *Iohn Falſtalfe* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone, take them away. *Exeunt.*

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormenta ſpero contenta.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the kings,
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well prouided for,
But all are baniſht till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe and modeſt to the worlde.

Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The king hath cald his parliament my lord.

Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our ciuil ſwords and natiue fiet,
As farre as *France*, I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſique, to my thinking, pleaſde the king:
Come, will you hence?

EPILOGUE.

Firſt my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine owne marring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il venture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle creditors looſe, here I promiſde bate

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you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit me, will you commaund me to vſe my legges? and yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo woulde I: all the gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen doe not agree with the gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an aſſemblie.

One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble author will continue the ſtorie, with ſir *Iohn* in it, and make you merry with faire *Katharine* of *Fraunce*, where (for any thing I knowe) *Falſtaffe* ſhall die of a ſweat, vnleſſe already a be killd with your harde opinions; for *Olde-caſtle* died martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid you, good night.

END OF VOL. II.

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